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# ROSE O' THE RIVER

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WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

## I

### THE PINE-TREE

IT was not long after sunrise, and Stephen Waterman, fresh from his dip in the river, had scrambled up the hillside from the hut in the alder-bushes where he had made his morning toilet.

An early ablution of this sort was not the custom of the farmers along the banks of the Saco, but the Waterman house was hardly a stone's throw from the water, and there was a clear, deep swimming-hole in the Willow Cove that would have tempted the busiest man, or the least cleanly, in York County. Then, too, Stephen was a child of the river, born, reared, schooled on its very brink, never happy unless he were on it, or in it, or beside it, or at least within sight or sound of it.

The immensity of the sea had always silenced and overawed him, left him cold in feeling. The river wooed him, caressed him, won his heart. It was just big enough to love. It was full of charms and changes, of varying moods and sudden surprises. Its voice stole in upon his ear with a melody far sweeter and more subtle than the boom of the ocean. Yet it was not without strength, and when it was big with the freshets of the spring and swollen with the bounty of its sister streams, it could dash and roar, boom and crash, with the best of them.

Stephen stood on the side porch, drinking in the glory of the sunrise, with the Saco winding like a silver ribbon through the sweet loveliness of the summer landscape.

And the river rolled on toward the sea, singing its morning song, creating and nourishing beauty at every step of its onward path. Cradled in the heart of a great mountain-range, it pursued its gleaming way, here lying silent in glassy lakes, there rushing into tinkling little falls, foaming great falls, and thundering cataracts. Scores of bridges spanned its width, but no steamers flurried its crystal depths. Here and

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Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"GAZED STEADILY DOWN-STREAM"

there a rough little rowboat, tethered to a willow, rocked to and fro in some quiet bend of the shore. Here the silver gleam of a rising perch, chub, or trout caught the eye; there a pickerel lay rigid in the clear water, a fish carved in stone: here eels coiled in the muddy bottom of some pool; and there, under the deep shadow of a rock, lay big sleepy bass, undisturbed by the rural fisherman's worm.

The river lapped the shores of peaceful meadows; it flowed along banks green with maple, beech, sycamore, and birch; it fell tempestuously over dams and fought its way between rocky cliffs crowned with stately firs. It rolled past forests of pine and hemlock and spruce, now gentle, now terrible; for there is said to be an Indian curse upon the Saco, whereby, with every great sun, the child of a paleface shall be drawn into its cruel depths. Lashed into fury by the stony reefs that impeded its progress, the river looked now sapphire, now gold, now white, now leaden gray; but always it was hurrying, hurrying on its appointed way to the sea.

After feasting his eyes and filling his heart with a morning draught of beauty, Stephen went in from the porch and, pausing at the stairway, called in stentorian tones: "Get up and get your breakfast, Rufus! I 'm going down to work on the logs; the boys will be picking the side jams to-day. If you come along, bring your own pick-pole and peavey." Then, going to the kitchen pantry, he got together a pitcher of milk, a loaf of bread, half an apple-pie, and a bowl of blueberries, and, with the easy methods of a household unswayed by feminine rule, moved toward a seat under an apple-tree and took his morning meal in great apparent content. Having finished and washed his dishes with much more thoroughness than is common to unsuperintended man, and having given Rufus the second call to breakfast with the vigor and acrimony that usually marks that unpleasant performance, he strode to a high point on the river-bank and, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed steadily down-stream.

Patches of green fodder and blossoming potatoes melted into soft fields that had been lately mown, and there were glimpses of tasseling corn rising high to catch the sun. Far, far down on the opposite bank of the river was the hint of a brown roof and the tip of a chimney that sent a slender wisp of smoke into the clear air. Beyond this, and farther back from the water, the trees apparently hid a cluster of other chimneys, for thin spirals of smoke ascended here and there. The little brown roof could never have revealed itself to any but a lover's eye; and that discerned something even smaller, something like a pinkish speck, that moved hither and thither on a piece of greensward that sloped to the waterside.

"She 's up!" Stephen exclaimed under his breath, his eyes shining, his lips smiling. His voice had a note of hushed exaltation about it, as if "she," whoever she might be, had, in condescending to rise, conferred a priceless boon upon a waiting universe. If she were indeed "up" (so his tone implied), then the day, somewhat falsely heralded by the sunrise, had really begun, and the human race might pursue its appointed tasks, inspired and uplifted by the consciousness of her existence. It might properly be grateful for the fact of her birth; that she had grown to woman's estate; and, above all, that, in common with the sun, the lark, the morning-glory, and other beautiful things of the early day, she was up and about her lovely, cheery, heart-warming business.

## II

### THE BRIER ROSE

THE handful of chimneys and the smoke-spirals rising here and there among the trees on the river-bank belonged to what was known as the Brier Neighborhood. There were only a few houses in all, scattered along a side road leading from the river up to Liberty Center. There were no great signs of thrift or prosperity, but the Wiley cottage, the only one near the water, was neat and well cared for, and Nature had done her best to conceal man's indolence, poverty, or neglect.

Bushes of sweetbrier grew in fragrant little forests as tall as the fences. Clumps of wild roses sprang up at every turn, and over all the stone walls, as well as on every heap of rocks by the wayside, prickly blackberry vines ran and clambered and clung, yielding fruit and thorns impartially to the neighborhood children.

The pinkish speck that Stephen Waterman had spied from his side of the river was Rose Wiley of the Brier Neighborhood on the Edgewood side. As there was an-

other of her name on Brigadier Hill, the Edgewood minister called one of them the climbing Rose and the other the brier Rose, or sometimes Rose of the river. She was well named, the pinkish speck. She had dull and foolish when compelled to undergo comparison with her bright eyes. As to her hair, the local milliner declared it impossible for Rose Wiley to get an unbecoming hat; that on one occasion, being in a frolicsome

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'STEVE WATERMAN 'S A TURRIBLE SMART DRIVER,' OBSERVED MR. WILEY"

not only some of the sweetest attributes of the wild rose, but the parallel might have been extended as far as the thorns, for she had wounded her scores, had the brier Rose—hearts, be it understood, not hands. The wounding was, on the whole, very innocently done; and if fault could be imputed anywhere, it might rightly have been laid at the door of the kind powers who had made her what she was. She had not a single silk gown, but she had what is far better, a figure to show off a cotton one. Not a brooch nor a pair of ear-rings was numbered among her possessions, but any ordinary gems would have looked rather

mood, Rose had tried on all the head-gear in the village emporium,—children's gingham "Shakers," mourning bonnets for aged dames, men's haying hats and vizored caps,—and she proved superior to every test, looking as pretty as a pink in the best ones and simply ravishing in the worst. In fact, she had been so fashioned and finished by Nature that, had she been set on a revolving pedestal in a show-window, the bystanders would have exclaimed, as each new charm came into view: "Look at her waist!" "See her shoulders!" "And her neck and chin!" "And her hair!"

Her lovely little person was a trifle below

medium size, and it might as well be confessed that her soul was none too large to be at all out of proportion; but when eyes and dimples, lips and cheeks, enslave the onlooker, the soul is seldom subjected to a close or critical scrutiny. Besides, Rose Wiley was a nice girl, neat as wax, energetic, merry, economical. She was a dutiful granddaughter to two of the most irritating old people in the county; she made wonderful pies and doughnuts; and besides, small souls, if they are of the right sort, sometimes have a way of growing, to the discomfiture of cynics and the gratification of the angels.

So, on one bank of the river grew the brier rose, a fragile thing, swaying on a slender stalk and looking at its pretty reflection in the water; and on the other a sturdy pine-tree, well rooted against wind and storm. And the sturdy pine yearned for the wild rose; and the rose, so far as it knew, yearned for nothing at all, certainly not for rugged pine-trees rooted in grim and rocky soil. If, in its present stage of development, it gravitated toward anything in particular, it would have been a well-dressed white birch growing on an irreproachable lawn.

And the river, now deep, now shallow, now smooth, now tumultuous, now sparkling in sunshine, now gloomy under clouds, rolled on to the engulfing sea. It could not stop to concern itself with the petty comedies and tragedies that were being enacted along its shores, else it would never have reached its destination. Only last night, under a full moon, there had been pairs of lovers leaning over the rails of all the bridges along its course; but that was a common sight, like that of the ardent couples sitting on its shady banks these summer days, looking only into each other's eyes, but exclaiming about the beauty of the water. Lovers would come and go, sometimes reappearing with successive instalments of loves in a way wholly mysterious to the river. Meantime it had its own work to do and must be about it, for the side jams were to be broken and the boom "let out" at the Edgewood bridge.

## III

### "OLD KENNEBEC"

It was just seven o'clock that same morning when Rose Wiley smoothed the last wrinkle from her dimity counterpane, picked up a shred of corn-husk from the spotless floor under the bed, slapped a mosquito on the window-sill, removed all signs of murder with a moist towel, and before running down to breakfast cast a frowning look at her pincushion. Almira, otherwise "Mite," Shapley had been there the afternoon before and disturbed with her careless hand the pattern of Rose's pins. They were kept religiously in the form of a Maltese cross; and if, while extricating one from her clothing, there had been an alarm of fire, Rose would have stuck the pin in its appointed place in the design, at the risk of losing her life.

She took her seat at the breakfast-table spread near the open kitchen door, a dazzling Rose and a wasted one, for there was no one present to observe her clean pink calico and the still more subtle note struck in the green ribbon which was tied round her throat—the ribbon that formed a sort of calyx, out of which sprang the flower of her face, as fresh and radiant as if it had bloomed that morning.

"Give me my coffee turrible quick," said her grandfather; "I must be down to the breedge 'fore they start dog-warpin' the side jam."

"I notice you 're always due at the breedge on churnin' days," remarked his spouse, testily.

"'T ain't me as app'ints drivin' dates at Edgewood," replied the old man. "The boys 'll hev a turrible job this year. The logs air ricked up jest like Rose's jackstraws; I never see 'em so turrible ricked up in all my exper'ence; an' Lije Dennett don' know no more 'bout pickin' a jam than Cooper's cow. Turrible sot in his ways, too; can't take a mite of advice. I was tellin' him how to go to work on that bung that 's formed between the gre't gray rock and the shore,—the awfullest place to bung that there is on the river,—and says he: 'Look here, I 've be'n boss on this river for twelve year, an' I 'll be dog-goned if I 'm goin' to be taught my business by any man!' 'This ain't no river,' says I—'as you 'd know,' says I, 'if you 'd ever lived on the Kennebec.' 'Pity you hed n't stayed on it,' says he. 'I wish to the land I hed,' says I. An' then I come away, for my tongue 's so turrible spry an' sarcustic that I knew if I stopped any longer I should stir up strife."

"There 's lots o' folks as have made a good livin' by mindin' their own business," observed the still sententious Mrs. Wiley, as she speared a soda-biscuit with her fork.

"Mindin' your own business is a turrible selfish trade," responded her husband, loftily. "If your neighbor is more ignorant than what you are,—partic'larly if he 's as ignorant as Cooper's cow,—you 'd ought, as a Kennebec man an' a Christian, to set him on the right track, though it 's always a turrible risky thing to do."

Rose's grandfather was called, by the irreverent younger generation, sometimes "Turrible Wiley" and sometimes "Old Kennebec," because of the frequency with which these words appeared in his conversation. There were not wanting those of late who called him Uncle Ananias, for reasons too obvious to mention. After a long, indolent, tolerably truthful, and useless life, he had, at seventy-five, lost sight of the dividing line between fact and fancy, and drew on his imagination to such an extent that he almost staggered himself when he began to indulge in reminiscence. He was a feature of the Edgewood "drive," being always present during the five or six days that it was in progress, sometimes sitting on the river-bank, sometimes leaning over the bridge, sometimes reclining against the butt-end of a huge log, but always chewing tobacco and expectorating to incredible distances as he criticized and damned impartially all the expedients in use at the particular moment.

"I want to stay down by the river this afternoon," said Rose. "Lots of the girls will be there, and all my sewing is done up. If grandpa will leave the horse for me, I 'll go down with the drivers' lunch at noon and bring the dishes back in time to wash them before supper."

"I suppose you can go, if the rest do," said her grandmother, "though it 's an awful lazy way of spendin' an afternoon."

"But it 's such fun to watch the logs!" Rose exclaimed. "Next to dancing, the greatest fun in the world."

"Specially as all the young men in town will be there, watchin', too," was the grandmother's reply.

"Steve Waterman 's a turrible smart driver," observed Mr. Wiley; "turrible reckless, too. He 'll take all the chances there is, though to a man that 's lived on the Kennebec there ain't what can rightly be called any turrible chances on the Saco."

"He 'd better be 'tendin' to his farm," objected Mrs. Wiley.

"His hay is all in," Rose spoke up quickly, "and he only helps on the river when the farm work is n't pressing. Besides, though it 's all play to him, he earns his two dollars and a half a day."

"He don't keer about the two and a half," said her grandfather. "He jest can't keep away from the logs. There 's some that can't. When I first moved here from Gardiner, where the climate never suited me—"

"The climate of any place where you hev regular work never did an' never will suit you," remarked the old man's wife; but the interruption received no comment: such mistaken views of his character were too frequent to make any impression.

"As I was sayin'," he continued, "when I first moved here, I lived neighbor to the Watermans. Steve an' Rufus was little boys, always playin' with a couple o' wild cousins o' theirn, consid'able older. Steve would scare his mother pretty nigh to death stealin' away to the mill to ride on the 'carriage,' 'side o' the log that was bein' sawed, hitchin' clean out over the river an' then jerkin' back 'most into the jaws o' the machinery."

"He never hed any common sense to spare, even when he was a young one," remarked Mrs. Wiley; "and I don't see as all the 'cademy education his father throwed away on him has changed him much." And with this observation she rose from the table and went to the sink.

"Steve ain't nobody's fool," dissented the old man; "but he 's kind o' daft about the river. When he was little he was allers buildin' dams in the brook, an' sailin' chips, an' runnin' on the logs; allers choppin' up stickins an' raftin' 'em together in the pond. I cal'late Mis' Waterman died consid'able afore her time, jest from fright, lookin' out the winders and seein' her boys slippin' between the logs an' gittin' their daily dousin'. Then, when Steve was about twelve or fifteen, he used to help the river-drivers spring and fall, reg'lar. He could n't do nothin' but shin up an' down the rocks after hammers an' hatchets an' ropes, but he was turrible pleased with his job. 'Stepanfetchit,' they used to call him them days—Stepanfetchit Waterman."

"Good name for him yet," came in acid tones from the sink. "He 's still steppin' an' fetchin', only it 's Rose that 's doin' the drivin' now."

"I 'm not driving anybody, that I know of," answered Rose, with heightened color, but with no loss of her habitual self-command.

"Then, when he graduated from errants," went on the crafty old man, who knew that when breakfast ceased, churning must begin, "Steve used to get seventy-five cents a day helpin' clear up the river—if you can *call* it a river. He 'd pick off a log here an' there an' send it afloat, an' dig out them that hed got ketched in the rocks, and tidy up the banks jest like spring house-cleanin'. If he 'd hed any kind of a boss an' hed be'n trained on the Kennebec, he 'd 'a' made a turrible smart driver, Steve would."

"He 'll be drownded, that 's what 'll become o' him," prophesied Mrs. Wiley; "specially if Rose encourages him in such silly foolishness as ridin' logs from his house down to ourn, dark nights."

"'Pears to me, mother, you ain't very grateful for that nice pig-pen Steve built ye last month," remarked Old Kennebec.

"I wa'n't a mite deceived by that pig-pen, no more 'n I was by Jed Towle's hen-coop, nor Ivory Dunn's well-curb, nor Pitt Packard's shed-steps. If you hed ever kep' up your buildin's yourself, Rose's beaux would n't hev to do their courtin' with carpenters' tools."

"It 's the pig-pen an' the hen-coop you want to keep your eye on, mother, not the motives of them as made 'em. It 's turrible onsettlin' to inspeck folks' motives too turrible close."

"Riding a log is no more to Steve than sitting in a wagon," interposed Rose, to change the subject; "but it does make me kind of dizzy to watch him."

"And, land! you can't drownd some folks," said her grandfather, "not without you tie nail-kags to their head an' feet an' drop 'em in the falls; an', anyways, log-ridin' ain't no trick at all to a man of sperit. I 've rid logs down the b'ilin'est rapids o' the Kennebec an' never lost my head. I remember well, the year o' the gre't freshet, I rid a log from—"

"There, there, father, that 'll do," said Mrs. Wiley, decisively. "I 'll put the cream in the churn, an' you jest bring the butter for us afore you start for the breedge. It don't do no good to brag afore your own women-folks; work goes consid'able better 'n stories at every place 'cept the loafers' bench at the tavern."

And the baffled raconteur, who had never done a piece of work cheerfully in his life, dragged himself reluctantly to the shed, where, before long, one could hear him moving the dasher up and down sedately to his favorite "churning tune" of

"Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But Wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

## IV

### THE EDGEWOOD "DRIVE"

JUST where the bridge knits together the two little villages of Pleasant River and Edgewood, the glassy mirror of the Saco broadens suddenly, sweeping over the dam in a luminous torrent. Gushes of pure amber mark the middle of the dam, with crystal and silver at the sides, and from the seething vortex beneath the golden cascade the white spray dashes up in fountains. In the crevices and hollows of the rocks the mad water churns itself into snowy froth, while the foam-flecked torrent, deep, strong, and troubled to its heart, sweeps majestically under the bridge, then dashes between wooded shores piled high with steep masses of rock, or torn and riven by great gorges.

There had been much rain during the summer, and the Saco was very high, so on the third day of the Edgewood drive there was considerable excitement at the bridge, and a goodly audience of villagers from both sides of the river. There were some who never came, some who had no fancy for the sight, some to whom it was an old story, some who were too busy, but there were many to whom it was the event of events, a never-ending source of interest.

Above the fall, covering the placid surface of the river, thousands of logs lay quietly "in boom" until the "turning out" process, on the last day of the drive, should release them and give them their chance of display, their brief moment of notoriety, their opportunity of interesting, amusing, exciting, and exasperating the onlookers by their antics.

Heaps of logs had been cast up on the rocks below the dam, where they lay in hopeless confusion, adding nothing, however, to the problem of the moment, for they too bided their time. If they had possessed wisdom, discretion, and caution, they might have slipped gracefully over the falls and, steering clear of the hidden ledges (about which it would seem they must have heard whispers from the old pine-trees along the river), have kept a straight course and reached their destination without costing the Edgewood Lumber Company a small fortune. Or, if they had inclined toward a jolly and adventurous career, they could have joined one of the various jams or "bungs," stimulated by the thought that any one of them might be a key-log, holding for a time the entire jam in its despotic power. But they had been stranded early in the game, and, after lying high and dry for weeks, would be picked off one by one and sent down-stream.

In the tumultuous boil, the foaming hubbub and flurry at the foot of the falls, one enormous peeled log wallowed up and down like a huge rhinoceros, greatly pleasing the children by its clumsy cavortings. Some conflict of opposing forces kept it ever in motion, yet never set it free. Below the bridge were always the real battle-grounds, the scenes of the first and the fiercest conflicts. A ragged ledge of rock, standing well above the yeasty torrent, marked the middle of the river. Stephen had been stranded there once, just at dusk, on a stormy afternoon in spring. A jam had broken under the men, and Stephen, having taken too great risks, had been caught on the moving mass, and, leaping from log to log, his only chance for life had been to find a footing on Gray Rock, which was nearer than the shore.

Rufus was ill at the time, and Mrs. Waterman so anxious and nervous that processions of boys had to be sent up to the River Farm, giving the frightened mother the latest bulletins of her son's welfare. Luckily, the river was narrow just at the Gray Rock, and it was a quite possible task, though no easy one, to lash two ladders together and make a narrow bridge on which the drenched and shivering man could reach the shore. There were loud cheers when Stephen ran lightly across the slender pathway that led to safety—ran so fast that the ladders had scarce time to bend beneath his weight. He had certainly "taken chances"; but the crowd loves daring, and Stephen was only doing his duty by the company, only showing the Saco that he was master, only keeping the Waterman name in good repute.

"Ye can't drownd some folks," Old Kennebec was saying, as he stood in a group on the shore; "not without you tie nail-kags to 'em an' drop 'em in the Great Eddy. I 'm the same kind; I remember when I was stranded on jest sech a rock in the Kennebec."

"We 're well acquainted with that rock," exclaimed one of the river-drivers, to the delight of the company.

Rose remembered the scene well, for Stephen had clambered up the bank, smiling and blushing under the hurrahs of the boys, and, coming to the wagon where she sat waiting for her grandfather, had seized a moment to whisper: "Did *you* care, Rose? Say you did!"

Stephen remembered that question, too, on this August morning; perhaps because this was to be a red-letter day, and sometime, when he had a free moment,—sometime before supper, when he and Rose were sitting apart from the others, watching the logs,—he intended again to ask her to marry him. This thought trembled in him, stirring the deeps of his heart like a great wave, almost sweeping him off his feet when he held it too close and let it have full sway. It would be the fourth time that he had asked Rose this question of all questions, but there was no perceptible difference in his excitement, for there was always the possible chance that she might change her mind and say yes, if only for variety. Wanting a thing continuously, unchangingly, unceasingly, year after year, he thought,—longing to reach it as the river longed to reach the sea,—such wanting might, in course of time, mean having.

Rose drove up to the bridge with the men's luncheon, and the under-boss came up to take the baskets and boxes from the back of the wagon.

"We 've had a reg'lar tussle this mornin', Rose," he said. "The logs are determined not to move. Ike Billings, that 's the han'somest and fluentest all-round swearer on the Saco, has tried his best on the side jam. He 's all out o' cuss-words and there hain't a log budged. Now, 'stid o' dog-warpin' this afternoon, an' lettin'

the oxen haul off all them stubborn logs by main force, we 're goin' to ask you to set up on the bank and smile at the jam. 'Land! she can do it!' says Ike, a minute ago. 'When Rose starts smilin',' he says, 'there ain't a jam nor a bung in *me* that don't melt like wax and jest float right off same as the logs do when they get into quiet, sunny water.' "

Rose blushed and laughed, and drove up the hill to Mite Shapley's, where she put up the horse and waited till the men had eaten their luncheon. The drivers slept and had breakfast and supper at the Billings house, a mile down-river, but for several years Mrs. Wiley had furnished the noon meal, sending it down piping hot on the stroke of twelve. The boys always said that up or down the whole length of the Saco there was no such cooking as the Wileys', and much of this praise was earned by Rose's serving. It was the old grandmother who burnished the tin plates and dippers till they looked like silver; for, crotchety and sharp-tongued as she was, she never allowed Rose to spoil her hands with soft soap and sand: but it was Rose who planned and packed, Rose who hemmed squares of old white table-cloths and sheets to line the baskets and keep things daintily separate, Rose, also, whose tarts and cakes were the pride and admiration of church sociables and sewing societies.

Where could such smoking pots of beans be found? A murmur of ecstatic approval ran through the crowd when the covers were removed. Pieces of sweet home-fed pork glistened like varnished mahogany on the tops of the beans, and underneath were such deeps of fragrant juice as come only from slow fires and long, quiet hours in brick ovens. Who else could steam and bake such mealy loaves of brown bread, brown as plum-pudding, yet with no suspicion of sogginess? Who such soda-biscuits, big, feathery, tasting of cream, and hardly needing butter? And green-apple pies! Could such candied lower crusts be found elsewhere, or more delectable filling? Or such rich, nutty doughnuts?—doughnuts that had spurned the hot fat which is the ruin of so many, and risen from its waves like golden-brown Venuses.

"By the great seleckmen!" ejaculated Jed Towle, as he swallowed his fourth, "I 'd like to hev a wife, two daughters, and four sisters like them Wileys, and jest set still on the river-bank an' hev 'em cook victuals for me. I 'd hev nothin' to wish for then but a mouth as big as the Saco's."

"And I wish this custard-pie was the size o' Bonnie Eagle Pond," said Ike Billings. "I 'd like to fall into the middle of it and eat my way out!"

"Look at that bunch o' Chiny asters tied on t' the bail o' that biscuit-pail!" said Ivory Dunn. "That 's the girl's doin's, you bet; women-folks don't seem to make no bo'quets after they get married. Let 's divide 'em up an' wear 'em drivin' this afternoon; mebbe they 'll ketch the eye so 't our rags won't show so bad. Land! it 's lucky my hundred days is about up! If I don't get home soon I shall be arrested for goin' without clo'es. I set up 'bout all night puttin' these blue patches in my pants an' tryin' to piece together a couple of old red-flannel shirts to make one whole one. That 's the worst o' drivin' in one o' these places where the pretty girls come down to the bridge—you can't git no chance at the rum-bottle, you hev to keep rigged up jest so, an' you even hev to go a leetle mite light on swearin'."

## V

### "BLASPHEMIOUS SWEARIN' "

"STEVE WATERMAN 's an awful nice feller," exclaimed Ivory Dunn just then. Stephen had been looking intently across the river, watching the Shapleys' side door, from which Rose might issue at any moment; and at this point in the discussion he had lounged away from the group, and, moving toward the bridge, began to throw pebbles idly into the water.

"He 's an awful smart driver for one that don't foller drivin' the year round," continued Ivory; "and he 's the awfullest clean-spoken, soft-spoken feller I ever see."

"There 's be'n two black sheep in his family a'ready, an' Steve kind o' feels as if he 'd ought to be extry white," remarked Jed Towle. "You fellers that belonged to the old drive remember Pretty Quick Waterman well enough? Steve 's mother brought him up."

Yes; most of them remembered the Waterman twins, Stephen's cousins, now both dead: Slow Waterman, so moderate in his steps and actions that you had to fix

a landmark somewhere near him to see if he moved; and Pretty Quick, who shone by comparison with his twin.

"I 'd kind o' forgot that Pretty Quick Waterman was cousin to Steve," said the under-boss; "he never worked with me much, but he wa'n't cut off the same piece o' goods as the other Watermans. Great hemlock! but he kep' a cussin' dictionary, Pretty Quick did! Whenever he heard any new words he must 'a' writ 'em down, an' then studied 'em all up in the winter-time, to use in the spring drive."

"Swearin' 's a habit that hed ought to be practised with turrible caution," observed old Mr. Wiley when the drivers had finished luncheon and taken out their pipes. "There 's three kinds o' swearin': plain swearin', profane swearin', an' blasphemious swearin'. Logs air jest like mules: there 's times when a man can't seem to rip up a jam in good style 'thout a few words that 's too strong for the infant-classes in Sunday-schools; but a man hed n't ought to tempt Providence. When he 's ridin' a log near the falls at high water, or cuttin' the key-log in a jam, he ain't in no place for blasphemious swearin'; jest a little easy, perlite 'damn' is 'bout all he can resk, if he don't want to git drownded an' hev his ghost walkin' the river-banks till kingdom come.

"You an' I, Long, was the only ones that seen Pretty Quick go, wa'n't we?" continued Old Kennebec, glancing at Long Abe Dennett (cousin to Short Abe), who lay on his back in the grass, the smoke-wreaths rising from his pipe, and the steel spikes in his heavy, calked-sole boots shining in the sun.

"There was folks on the bridge," Long answered, "but we was the only ones near enough to see an' hear. It was so onexpected, an' so soon over, that them as was watchin' up-stream, where the men was to work on the falls, would n't 'a' hed time to see him go down. But I did, an' nobody ain't heard me swear sence, though it 's ten years ago. I allers said it was rum an' bravadder that killed Pretty Quick Waterman that day. The boys hed n't give him a 'dare' that he hed n't took up. He seemed like he was possessed, an' the logs was the same way; they was fairly wild, leapin' around in the maddest kind o' water you ever see. The river was b'ilin' high that spring; it was an awful stubborn jam, an' Pretty Quick hed be'n workin' on it sence dinner."

"He clumb up the bank more 'n once to have a pull at the bottle that was hid in the bushes," interpolated Mr. Wiley.

"Like as not; that was his failin'. Well, most o' the boys were on the other side o' the river, workin' above the bridge, an' the boss hed called Pretty Quick to leave the jam till mornin', when they 'd get horses an' dog-warp it off, log by log. But when the boss got out o' sight, Pretty Quick jest stood right still, swingin' his ax an' blasphemin' so 't would freeze your blood, vowin' he would n't move till the logs did, if he stayed there till the crack o' doom. Jest then a great, ponderous log, that hed be'n churnin' up an' down in the falls for a week, got free an' come blunderin' an' thunderin' down-river. Land! it was chock-full o' water an' looked 'bout as big as a church! It come straight along, butt-end foremost, an' struck that jam, full force, so 't every log in it shivered. There was a crack,—the crack o' doom, sure enough, for Pretty Quick,—an' one o' the logs le'p' right out an' struck him jest where he stood, with his ax in the air, blasphemin'. The jam kind o' melted an' crumbled up, an' in a second Pretty Quick was whirlin' in the white water. He never riz,—at least where we could see him,—an' we did n't find him for a week. That 's the whole story, an' I guess Steve takes it as a warnin'. Anyway, he ain't no friend to rum nor swearin', Steve ain't. He knows Pretty Quick's ways shortened his mother's life, an' you notice what a sharp lookout he keeps on Rufus."

"He needs it," Ike Billings commented tersely.

"Some men seem to lose their wits when they 're workin' on logs," observed Mr. Wiley, who had deeply resented Long Dennett's telling of a story which he knew fully as well and could have told much better. "Now, nat'rally, I 've seen things on the Kennebec—"

"Three cheers for the Saco! Hats off, boys!" shouted Jed Towle, and his directions were followed with a will.

"As I was sayin'," continued the old man, peacefully, "I 've seen things on the Kennebec that would n't happen on a small river, an' I 've be'n in turrible places an' taken turrible resks—resks that would 'a' turned a Saco River man's hair white;

but them is the times when my wits work the quickest. I remember once I was smokin' my pipe when a jam broke under me. 'T was a small jam, or what we call a small jam on the Kennebec—only about three hundred thousand pine logs. The first thing I knowed, I was shootin' back an' forth in the b'ilin' rapids, hangin' on t' the end of a log like a spider. My hands was clasped round the log and I never lost control o' my pipe. They said I smoked right along, jest as cool an' placid as a—"

"All right, boss," called Ike Billings, winking to the boys; "we 'll be there in a jiffy!" for the luncheon hour had flown and the work of the afternoon was waiting for them. "You make a chalk-mark where you left off, Mr. Wiley, an' we 'll hear the rest to-morrer; only don't you forgit nothin'! Remember 't was the Kennebec you was talkin' about."

## VI

### THE GAME OF JACKSTRAWS

In a moment all was activity. The men ran hither and thither like ants, gathering their tools. There were some old-fashioned pick-poles, straight, heavy levers without any "dog," and there were modern pick-poles and peaveys, for every river has its favorite equipment in these things. There was no dynamite in those days to make the stubborn jams yield, and the dog-warp was in general use. Horses or oxen, sometimes a line of men, stood on the river-bank. A long rope was attached by means of a steel spike to one log after another, and it was dragged from the tangled mass. Sometimes, after unloading the top logs, those at the bottom would rise and make the task easier; sometimes the work would go on for hours with no perceptible progress, and Mr. Wiley would have opportunity to tell the bystanders of a "turrible jam" on the Kennebec that had cost the lumber company ten thousand dollars to break.

There would be great arguments on shore, among the villagers as well as among the experts, as to the particular log which might be a key to the position. The boss would study the problem from various standpoints, and the drivers themselves would pass from heated discussion into long consultations.

"They 're paid by the day," Old Kennebec would philosophize to the doctor; "an' when they 're consultin' they don't hev to be doggin', which is a turrible sight harder work."

Rose had created a small sensation, on one occasion, by pointing out to the under-boss the key-log in a jam. She was passed mistress of the pretty game of jackstraws much in vogue at that time. The delicate little lengths of polished wood or bone were shaken together and emptied on the table. Each jackstraw had one of its ends fashioned in the shape of some sort of implement—a rake, hoe, spade, fork, or mallet. All the pieces were intertwined by the shaking process, and they lay as they fell, in a hopeless tangle. The task consisted in taking a tiny pick-pole, no bigger than a match, and with the bit of curved wire on the end lifting off the jackstraws one by one without stirring the pile or making it tremble. When this occurred, you gave place to your opponent, who relinquished his turn to you when ill fortune descended upon him, the game, which was a kind of river-driving and jam-picking in miniature, being decided by the number of pieces captured and their value. No wonder that the under-boss asked Rose's advice as to the key-log. She had a fairy's hand, and her cunning at deciding the pieces to be moved, and her skill at extricating and lifting them from the heap, were looked upon in Edgewood as little less than supernatural. It was a favorite pastime; and although a man's hand is ill adapted to it, being over-large and heavy, the game has obvious advantages for a lover in bringing his head very close to that of his beloved adversary. The jackstraws have to be watched with a hawk's eagerness, since the "trembling" can be discerned only by a keen eye; but there were moments when Stephen was willing to risk the loss of a battle if he could watch Rose's drooping eyelashes, the delicate down on her pink cheek, and the feathery curls that broke away from her hair.

He was looking at her now from a distance, for she and Mite Shapley were assisting Jed Towle to pile up the tin plates and tie the tin dippers together. Next she peered into one of the bean-pots, and seemed pleased that there was still something in its depths; then she gathered the fragments neatly together in a basket, and, followed by her friend, skidded down the banks to a shady spot where the Cram-

bry family—mother, three young children, and a half-grown boy and girl—were "lined up" expectantly.

It is not difficult to find a single fool in any community, however small; but a family of fools is fortunately somewhat rarer. Every county, however, can boast of one fool-family, and York County is always in the fashion, with fools as with everything else. The unique, quotable, and undesirable Crambrys could not be claimed as indigenous to the Saco valley, for this branch was an offshoot of a still larger tribe inhabiting a distant township. Its beginnings were shrouded in mystery. There was a French-Canadian ancestor somewhere, and a Gipsy or Indian grandmother. They had always intermarried from time immemorial. When one of the selectmen of their native place had been asked why the Crambrys always married cousins, and why the habit was not discouraged, he replied that he really did n't know; he s'posed they felt it would be kind of odd to go right out and marry a stranger.

Lest "Crambry" seem an unusual surname, it must be explained that the actual name was French and could not be coped with by Edgewood or Pleasant River, being something quite as impossible to spell as to pronounce. As the family had lived for the last few years somewhere near the Killick Cranberry Meadows, they were called—and completely described in the calling—the Crambry fool-family.

Stephen knew a good deal about them, for he passed their so-called habitation in going to one of his wood-lots. It was only a month before that he had found them all sitting outside their broken-down fence, surrounded by decrepit chairs, sofas, tables, bedsteads, bits of carpet, and stoves.

"What 's the matter?" he called out from his wagon.

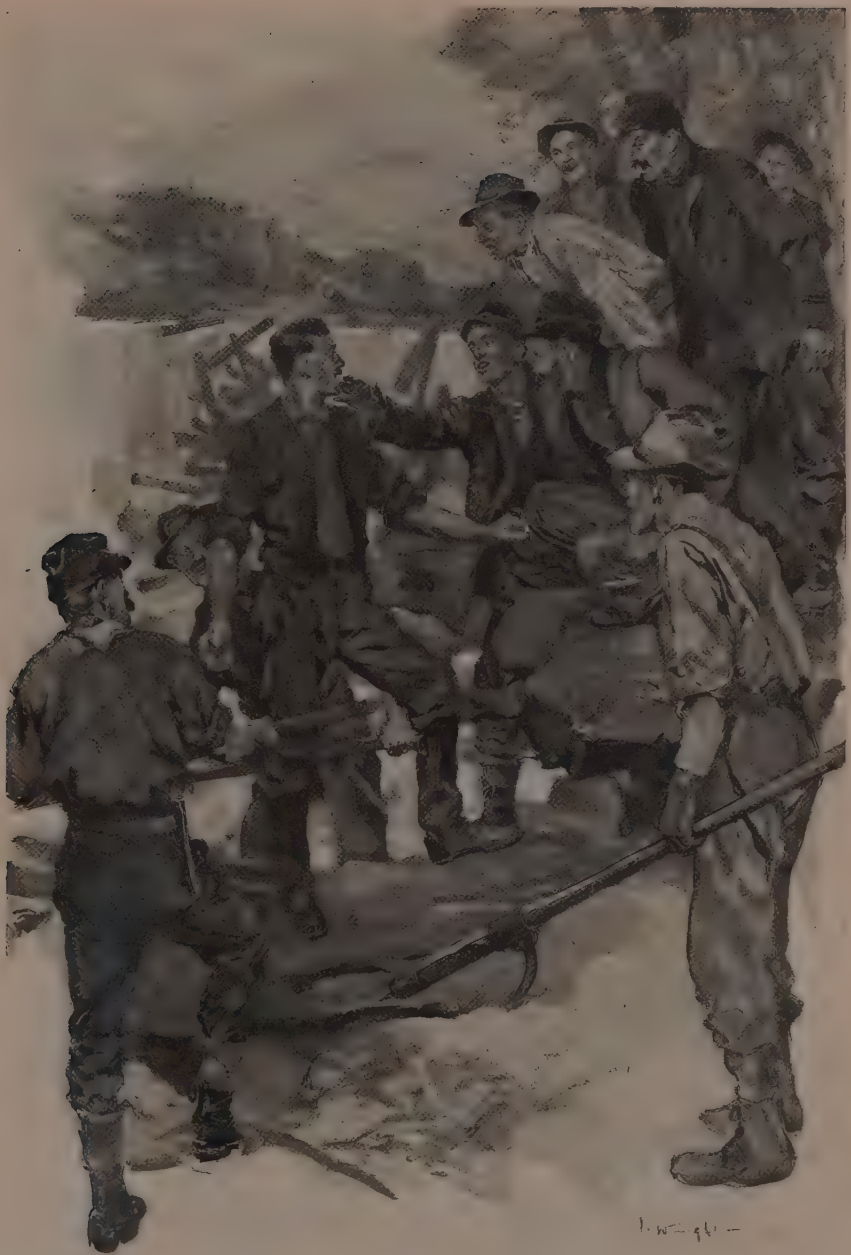
"There ain't nothin' the matter," said Alcestis Crambry. "Father 's dead, an' we 're dividin' up the furnerchure."

Alcestis was the pride of the Crambrys, and the list of his attainments used often to be on his proud father's lips. It was he who was the largest, "for his size," in the family; he who could tell his brothers Paul and Arcadus "by their looks"; he who knew a sour apple from a sweet one the minute he bit it; he who, at the early age of ten, was bright enough to point to the cupboard and say, "Puddin', dad!"

Mrs. Wiley had once tried to make something of Mercy, the oldest daughter; but at the end of six weeks she announced that a girl who could n't tell whether the clock was going "forrards or backwards," and who rubbed a pocket-handkerchief as long as she did a sheet, would be no help in her household.

The Crambrys had daily walked the five or six miles from their home to the Edgewood bridge during the progress of the drive, not only for the social and intellectual advantages to be gained from the company present, but for the more solid compensation of a good meal. They all adored Rose, partly because she gave them food and partly because she was sparkling and pretty and wore pink dresses that caught their dull eyes.

(To be continued)



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"HE HAD CERTAINLY 'TAKEN CHANCES'"

MR. BURBANK IN HIS STUDY

# A WONDER-WORKER OF SCIENCE

## AN AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF LUTHER BURBANK'S UNIQUE WORK IN CREATING NEW FORMS OF PLANT LIFE

BY WILLIAM S. HARWOOD

FIRST PAPER

DR. HUGO DE VRIES, the distinguished Dutch botanist, at a dinner to European scientists given in San Francisco last July, said of the man with whose work these articles are to deal:

The flowers and fruits of California are less wonderful than the flowers and fruits which Mr. Burbank has made. He is a great and unique genius. The desire to see what he has done was the chief motive of my coming to America. He has carried on the breeding and selection of plants to definite ends. Such a knowledge of nature and such ability to handle plant life would only be possible to one possessing genius of a high order.

Scarcely a decade ago Luther Burbank was virtually unknown to the world. He was held in derision by his relatives, in pity by his friends, in scorn by his enemies. He was denounced by scientific men as little less than a charlatan, a producer of spectacular effects, a seeker for the un-

canny and abnormal, an enemy to all true scientific progress, a misleading, though powerful, prophet of a new order of things that could never come to pass.

One day a minister in Santa Rosa, California, where Mr. Burbank lives, invited him to attend church, that he might listen to a sermon upon the work he was carrying on. He accepted the invitation, and was forced to listen to an address violently denouncing him as a foe to God and man, one who was interrupting the well-ordered course of plant life, destroying forces and functions long established and sacred, reducing the vegetable life of the world to a condition at once unnatural and abnormal.

Going a little further back in his history, to the period in which he first attempted to carry out the work of his life, we find him more than once perilously near starvation in a land of plenty, but rising by sheer force of noble ideals above all temporal ills.

To-day Mr. Burbank has become the foremost man in the world in the production of new and interesting forms of fruits, trees, flowers, vegetables, grasses, and nuts. He has carried his investigations far beyond the point that he had reached when the minister assailed him. Last year more than six thousand men, embracing among them the very pick and flower of the scientific life of two hemispheres, made the pilgrimage to his Santa Rosa home to study the lines of his investigations, to see with their own eyes many things which their scientific minds could not accept as truth without visual demonstration, and to learn some details of the supreme results achieved. During the year thirty thousand letters were received, coming from every quarter of the globe, asking for more light upon his work.

His recognition has been tardy. First came visitors from foreign lands, where his experiments were first appreciated; then seedsmen and scientists of his own country, many of whom came to scoff, but stayed to pray. Later came a certain perfunctory recognition from his townsmen, many of whom had looked upon him as a strange mystic raising millions of flowers and shrubs only to tear them up by the roots and burn them in great bonfires. Now, latest of all, in some measure, comes

THE IMPROVED AUSTRALIAN STAR-FLOWER

recognition from the people of his State and his country. The president of one of the great American universities the other day, in introducing him to an audience of five hundred professors and post-graduate students to whom he was to make an address, referred to him as the man who had produced more new forms of fruits, nuts, trees, flowers, and plant life in general than any other man who had ever lived since the dawn of creation. As this article goes to press, comes a further recognition in the shape of a subvention from the Carnegie Institution to the amount of $100,000, available in sums of $10,000 each year for ten years.

Notwithstanding the marvelous creations which Mr. Burbank has already accomplished, a summary of which will follow, he has new work under way, and nearing completion, more wonderful than anything he has yet achieved, and more fruitful of good for the race, while the work he has projected and begun, but which may not even be referred to, has even greater possibilities.

There are millions of acres of arid land upon the globe, much of it, even with the most persistent irrigation, yielding but scantily, and enormous reaches of it devoid of all growth but the cactus, a foe to man and beast; but Mr. Burbank resolved that he would reclaim it, not by irrigation, though welcoming its aid, but by means of the desert itself—the desert and its cactus, its heat, and its sun. So for a period of over ten years he has worked with the utmost persistence and skill until at last he has developed a cactus plant which will convert the desert into a garden. He has made the cactus thornless, taking from its leaves the hard, woody substance, the spicules, so dangerous to animal life. More than this, he has made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive on the hot desert, but it will grow with marvelous fecundity when irrigated or when planted in a richer soil.

But this is not all of the marvel. He has bred this dreaded scourge of the desert, this pariah among plants, until it has become the producer of a delightful, nutritious food for man and beast—until, in his estimate, considering the unused areas of the world where it will thrive, it will afford food for twice the people now upon the earth. Millions of beasts for food and for the burden-bearing of man may be sup-

A HEAP OF BERRY BUSHES READY FOR BURNING

One of fourteen such heaps, each containing twenty-five thousand bushes, none of which was considered fit to live

MR. BURBANK BY THE SIDE OF HIS THORNLESS CACTUS

ported from the food this plant can now be relied upon to give.

I do not know that I can better illustrate in concrete form the wonderful work Mr. Burbank has done in the reclamation of the desert than to cite, on his proving-grounds at Santa Rosa, the example of a cactus of the average desert type protecting its fruit by means of the most deadly thorns, its leaves filled with fibrous substances that bring death to the cattle feeding upon it, while beyond it stands a perfected cactus, not a thorn upon its great green thalli, not a spicule within its rich meat—a huge storehouse of hundreds of pounds of food.

And yet this can tell nothing of the edible qualities of the huge leaves, nor can the picture tell of the delicious flavor of the fruit—fruit which has been bred into a degree of perfection which the wild cactus of the plains never attains.

A quaint smile comes over the thoughtful face of this grave man as he plucks one of the few priceless fruits, the seeds of which are worth far more than their weight in gold, and are the net results of long years of the most patient study and persistent toil.

THORNLESS CACTUS LEAF AND CACTUS FRUIT

"If you swallow one seed," he says to my companion, as he cuts the luscious fruit with his pocket-knife, peels away the covering, and discloses the crimson meat, "I may possibly forgive you; if you swallow two, I must choke them out of you; if three, then, alas! it must be death."

So we eat the fruit, and religiously preserve the seed. The flavor is something quite unknown to the tongue before—a combination of the flavors of half a dozen fruits, suggesting to some a pineapple, to some a melon, to some a peach, to some an apricot, but still wholly without definition or identification. It is full of nutri-

CACTUS FRUIT GROWING IN A CLUSTER

ents, too; in fact, it has been found that the natives of some Southern climes virtually live upon the fruit of one of the crude, partly developed cacti, and maintain a truly Japanese vigor.

But Mr. Burbank opens one more fruit. This time the longitudinal slit of the knife reveals a golden meat wholly different in flavor. Each fruit is in form like a fat cucumber flattened at the ends, say two and a half inches in diameter by three and a half inches in length.

One of the more highly developed plants, grown to gigantic stature in three years, has over six hundred pounds of nutritious food for man and beast upon it, and as you look upon this one plant and think of the vast multiplication of it now possible, you begin to see something of what is to come to pass in the reclamation of the waste places of the earth. You call to mind the quotation which he made to a friend as he looked out upon the future of this, but one of the hundreds upon hundreds of works he is engaged upon for the welfare of man: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

I asked Mr. Burbank if there might not be in this wonderful growth something of interest to the paper-maker: might not the leaf contain a prodigious amount of cellulose fiber suitable for manufacture into paper?

"No," he said; "that is precisely what I have bred out of it. I am making it an intensive, as well as an extensive, food, eliminating as far as possible the cellulose as it appears in woody, fiber-like material, and making the whole plant, from root to crown, a reservoir of food. Nature will do her part always. She never lies; she never deceives; but often, in the sight of man and from his standpoint, she fails. She failed, in this negative sense, in giving to the cactus the thorns and spicules. Nature has her secrets, her disappointments, if you will, and you must listen close to her great heart if you would hear them; then with all haste and power come to her aid. In the cactus very much, from our point of view, was wasted on the spicules and thorns. I have simply helped her by taking away from her the necessity of producing them, and have left her free to put all her energy upon producing food. It is food, not fiber, that I have sought in the cactus."

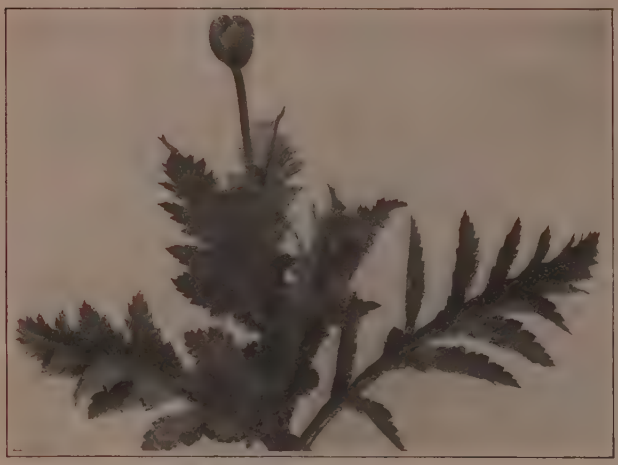
The cactus now becomes a definite, practical food. It may be eaten raw or cooked. The leaves may be put up and preserved, as ginger or melon rinds or citrus. They may be eaten in a variety of ways, while the fruit itself will prove one of the delicacies of the markets.

But not only has the constitution of the cactus plant been cared for so that it needs only to be adopted by the world to become

CACTUS GROWING BOTTOM SIDE UP
Six weeks after planting

a new source of food-supply, but it has in the meanwhile been made so hardy that it will endure the coldest climates; it may be grown from the equator to the pole, or as far north as any vegetation can be produced. The new plants preserve their type also, never reverting, but always persisting. There is apparently no degeneracy, no return to its coat of mail, but a steady persistence in its new life-habits and its physical structure.

It is a most curious plant, too, in that it

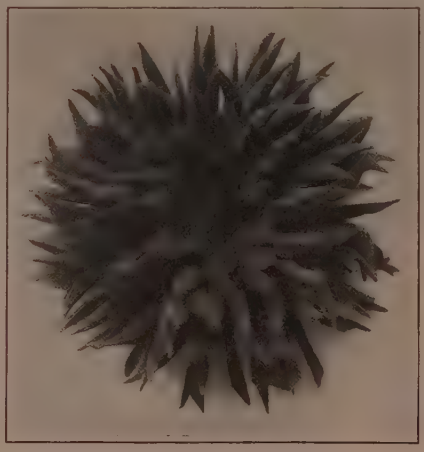


CURIOUS POPPY LEAVES AND SEED-BALL

will grow alike from seed or leaf. All that is needed is to put part of a thick leaf into the soil or even to throw it down and let it dry in the sun; in due season it will root itself and spring into green life. Strangely enough, as the illustration on page 661 shows, it will grow upside down with little consideration for the conventionalities of plant life.

Mr. Burbank's talk about the cactus has a whimsical quality characteristic of the man. He says:

If we invite Mr. Thistle or Mr. Cactus into our gardens and patiently and earnestly teach and thoroughly convince him that all the marauding animals shall be kept out, it will not be very long before some member of his tribe will see fit partly to discard some of those exasperating pins and needles and put on a more civilized suit of clothes; and by further careful selections from this one varying individual others are produced which are absolutely spineless, to remain so as long as the marauding animals do not disturb them, often becoming useful members of our parks and gardens.



THE FRAGRANT DAHLIA

It is great effort on the part of the plant to produce all these spines, and when this effort is made unnecessary the plant will at once become more docile and pliable, and can be easily led into almost any useful occupation in which plants are employed.

Roses, blackberries, raspberries, and gooseberries can also be made as free from thorns as strawberries or apples are, by the same education and individual selection. At present, however, the authors of new fruits and flowers are fully employed in improving the size, abundance, and perfection of form, color, and fragrance in flowers and the abundance and lusciousness of fruits, otherwise the thorns would have been eliminated long ago.

Apropos of this, Mr. Burbank asked me to bend over a blackberry bush and rub the thorny stems against my cheek. To my surprise, the thorns were gone. Out of thousands of plants he has selected and bred until now, he has a blackberry without thorns.

Among his many creations the regenerated cactus promises to do more in a material way for the world than anything he has yet done, not excepting the potato that bears his name, a product of his boyhood days. This potato yielded him one hundred and twenty-five dollars. It has already added greatly to the nation's wealth.

Along the Atlantic seaboard, dipping down to the Gulf of Mexico and thence upward again to portions of the fruit-producing Pacific-coast States, is a strip of land, varying in width and

distance from the sea, where fruit-trees start into growth early and are subjected to late spring frosts. On account of these conditions, certain fruits, as the peach, nectarine, and plum, become problematical crops. Mr. Burbank, who sees far as well as deep, looked at the needs of this frost-troubled region. He saw the conditions, and determined to breed the fruit to fit the climate, not only sturdy and prolific, but frost-resistant. Now, after years have elapsed, he has produced fruit-trees of these types that will withstand absolute freezing in bud and flower. The foliage and petals may be stiff with ice; yet when the warm sun has come again, the leaves show no sign of the deadly blight of the frost. How shall we estimate, even in dollars, what such a feat as this means to the world?

THE WALNUT-TREE, THE FASTEST-GROWING TREE IN THE TEMPERATE ZONES OF THE WORLD

The new tree reached its present height in about thirteen years; the normal tree by the picket-fence has been growing a generation

But consider another new achievement,

performed not so much as a duty to the world as for the world's delight. Among all the diverse elements of Mr. Burbank's nature, none is more conspicuous than his love for the beautiful. He stood looking at a bank of flowers one day when the golden glory of the California poppies had turned the brown mesa to a mass of splendid color—a gorgeous, imposing bloom, taken in the mass. His quick eye caught sight of one poppy that bore a faint stain of red—a narrow pinkish line drawn down its satin chalice of gold.

This single poppy was jealously guarded. Next season its seeds were planted. From them came a brood of poppies, some as yellow as their forebears, some showing still greater hints of the crimson. The yellow ones were destroyed and the others retained, and their seeds in turn planted. An increasingly large number of reddish ones appeared the next generation. Day by day through the years, as the poppies opened to the sun, they were challenged with the utmost rigor; none was allowed to live which persisted in wearing its yellow coat.

At last, after years had elapsed, the test was brought to a successful end; and in the season of 1904 a new floral wonder was produced—a brilliant crimson poppy made from a yellow one, the other characteristics, length and shape of petal, size of flower, and integrity of all its parts, being left undisturbed.

A BED OF RHUBARB, OR PIE-PLANT

This is rhubarb which has been specially ordered for the King of England and is now growing in his gardens. It is a continuous bearer throughout the year, and of peculiarly delicate flavor.

Other members of the poppy family have interested Mr. Burbank. By crossing the common garden poppy, which is a short-lived annual, with the Oriental poppy, a perennial, he has produced a new race of poppies combining every desirable quality of both species in one, and developing numerous wholly new forms having enormous size, greatly enhanced beauty of colors, improved lasting qualities, and possessed of perpetual blooming powers. He is now carrying on some remarkable experiments with these flowers. He has

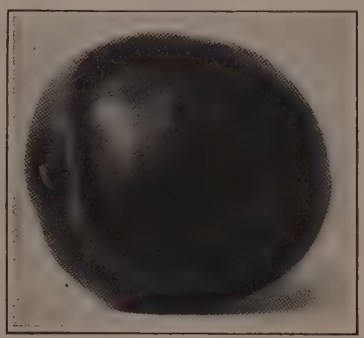
THE IMPROVED FRENCH PRUNE—THE NORMAL FRENCH PRUNE AT THE LEFT

so far transformed the ordinary poppy that it measures fully ten inches across, an enormous bloom, preserving all its original beauty, immensely enhanced by its size.

The production of these great blossoms has been accompanied by some of the strangest developments in all this wonderful work. In November last, in a plot of ground perhaps fifty feet square set apart on his testing-field at Santa Rosa for experimentation in poppies, I saw growing two thousand poppy-plants, and no two of them were alike. Nothing stranger in plant life ever before developed. Some of them bore great quantities of seeds, but not a single flower. Some bore beautiful flowers in great profusion, but not a single seed. Some bore flowers arranged in the most fantastic shapes, as flowers surrounding the seed-capsules and seed-capsules surrounding the flowers. Some strange ones bore neither seeds nor flowers.

When Dr. de Vries visited Mr. Burbank last summer, he was amazed at the sight of these poppies. They were not simply unlike in color, but in habits of growth, the various individual plants seeming to represent in form and foliage nearly every order of plants known. Mr. Burbank astonished Dr. de Vries by handing him a poppy-stem bearing fifty-six seed-capsules.

Taking in his hand a late poppy-bloom, a splendid scarlet flower, though the season was fast waning, Mr. Burbank held it up and said:



THE PLUMCOT

A rare fruit created from plums of various types and the apricot

"If you wish, I can quarter the seed-capsule within this flower, and, by pollenizing sections, grow from one quarter annual plants, from another quarter perennial plants, from the third quarter crimson poppies, from the fourth white ones."

THE PITLESS PLUM

In this specimen the pit shows merely as a seed which a knife will cut through

Yet never for an instant has Mr. Burbank set claim to anything but the application of unalterable laws—laws discovered by

AN EXAMPLE OF DOWNWARD BREEDING

The tiny, perfectly formed calla by the side of one of normal size has been bred downward to less than an inch and a half across

him in new relations that are overturning some laws long held by the scientists, but laws immutable to the end of the chapter.

The initial work on the poppies began with the pollen of a single Oriental flower, *Papaver orientale*, a perennial, and the seed of the opium-poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, a short-lived annual. The first generation showed little variation except in color; the second and succeeding ones leading up to the marvelous variations already noted.

Leaving untold much that is of deep interest concerning the work, one may not more than suggest here a few of the other achievements of Mr. Burbank. It must be borne in mind that he has under way investigations which promise greater results for the beauty and the utility of the world than anything he has yet done. So far he has carried on over two thousand five hundred distinct species investigations, the problems of many of which are yet unsolved. The following is a recapitulation, necessarily brief, of things already done, in addition to those which have been under consideration:

The creation of the fastest-growing tree in the temperate zones of the world —a walnut which in thirteen years has grown to six times the size that an average walnut has grown in twenty-eight years. The shells of the walnut were bred so thin that birds could pick holes in them, so that it became necessary to reverse the process, breeding back until the shells have become of the requisite thickness. The meat of the walnut has been made white, all the tannin, or bitter quality, having been driven out.

The "plumcot," a combination of the common American wild plum, a Japanese plum, and the common apricot, producing a fruit, unknown to the world before, with a delicious flavor, unlike either of its ancestors, and plentiful in nutrients and beautiful in color. Incidentally, the plumcot, with the primus berry, disproves the dictum of scientists that new species cannot be produced by man.

An amaryllis ten inches in diameter, maintaining the beautiful colors of the choicest small blooms. Rare and beautiful

gladioli, also, Mr. Burbank having compelled the gladiolus to bloom around the entire stalk, like the hyacinth, a thing never before known.

Many varieties of plums of rare color and quality as well as of great vigor, among them the Wickson, which is supplanting other plums and has already added greatly to national wealth in various parts of the world.

A numerous family of plums with no pits and only the suggestion of seeds within them, the fruit of which can be cut in twain with a penknife. Further work to improve them in size, color, and quality is now going on.

A chestnut-tree which bears nuts at eighteen months of age, and which has borne them at six months. The tree bears when not over three feet in height.

Many varieties of lilies of great beauty and improved character, which will be introduced as soon as a sufficient stock can be produced.

The smallest calla ever known, less than an inch and a half in diameter, bred downward to show that plants can be reduced as well as enlarged to suit the wishes of man.

A dahlia bred from the old, ill-smelling type up to a flower having the odor of the magnolia. In addition, the flower itself has been led to take on new forms of beauty, some of them strangely like the chrysanthemum.

A CHESTNUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD BEARING NUTS

The Shasta daisy, a blossom from five to seven inches in diameter, brought up from the tiny field-daisy, one of the pests of the Eastern farmer.

Rhubarb which yields every day in the year, and of rare quality. The leaves of a single stem measure four feet in length by three feet in width.

An improved prune averaging from four to six times the size of the French prune from which it sprang, and very rich in sugar.

The "pomato," one of the most wonderful creations, now under way. This may be called a tomato growing upon a potato. It produces in abundance a white, fragrant, succulent, delicious fruit upon the potato-tops, something unlike any fruit ever known before, and may be eaten cooked or as a salad, or as other fresh fruits, the flavor resembling the "po-ha" berry of the Hawaiian Islands.

A blackberry without thorns. Other thorn-bearing berries and roses are to be denuded of their thorns as soon as time can be given to the work.

The Australian star-flower, so improved that it now bears a beautiful rose-pink and white blossom, much larger than the original. It is a new, fragrant, "everlasting" flower, and can be introduced in the decoration of ladies' hats and for other millinery uses, reducing greatly the cost of artificial flowers.

A wholly new larkspur, much enlarged in size, and given a delicious odor. The

THE PRIMUS BERRY, A CROSS BETWEEN A RASPBERRY AND A BLACKBERRY

color combinations are far finer than those of the common larkspur, but still of intense shades.

These are only a few of the new creations already achieved, or upon which Mr. Burbank is engaged. The work already accomplished or yet to be done covers a field of life in the vegetable kingdom rich in beauty and service to mankind.

But how does Mr. Burbank work his wonders? Here are two plants—one from Australia, perhaps, the other from Siberia. Each plant has its characteristics, its life habits, its structure, its hereditary tendencies—a life distinct from all others. Each has preserved its identity a thousand years, perhaps ten times ten thousand years, not varying to any great extent through the long centuries. He takes these two plants and gives them the opportunity to unite. Struggle as each may, with the fervor of ten thousand years of habit all powerfully upon it, it cannot overcome the change.

The pollen from one of the flowers has found its way to the stigma of the other, borne by the sensitive finger-tips of a man accustomed to wait with patience the outcome of his projects. A year passes. The seed from the new plant is planted. From it may come a plant like both of its ancestors, or like neither, like nothing yet born in the vegetable life of the world.

And this is what is sought: to make it different, to break up its life tendencies, to recombine the hereditary influences of its ancestry. In the breaking-up it may produce a whole series of monstrosities, the most strange and grotesque plants that ever took root in the soil of the earth. Some of these plants are hideous, and all such are put to death. For the object is not to produce abnormality, but a splendid norm, a plant which shall have the best characteristics of both parents and become a new and powerful factor in the beauty or the utility of the race. The next year and the next there are more seeds and more plants; and in a few years, so great is the progression, there may be five hundred thousand. Bear in mind that some of the greatest botanists of this and other days have carried on their investigations into plant life and made their deductions and formulated their laws upon a working basis of perhaps a dozen plants. Mr. Burbank has used as many as a million plants for a single test, and he has more than once rejected every one of the million, save, perhaps, half a dozen or even less.

BLACKBERRIES—THE MIDDLE ONE IS THE CHILD OF THE SMALLER PARENTS

When the great mass of plants in a given test is ready for the final scrutiny to see what ones shall be allowed to live, then comes the exercise of the most wonderful faculty of the man. He must go over every one of these plants, be it ten thousand or a million, and select from them such as are fit for use in a continuation of the test. This he does with marvelous rapidity. With aids to bring him the plants, he passes upon them with such rapidity that a hundred thousand may be decided upon in a single day.

If all of these plants had to be tested in the usual way, it would cost at least a million dollars. Each would have to be set out by itself, covering a considerable surface of valuable land; each would have to be cultivated and cared for for four or five years; each would need to be grafted. In a single day this one man accomplishes what could be reached otherwise only by years of waiting and by an enormous attendant expense, his masterly judgment, backed by a wonderful intuition, enabling him to accomplish that which indeed seems little short of a miracle.

THE WHITE BLACKBERRY WHICH MR. BURBANK CREATED

A friend of Mr. Burbank some years ago, having heard of this wonderful facility, suggested a test. He did not doubt Mr. Burbank's word; but, still, how could such a thing be possible? So several thousand plants—a series of plum seedlings—were selected and turned over to Mr. Burbank in the usual way. As they came before him they were instantly separated into three classes—good, mediocre, and worthless. Then all were planted to decide the matter. When the plants had been growing long enough—several years—they were all tested, and in every instance the result tallied precisely with Mr. Burbank's selection.

Said a friend to him: "How can you tell, among a hundred thousand young fruit-trees or flowers or vegetables, those that are fit to live, saving only perhaps a single one out of the whole mass?"

The answer came quickly: "You see a face on the street, a thousand faces, ten thousand. Instantly, as you see each one, without thinking how or why you do it, your mind shows you the difference in those faces—there are no two alike. If you are a shrewd business man, you can tell almost unerringly whether any one of those ten thousand is the one you want. You cannot tell all the details of the life before you, but the general characteristics you may read at a glance. I read these plants as easily as I could read human beings."

Selection means choosing for virility, for fecundity, for beauty, for resistance to disease. In one experiment—the production of the "white blackberry"—Mr. Burbank chose one plant out of sixty-five thousand. All the rest were found wanting and were burned at the stake; from the single bush came one of his most marvelous creations. Not another one in the sixty-five thousand had so far maintained the course laid out for it by the leader that it could be trusted to itself.

Sometimes it is two plants of the same species that are used. They and their fellows are not so thrifty, not so productive, not so beautiful, as he would have them. He sees their imperfections; he sees their possibilities. Here the same process of selection follows year after year, until, at last, the old has given way to the new and a powerful life has replaced a weak one.

It may have been only a common wild flower at first; now it is a noble bloom. It may have been a wild native fruit, small, sour, acrid, distasteful; now it is a splendid product, with a delicious flavor, a meat rich in nutrition, with a rich coloring. It may have been a tree stunted, slow-growing, virtually worthless; now it is a splendid figure in the forest, growing as much in a decade as its forebears did in a generation.

Or it may be the creation of an entirely new species. It is the primus berry, rightly named, a combination of a raspberry and a blackberry.

Two lines of work are followed:

1. Cross-pollination, which includes crossing, the mingling of strains within a species, and hybridization, the breeding together of members of different species.

2. Selection, choosing out such plants as are best adapted to the purposes of the experimenter.

Under the first head Mr. Burbank says: "By crossing different species we can form more variations and mutations in half a dozen generations than will be developed by ordinary variations in a hundred, or even a thousand, generations."

What are the instruments of this great work? In most cases only a watch-crystal, or a small saucer, and the finger-tips with which to take the pollen, which has been dusted upon the crystal, and place it upon the waiting stigma.

For all these untold centuries the plant has been going forward upon an unbroken line; now it is suddenly disturbed, its life habits are broken up, it receives the most powerful shock nature can give. It is vaster than the shock of death, for it is death swiftly blent into a new life. The new plant sets out upon its journey, never to return to the old ways. Thousands of its kind fall by the way or are ruthlessly put to death.

As the work progresses, results are hastened, whenever practicable, by grafting and budding. The ability of Mr. Burbank to act with tremendous force and rapidity, when needful, was early shown in his work and in this line of grafting. It was in the days when he was struggling to make both ends meet in carrying on a nursery. He was sadly in need of funds. A rush order came for twenty thousand prune-trees. It would take two years and a half to grow them in the ordinary course of affairs, but he could get the order only by turning them out in nine months. He

called in a small army of men and put them to work planting over a hundred thousand almond seeds. The almond grows rapidly. In a few months the young bushes were ready; the best were selected, and twenty thousand prune cuttings were grafted upon them. In nine months the order was filled, and to-day one of the largest prune-orchards in the world is growing and yielding from these selfsame almond-trees.

Some idea of the vastness of Mr. Burbank's work may be obtained from the fact that there are now growing at Sebastopol three hundred thousand distinct varieties of plums, different in foliage, in form of fruit, in shipping, keeping, and canning qualities; sixty thousand peaches and nectarines; from five to six thousand almonds; two thousand cherries; two thousand pears; one thousand grapes; three thousand apples; one thousand two hundred quinces; five thousand walnuts; five thousand chestnuts; from five to six thousand berries; with many thousands of other fruits, flowers, and vegetables, in all cases different from all the others.

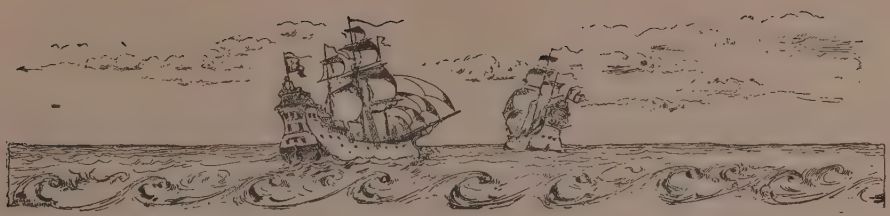
Speaking in general of such work as he is carrying on, Mr. Burbank says:

> In pursuing the study of the universal and everlasting laws of nature, whether relating to the life or growth, structure or movements, of a giant planet or the tiniest plant, or the psychological movements of the human brain, the same conditions are necessary before we can become one of nature's interpreters or the creator of any valuable work for the world. Preconceived notions, dogmas, and all personal prejudice and bias must be laid aside. Listen patiently, quietly, and reverently to the lessons, one by one, which Mother Nature has to teach, shedding light on that which before was mystery, so that all who will may see and know. She conveys her truths only to those who are passive and receptive, accepting truths as suggested, wherever they may lead. Then we have the whole universe in harmony with us.

The obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of Mr. Burbank's life-work have been many and desperately hard to surmount. Lack of funds at critical periods, the enmity and jealousy of those who should have been his stanchest friends, the attempts of men saturated with selfishness to rob him of the fruits of his labors, the failure of costly experiments carried on through long years of patient toil, attempts even upon the part of specialists to take unfair advantages—the list may not here be elaborated. There have been proffers of aid in the past, but they have in large measure been those to which a selfish string was attached. He has set his face like steel against any plan, no matter how tempting, that will take from him one jot or tittle of his independence; to do otherwise would be fatal to the work. Since 1893, when he sold his large and flourishing nursery business that he might thereafter give his entire time to plant-breeding, there has not been a year when he has not run behind in expenses. So he has gone forward all these years, hampered and half shackled, but every day advancing, if ever so slowly.

The man who has known what it is to feel the cruel pangs of hunger, who has slept in noisome places when he could call no roof his own, who has done the most repugnant and disagreeable labor to earn a pittance to keep soul and body together, who has fought off fever when he had not money enough to pay for the daily pint of milk which stood between him and possible death, who has steadily denied himself all the minor luxuries of life and many of its comforts; the man who, until a few years ago, never owned a microscope, so important an instrument in his work, and then only a cheap and inadequate one,—this man, who has sacrificed at every possible point and made constant inroads upon his hard-earned savings, after perilously near complete physical breakdown as a result of overwork, and all that he might beautify and glorify and make more habitable the world about him,—this man is as brave a figure as ever went forth to battle.

(To be continued)



# THE LIGHT-SHIP

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

SHE lies far out along the bar,
A ghost by day, by night a star
That sways and swings and dips;
Though chained, she knows no anchored ease—
Though tides are full and fresh the breeze,
She rides, but may not sail the seas,
This sentinel of ships:
Hers but to watch by ruin's lair,
And lift her warning light in air.

Her sides are oak of triple strength,
Her mast a pine-tree's sturdy length,
Unhelped of boom or spar
The lantern bears, her only sail;
Yet naked thus she dares the gale,
With plunging prow and buried rail,
Or breasts the breakers' war—
An amazon of courage high
Who may not fight and will not fly.

Her sister ships their wings have spread,
Perhaps by dark Magellan's head
Or on Ionian seas;
Dim Greenland's isles of ice they knew,
They sailed Hawaii's waters blue,
And Aden's shallows loitered through,
Along the dying breeze;
And she, in calms when cables slack,
May drift five fathoms out—and back.

Not hers in glassy bays to seem
A dream-bark mirrored in a dream,
Nor hers the joy to feel
Her black hull on and onward whirled,
The rush of winds, the waves upcurled
High o'er her bows, as round the world
She sweeps on bounding keel,
While ocean 'neath her laughs and swings,
And ropes are songs and sails are wings.

And yet no bulk of senseless stone
Is she, on some stern cliff alone—
A ship's heart in her beats;
She thrills to every tide that turns,
Her naked mast for canvas yearns,
And each proud timber in her spurns
The chain that still defeats
Her forward plunge, and holds her slave
Whose will is tameless as the wave.

She will not always fettered ride—
Some night at turning of the tide,
When God's great winds are out,
A lightning bolt her bonds will rive,
And she, unchained, alert, alive,
Will on her one mad voyage drive,
And, 'mid the mighty rout,
While heaven and earth commingled roar,
Pass—to be seen of men no more.

# SUZANNE'S CATECHISM

## BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Four Roads to Paradise," etc.

IT was evening at Menaggio. Two women were seated on the terrace beside a white iron table on which stood empty coffee-cups. The moon was rising over Lake Como, its white light contrasting with the yellow gleam from the windows of the inn close at hand.

The women were speaking in low tones, but with that American insistence of accent which carries far.

"Don't you think," the elder one was saying, "that you are a little—just a little—"

"A little what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"A little nothing, my dear aunt—how absurd!"

"One cannot be serious with you, Suzanne."

"And yet I am quite serious myself."

"You should be. The subject is a serious one. What are your intentions? That is the question."

"Oh, it is the man who must have intentions. The woman's rôle is masterly inactivity."

"Till the crisis comes."

"Yes, till the crisis comes."

"The crisis has come—in fact, the crises, since there are two. Maurice is quite at the end of his patience, and the count insists on a definite answer. You really cannot put off the decision. You must make up your mind."

"The first requisite for making up one's mind is to have a mind to make up. Sometimes I think I have n't any."

The aunt tapped impatiently on the edge of the iron table with her tortoise-shell lorgnon.

"What do you intend to do?" she insisted, with the air of one determined to put a stop to fencing and close with the subject.

The girl beside her laughed a light little laugh.

"That 's just the question, is n't it?" she retorted. "What *do* I intend to do?"

"Surely you must know yourself. You are only feigning uncertainty."

"I assure you there is no certainty in the matter. You see, the rival merits of the two men balance so evenly."

"Still, you must have a preference."

"A preference—exactly—of course I have; but it wavers all the time. Now it dips in the direction of Maurice, now of the count. In the morning I admire Maurice's sterling uprightness, his energy, his simplicity. As evening comes on, he bores me. His simplicity gets on my nerves. The something of subtlety in the count appeals to me; and then, he is so good-looking! He has such distinction of manner! I should be so proud of him on social occasions! If I were to sum up the two men, I should say that Maurice was more acceptable, but the count more presentable. Less trustworthy? Perhaps; but more interesting. I really must have something to decipher in the man I marry."

"You will find plenty to decipher in the count."

"Yes; I set that down to his credit."

Mrs. Hunter opened and closed her lorgnon several times; then she said tentatively:

"There are drawbacks to marrying foreigners. The more I see of international marriages, the more I think so."

"You don't consider that point of view at all provincial, Aunt Harriet?"

"Not at all. It is no criticism of foreigners."

"I see. Only a criticism of the American girl."

"Precisely. I see a great deal to criticize in her."

"You don't consider her adaptable?"

"Adaptable rather than adoptable. An American girl adapts other ways to her own. She never merges herself in others, and that is what a foreigner expects of his wife. He is the merger, she the merged."

"How piquant for him when he marries an American girl and finds that she can't be!"

"How piquant for her if he declines to take that view of the situation!"

"Oh, well, of course he would, you know."

"H'm! possibly."

"Certainly. If I marry the count, I shall say: 'My dear count, never forget that we are married on the American plan.'"

"To which he will respond: 'My dear Suzanne, bring me my shoes.' He would n't mean it unkindly, either; only he would n't understand."

"Then you advise me not to marry the count?"

"Oh, no! no!" Mrs. Hunter replied hastily. "Every one speaks well of the count. Your father approves of him."

"That is distinctly against him. I distrust papa's judgments. I don't believe in them, but I am afraid of them, as Madame de Staël said of ghosts. In fact, confidentially, I will confess to you that I distrust papa."

"Suzanne!"

"Yes, I do. He regards me as a business venture on which he is determined to realize. I would rather marry without his approval than with it."

"But he approves of Maurice, too."

"That 's just it. I get no help there, you see. If it were n't for that, I could easily develop a sentiment."

Mrs. Hunter's face brightened.

"Ah, now we are getting at it. What sentiment, Suzanne?"

"A sentiment of indifference with latent possibilities of passion, or perhaps of passion with a background of indifference, for—"

Her aunt leaned forward and placed one elbow on the table. Turning to her niece, she asked eagerly:

"For which? For Maurice or the count?"

"That is precisely what I can't make out—at least not with that definiteness which would warrant a final decision."

"Yet the decision must come."

"It must, and I have resolved to make it; but I must have something convincing to determine me. While I have been sitting here listening to you—"

"Talking to me, you mean," interrupted Mrs. Hunter, who was sensitive on the subject of garrulity, which she regarded as a symptom of advancing years.

"Whichever you like," assented Suzanne, with a deprecating turn of the wrist. "At any rate, you have helped me to a decision."

"The right one, I trust. But I should be sorry to have you guided by my advice. Your father says it is n't worth anything, and has almost made me feel so myself."

"I don't mean so much a decision as a way to make it. What you were saying just now of foreign marriages suggested it. I shall write to Maurice and to the count, asking each what he thinks on three questions which vitally affect the happiness of married life. On their answers my decision will hang."

"Be careful! Men don't like transcendentalism, my dear."

Suzanne's eyes followed the path of moonlight which lay like a rippling band of quicksilver across the dark steel of the lake.

"Love is transcendental," she said meditatively.

"But you are not in love."

"No? I 'm not sure. I asked Maurice the other day what it was to be in love. He said it was living in purgatory, with occasional hours in heaven and hell. I observed that it must be a very uncomfortable condition; but he insisted that the hours in heaven paid for all the others. For my part, I prefer solid earth all the time."

Mrs. Hunter shook her head and sighed.

"I can only repeat what I said before—you are not in love."

"I could be—I shall be. Whichever man I choose, I shall love him as soon as I let myself go. But I mean to keep a tight rein till I am sure."

Mrs. Hunter smiled; it was impossible not to smile at Suzanne.

"And the questions?" suggested the aunt.

For a moment the girl seemed not to

hear her. Then she began slowly and methodically, as if she were arranging them in her own mind:

"The questions are these: 'Should the career of the man or that of the woman be the first consideration in married life?' That's one. The second—don't be shocked—is this: 'Who should feel the responsibility of bringing up the children?'"

Mrs. Hunter blushed. It is only the middle-aged who blush in these days. She strove, however, to make her tone diplomatic rather than didactic as she observed: "Delicate ground, Suzanne! Are you sure it is wise?"

Her niece threw her head back a little, so that the moonlight marked the edges of her flaxen hair and etched her profile against the box-tree in a tub behind her. "It is very solid ground," she answered, with an indrawing of the lips which brought out a look of her father in her face, "and a very vital question. The third is something like it. Perhaps you won't approve of that, either."

"Still, let me hear it."

"Well, then, it is this: 'Suppose either one of us tires of the other, is separation desirable, or should we go on together making-believe all our lives?'"

"Upon my word, Suzanne, you do not lack candor!"

"Why should I when the happiness of my life is at stake? If there were more candor before marriage, there would be less scandal after. I am going in now to write the letters. Don't sit up for me. Good night."

Suzanne rose as she spoke, with a furtive pat at her placket-hole. Satisfied that her gown was rightly adjusted, she threaded her way among the groups surrounding the little tables sprinkled along the gravel-walks. Her aunt sat with her head resting on one jeweled hand, from which the old Mechlin lace of her sleeve fell away at the wrist. She watched the lithe figure till it disappeared in the glassed doorway, and noted with pleasure the glances which followed the girl as she passed.

She herself admired Suzanne; but the admiration was tempered by disapproval. Even now she found herself wondering whether, if Suzanne's mother had lived, the girl would have been so self-confident, so *modern*. "Modern" was the word which Mrs. Hunter always used vaguely to sum up objectionable qualities. Her meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a man—a large, oppressively impressive man—who sank heavily into the chair which Suzanne had vacated.

Mr. Ketcham was a type of the American business man whose gray hairs are found in the path of success, and therefore are held worthy of honor. His bearing was not without distinction, in spite of the excessive stoutness which suggested time devoted to business and withdrawn from exercise. He had the head of a Napoleon on the figure of a Gibbon.

"Alone, Harriet?" he exclaimed with the brisk accent with which he might have interrogated a clerk. "Where is Suzanne?" Mrs. Hunter withdrew her hand from her head and sat up straight. She was aware that her brother disliked too much ease of attitude.

"Suzanne has just left me," she replied; "she has gone to her room to write letters."

"Letters to whom?"

"To Maurice and the count."

"To both? She does not mean to accept them both, I suppose, thereby vitiating both contracts."

"No, not both; perhaps not either. The fact is, she cannot make up her mind. I never saw such indecision. It is almost a disease."

"But she must marry."

"*Must*, Walter?"

"Decidedly. She will be happier, and so shall I."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Hunter. Her thoughts reverted rapidly to Suzanne's words of a few moments ago: "He regards me as a business venture on which he is determined to realize."

Her brother paid little attention to his sister's thoughts. Indeed, he seldom gave her credit for having any. He regarded thinking as a masculine prerogative of which the feminine equivalent was intuition, and he had little use for intuition.

More to himself than to his companion he went on speaking. "Yes, I 've given up to Suzanne and her affairs all the time that I can spare."

"You wish to get back to your clubs."

"To my business, Harriet—to my business. This shilly-shallying does n't suit a man of my temperament."

Mrs. Hunter sat quite silent for some

moments. Then she exclaimed almost plaintively: "Don't hurry the child!"

"I 'm not hurrying her," her brother responded testily. "I 've no idea of hurrying her. If those men were n't satisfactory, I should n't say a word; but Suzanne is getting on—getting on, Harriet. Twenty-four is not an age to trifle with, and it is the first principle of a successful business career to close with a satisfactory offer without waste of time. No good comes of hanging fire."

"Which man do you wish her to marry?"

"Upon my soul, I don't care. Maurice has money and position enough; the count has position and money enough; Maurice has talent."

"So has the count."

"Of a kind—of a kind, though the Jonah of his talent is swallowed up by the whale of his laziness."

"Still, placed as he is in life, he can afford laziness if he likes."

"Yes, yes. Really there is nothing to be said against either Maurice or the count."

"No; more 's the pity. I wish there were."

"Now, Harriet, what do you mean by that?"

"Why, don't you see? Then she could decide. That 's the trouble in her mind. They 're so evenly balanced. However, she means to judge them by their answers."

"Their answers to what?"

"Dear me! I hope I have n't betrayed Suzanne's confidence! Perhaps I 'd better not say any more."

"Answers to what?" her brother repeated in a tone which said plainly: "It is too late to think of that." And, indeed, a confidence is like a flask of attar of roses: when the paper over the stopper is once broken, the liquid might as well be poured out at once.

"Answers to her letters," Mrs. Hunter responded tremulously. "She has written asking for replies to three questions, and she means to take the man whose views meet her liking."

The man beside her drew out a note-book and a fountain-pen, which he shook twice against his left wrist and then tested on the paper.

"What were the questions, Harriet?" he asked.

Mrs. Hunter smiled deprecatingly. "You know Suzanne is eccentric," she said; "you must be prepared for eccentric questions."

Her brother frowned. "D—— eccentricity!" he muttered, and then added aloud: "Let me hear them."

Mrs. Hunter repeated the first. Mr. Ketcham wrote it down, and paused with suspended pen, awaiting the second. Mrs. Hunter, too, paused. She belonged to a generation which did not discuss such matters—certainly not so prematurely.

"Well, Harriet?"

In answer to this impatient ejaculation, Mrs. Hunter stammered out the second question.

Mr. Ketcham laughed so long and loud as to attract the attention of neighboring groups. His sister laid a blue-veined hand on his sleeve. "Hush!" she said softly. "You will be overheard. Consider!"

"I don't care who hears," Mr. Ketcham replied, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with one expansive sweep of his handkerchief; "the thing is too ridiculous. And what, pray, was the third question? Settling the fate of the grandchildren, I suppose. The girl is out of her head—gone clean daft. Out with it, Harriet! What was the third?"

"She wished to know whether they approved separation if either the husband or the wife tired of the other."

"Oh, she did!" Mr. Ketcham observed, with a fine irony in his tone. "What foresight! What caution in one so young! Really, Suzanne has no need of a guardian. I may as well return to America at once."

"You are not angry with Suzanne?" queried Mrs. Hunter, aghast at the effect of her volubility.

"Angry? How could you think it! I only regret that I have not taken Suzanne in as partner. Her cheerful audacity and business head ought to have been worth millions to the firm."

"I 'm sorry I spoke."

"My dear Harriet, this is one of the few occasions when you 've no need to be. For once you 've said something worth listening to."

"Suzanne will never forgive me."

"There is something much better than being forgiven, and that is not being found out. I shall not mention this conversation, and I advise you not to; but of course you will. You 'd rather confess a murder than not talk."

"You 're very unkind, Walter."

"Not at all; not at all. I accuse you of nothing more than being a woman. They 're all alike. If they can't betray a confidence in any other fashion, they do it by way of illustration, without mentioning names, as if the listener were an idiot who could n't put two and two together. However, this time you 've done no harm. In fact, Suzanne may owe her happiness to you. Maurice is still in Menaggio, I suppose."

"Yes, Maurice is here. At least he returns to-morrow."

"And the count is at the big hotel over yonder?" He pointed with his thumb across the lake to the twinkling lights of the settlement opposite.

"The count is at Bellaggio—yes."

"Very well. Thank you, Harriet. And do you know that it is getting late?"

The widow rose at her brother's suggestion and strolled toward the inn. Her mind was tremulous with misgivings; but she dared not say anything more on the subject. She confined herself to wondering, which, being a vague process calling for no action, is a favorite one with people of weak wills.

The next day Suzanne spent alone with her sketch-book on the shore of the lake. At meal-times she was so aloof that her aunt found it impossible to reopen the subject of the evening before. Once, in the midst of the silence which had fallen between the fruit and the finger-bowls, Suzanne looked up and asked sharply: "Where is papa?"

"Off on the lake somewhere," Mrs. Hunter answered, drying her fingers one at a time with great care.

"Was he going to Bellaggio?"

"My dear Suzanne, how should I know? Your father, as you understand perfectly, will never submit to any questions about his plans."

"Ah!" said Suzanne.

Through the evening the girl was consumed with restlessness. She could not be still, but walked aimlessly up and down; and though she went to her room early, under pretense of being sleepy, her aunt heard her pacing the floor for hours.

The next day it was as bad. The restlessness grew. At length Suzanne proposed a trip on the little steamer touching at Menaggio. Mrs. Hunter assented, as she always did. Her niece had a positive force which lent a glamour to her plans. Nevertheless, the aunt found the trip tedious. Suzanne was moody and silent, while Mrs. Hunter was perpetually asking herself what she would say if she knew that her father had been told.

Both women were glad when they disembarked at the starting-point. Never had Menaggio seemed more attractive than then, with its shadows lengthening out into the water and the little inn showing in delicate contrast to the caravansary across the water, like the slender younger sister of an overblown beauty.

At the desk Suzanne inquired for letters. Two were handed to her. She glanced hastily at them, then quietly turned and went to her room without a word. Her aunt was disappointed—more than disappointed, aggrieved. We may put aside our own lives to live those of other people; but it involves confidences. Distinctly it involves confidences.

Mrs. Hunter was too much in fear of Suzanne to follow her, so she waited. At dinner, though she and her niece dined alone, nothing was said; but afterward on the terrace she had her reward. Suzanne drew the two letters from her pocket and sat looking down at them, her long lashes falling pensively over the swell of her cheeks.

"You have prompt answers, dear," Mrs. Hunter ventured.

"Very," Suzanne responded absently; and then, with a quick upward glance, she added: "Did papa know that I had written?"

This was unexpected. For one perilous moment Satan assailed the soul of Harriet Hunter with the temptation to answer with a downright denial. Then evasion, that guardian angel of amiable and semi-truthful souls, came to her aid.

"One of the men may have told him," she said; "and, after all, he *is* your father."

Suzanne thrust out a little mutinous chin. If she had suspicions of her aunt's share in the matter, she thought it wiser to suppress them.

"Was he anxious about the result?" she continued.

"I dare say. He had this matter very much at heart. But the answers, Suzanne—are they satisfactory?"

Drawn by Harrison Fisher. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"TWO WOMEN WERE SEATED ON THE TERRACE"

"They ought to be; at least, one of them ought to be."

"Do you mean to let me hear them?"

Suzanne twirled the envelops by their corners, but made no motion to open them.

"The letters are long," she said; "it is not necessary to bore you with the whole of them."

This, considering the agonies of curiosity which her aunt was suffering, was an unnecessary stab; but youth is cruel. "However," Suzanne added, "I 'll give you the substance."

Her aunt's heart fluttered; it had not been so perturbed for twenty years.

"Go on," she said breathlessly. "Begin with Maurice. What does *he* say?"

"Dear old Maurice! In his matrimonial creed everything is to give way to the wife. Her career should come first, because a man only wants a career for his wife's sake. She, and she only, should control the education of the children; for, as he says, it is only the leisure class who have time to consider educational matters, and in America women are the only leisure class. In regard to separation, he says that he should consider himself eternally bound; but he should be quite wretched if he thought that his wife stayed with him against her will."

"How like Maurice!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunter, her manner buttered with enthusiasm. "He is a true American. And the count?"

"His point of view is the reverse of the American. The man's career, he holds, is the more important because in the end it must become his wife's."

"There is something in that, Suzanne—there really is. I never thought of it before. But go on! How about the other questions?"

"Still just the opposite of Maurice's answer. 'The children,' the count says, 'should look to their father for intellectual training, to their mother for sympathy and direction in emotional matters, except where it conflicts with the church.'"

"The Catholic Church?"

"Yes; of course he would feel in that way: his family have been Catholics for generations, you know."

"And his answer to the third question?"

"He believes that marriage is a sacrament of the church, and cannot be dissolved by any human agency. So there you are!"

"At least, Suzanne," said the aunt, laying her hand tenderly on the girl's shoulder—"at least your difficulties are solved. The only question now is which view of life suits you best. Which man will you choose for your husband?"

For answer Suzanne tore both letters to bits, and with a sudden energetic movement threw the fragments over the balustrade into the lake.

"Neither!" she exclaimed; "they are too consistent. Papa has been tampering with them. Don't you see? He was determined that I should have two sets of answers so opposite that one of them *must* be to my liking. He has overshot the mark. I shall remain Suzanne Ketcham for some time to come."

# SONG

BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

O LOVE, whose aspect grave and sweet
All lovers else may see,
The bent grass straightening from your feet
Betrays your way to me.

Flushed rose-leaves sail the flooded brook;
But, though I follow fast,
I only find the bough you shook,
The wood-thrush that you passed.

# THE NEW SIEGE WARFARE AT PORT ARTHUR

USE OF MAIZE-STALKS—CONCEALMENT OF TUNNEL DIRT—NAVAL-BATTERY EMPLACEMENT—NEW COAST-DEFENSE WARFARE—SEARCH-LIGHT BATTLES—STAR-BOMBS—INVENTIONS OF IMAZAWA: (1) GRENADE GUN, (2) DYNAMITE WHEEL, (3) SAP-HEAD SHIELD, (4) BAMBOO GRENADE LIFT, (5) SCALING-LADDERS—EXTENSION OF SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCES: (1) HYPOSCOPE, (2) BOMB-PROOFS FOR GENERALS, (3) TELEPHONE—POST-OFFICE—SANITATION—ADOPTION OF MEDIEVAL DEFENSE

BY RICHARD BARRY

[MR. BARRY was the only American correspondent with the Japanese forces before Port Arthur from the beginning of the investment. His observations of the siege cover the first four months, during which he was an eye-witness of the use of the devices here described, which have made the approach to Port Arthur unique among siege operations.—EDITOR.]

ONE morning in August General Nogi stood before his battalion commanders at Port Arthur with a pick in his hand. Its nose and heel had been worn away until the shank of rusted iron resembled an earth-dappled cucumber. Fondling it, the general said: "Take a lesson from this Russian pick. Your men must dig. They are too eager to ask, 'Why intrench tonight when we are going forward in the morning?'"

Nogi here went to the heart of his problem. It had cost him 25,000 men to learn that the military engineer must precede siege assaults, as his brother, the civil engineer, precedes rapid transit in New York. The lesson, taught by Julius Cæsar to the legions in Gaul nineteen hundred years ago, Nogi and his heroes relearned before Port Arthur in 1904. The advance in that cycle of time has been not in digging, but in ways of digging. The Japanese had to cross a valley a mile wide and six miles long, dominated at all points by every degree of hostile fire. This did not appal them. They accepted the problem, grappled with it, and mastered it.

They honeycombed the valley, in the classic manner, with eighteen miles of trenches and tunnels. The chief element in the problem was to hide these from an enemy with lookouts above the plain. "Till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane," the prophecy that sounded Macbeth's doom, had already been heeded by the Russians before Kuroki's northern operations. Here the witch, whispering in Stoessel's ear, might have warned him of his end when "maize-stalk fields shall climb the dragon's front"; for it was under the protection of maize-stalks, twisting through a shell-swept plain, that the sappers crept on their slow but inevitable advance.

The Japanese attaché in South Africa had seen the Boer commandos, under fire, suddenly vanish in waving stalks of corn, projected, screen-like, across a telltale front. It was a savage trick, learned by the Boers from the Kafirs; and though school-bred British minds sneered at a ruse

apparently so childish, yet many times their game was lost through such manœuvers. The Boers used their maize in wholesale fashion, covering their front with deep layers of whole sheaves. The Japanese improved on this. Students of nature, disciples of nature, they gave no gross imitations. In late autumn, over a field battle-tossed for three months, trampled by two armies, and sickled by the husbandman Death, they advanced, resurrecting the corn-fields as they went, till the Russian eye beyond could not guess the point where maize standing by chance left off and maize erected by besiegers began. Each angle of advance was concealed by these brown, withered sheaves.

But maize was only the screen, and could not hide the thousands of tons of earth which had to be taken from the plain. To throw the earth beside the trenches, thus bringing into Russian sight a furrow like that of a gigantic plow, would have revealed the Japanese position as clearly as a blue pencil could have diagramed it on white paper.

To hide the earth of this digging was the appalling task. It was done gloriously. The advance sappers threw their first trickle of mole-like progress backward between their legs from the furious indent of their tiny spades. Helpers behind immediately deepened and widened the rivulet of shelter thus begun. The infantrymen, closing in at daybreak throughout the hot sun, perfected it, but the reserves accomplished the new thing. As fast as the earth was displaced they carried it with gabions and bamboo stretchers back through the zigzag lines behind the mountain-range which concealed their own heavy guns. Here, parallel with the Russian defense, mile after mile of fresh-smelling mounds slipped up through the cautious, industrious months following that frightful August. Passing across the valley through these tunnels, deep enough to shelter regiments, three months after the Aceldama of midsummer, one could, in safety, be frowned on by hostile batteries, distant three hundred yards, or look into the plain gridironed with cunning trenches, and, like the foe above, see no evidence of life. The maize-stalks hid the trench turnings, and though the plain was alive with its thousands of armed men, even the practised eye that had just been among them could not tell where they lay. Where had the output of that enormous digging gone? As well ask the chipmunk where he puts the dirt from his hole. It was a new experience for the Russians to fight a foe who could wiggle through the earth as easily as he could cross it, and, underneath, escape the death that he met on top.

Both sides had sailors on land. The Japanese emplaced the navy six-inch guns in the bottom of a valley. The army field-guns were perched along the peaks in front, from which they could bark down like noisy house-dogs. But the savage bite came from the big guns, a quarter of a mile behind, the location of which was mistaken by the Russians as identical with that of the blustering field-pieces on the ridge. The sailors did not trust alone to the improbability of their hiding-place. They cut out earth the size of a ship's hull, mended the broken crust with timber balks, and thrust the noses of the six-inchers out of two square openings that might have been turret-holes. Thus, entirely protected, though within easy range of the enemy, they escaped serious injury. This was the most effective Japanese battery; it has become famous for tenacity.

For the first time coast-defense guns battled with each other. The Russians turned most of theirs landward. The Japanese learned that field artillery was useless against either the fleet or the permanent forts. Such knowledge prompted the assignment of a naval brigade to the initial bombardment, which, with the first grand assault, failed. Then they immediately turned to home for heavier ordnance. Mortars for coast-defense along the Straits of Shimonoseki and on the Bay of Yezo were all but completed in the military shops at Ozaka. Twenty-six of them were immediately sent by transport to Dalny, and thence by rail over the tip of the mended Trans-Siberian to the last station outside the zone of the Russian fire.

The shipment of these great guns, the mortar-barrel of one weighing eight tons, up to that point, where cranes, steamships, and locomotives of the finest type were available, was a gigantic undertaking. Arrived at the shattered station in the night,—for day work was impossible,—the task was only begun. From there the guns were hauled by hand, for horses or Manchu oxen could not be used where silence and

concerted intelligence were essential. Eight hundred men were detailed to each gun, which was mounted on skids such as lumbermen use in the north woods. Four abreast, with hemp thongs across their shoulders, and all attached to a long cable as thick as a man's leg, the men labored on through the mud, after dark, with the Russian shells flinging out searching challenge over their heads, occasionally a quart of shrapnel bullets spurting promiscuously into their ranks. Of the positions to which the guns were thus taken the nearest were a thousand yards and the farthest three and a half miles away. Once they were there, no emplacement of shale or earth, such as sufficed for field artillery and for naval guns, would do. So under each gun was laid eight feet of concrete, firm and deep; and when it had hardened the gun was emplaced. All this was done under fire, in the night, the men being spat upon frequently by the glare of the search-light, pelted sometimes by wind and rain, and, toward the end of autumn, seared by the winds howling in from two seas. It was prodigious toil, obscure heroism unbelievable. But it was successful, for it was this coast-defense artillery that sank the Russian fleet. None other could have done it. The monster labor of placing these guns on the bleak Manchurian hills, from which they have contested with the finest defenses in the world, is one of the thrilling engineering feats of modern times.

For the first time in history armies battled under search-lights. There had before been fights at sea, and at Kimberley a few skirmishes under search-lights; but in front of Port Arthur they have lighted up decisive engagements, extensive manœuvers, and vast losses. Science has intensified war. It has limited numerical loss, but it has increased individual suffering; and, as in modern city life, it strains brain and nerves to the breaking-point.

In August, for seven days and seven nights without cessation, a great battle was fought—the first grand assault, which failed and failed and failed until Nogi learned his lesson. Manœuvers as intricate and almost as extensive as those in the north at Liaoyang were conducted alternately under sun, moon, and search-light. The crux of this action rested on one of Stoessel's search-light tricks, played on the night of the seventh blow of Nogi's hammer, desperately driving a wedge into the fortress. All the afternoon the Japanese artillery had been fiercely bombarding the ridges of the Cockscomb, the Eternal Dragon, and the Two Dragons. One by one the Russian batteries ceased firing. It seemed that they were silenced. Night fell, with prospects fair for assault. A rising storm increased the Japanese hope, for in wind and rain the search-lights would be nullified. Then, as night and rain came down together, the search-lights struggling with both, the Japanese shrapnel opened up against the lights. They had tried before, unsuccessfully, to reach the dynamos hidden in the hills. This time the attempt apparently succeeded. The man behind the light waited until a Japanese shell burst in the line of vision between him and his foes, and then turned off the switch, giving the Japanese the impression that the light had been shattered. In this manner, one after another, three of the search-lights playing over the center of the field were "shattered." With lights and guns apparently out of the contest, and favored by the storm and the night, Japanese expectation rose higher.

After midnight the most desperate of the eleven assaults conducted through the seven days was made against the Cockscomb and the Eternal Dragon. Half-way up the slope of the Cockscomb the three "shattered" lights, converging at one point, threw the advance out in silhouette against the red earth and the white shale. At the same moment the "shattered" batteries opened up, every gun alive. Simultaneously a regiment of Siberian sharp-shooters sortied from the Two Dragons, caught the flanks in their onslaught, and all but annihilated the two regiments in front. Reinforced, bringing to the task that dour pluck that has given the Anglo-Saxon hold on his big corner of earth, a quality the possession of which by the Japanese was once questioned, the reserves hammered the Siberians into their trenches; and though the assault against the Cockscomb failed, shortly after dawn the Eternal Dragon fell. This was the tip of the wedge, driven at fearful cost into the Russian right center, and was the objective needed by the engineers to outline across the valley the vast mining operations of those three months.

Between the hostile lines, held all summer

and autumn with desperate determination, lay a zone on which the dead were not buried or the wounded succored. To send Red Cross men into this field was to lose two fighting units for every one saved, and no general would be guilty of such folly. The intensity of scientific conditions, the forces of which are the search-light and the star-bomb, the military engineer and the hyposcope, thus brought the fulfilment of Archibald Forbes's prophecy, made twenty years ago. The time has come, as he said it would, when wounded cannot be rescued from a battle-field.

Kimberley saw the dawn of the fireworks branch of warfare. It was left for Port Arthur to bring into permanent use this *feu de joie* of holiday nights, a delight in peace, in war a spy. Rockets, such as we use on the Fourth of July, bursting above the plain, threw phosphorus over the advancing sappers and lighted up acres as though by candelabra of stars. The Russians used three batteries of such star-bombs, and their dazzle added spectacle to horror. Some Japanese officers contended that they caused no annoyance, but my observation of the results was that they gave annoyance, but were not a decisive factor. By lying low, advancing troops could always escape being seen when the light came their way.

It was to be expected that a people like the Japanese, inventive, versatile, and industrious, would develop extraordinary resources when confronted with such a problem as Port Arthur, the reducing of which has caused them great agony and cost vast treasure. Archimedes would have rejoiced to know Colonel Imazawa. Major Yamaoka of General Nogi's staff once said: "The world makes too much fuss over the unreasoning bravery of the private soldier. It pays too little attention to the obscure effort of the engineer, who risks as much, but with full realization of what it means." Yamaoka was speaking of Imazawa. The two are friends.

Imazawa's most effective device was the wooden grenade gun, an invention to save assaulters from death by their own explosives. He found that a soldier carrying hand-grenades of guncotton up a slope under fire, if properly hit, became a more frightful menace to his comrades than an opposing mine. So he made a wooden barrel three feet long, erected it at an angle of forty-five degrees on a wooden upright, and by a catch-spring tossed the balls of guncotton from it several hundred yards into the Russian parapet.

After the taking of Hatchimakiyama (the Turban Fort), Imazawa found his men for the first time on a height above the Russian trenches. Then he invented the dynamite wheel. This is a steel cylinder containing five hundredweight of dynamite, with a projecting shield for soldiers who roll it forward under fire until it reaches the declivity down which it is hurled. The opposing trench precipitates the explosion.

Imazawa also improved the saphead shield, used by besiegers since the middle ages. Formerly it was a heavy log of wood, protected by armor-plate, behind which pioneer soldiers advanced their trenches when close to the enemy and under outpost fire. A solid log was too heavy for the Japanese purposes, so Imazawa contrived a framework of kiri-wood, both light and tough, over which he built a steel shield such as Maxim put on his machine-gun. The shield stuck out in advance of the framework like a cow-catcher on a locomotive. It was rolled out of the saphead one or two feet toward the enemy. Behind it two sappers, on their bellies, dug out from under their legs the beginning of a wide, safe trench in which, two days later, a regiment could find shelter. Nervous work this, with bullets raining overhead like hail on a tin roof; but Imazawa made it practicable.

Before he finally hit on his grenade gun, Imazawa employed a bamboo grenade lift, his first device to let assaulters hurl their explosives into redouts without danger to themselves. These were twenty-foot lengths of heavy bamboo, to the ends of which balls of guncotton were tied. Two soldiers carried one of these lifts up a slope, projected the grenade over a trench or a parapet, and let the furious Russians smash it and themselves into destruction.

The last thing Imazawa did was a mistake—not his, but still a mistake. In preparing for the third grand assault on October 29, after the sapheads had been worked to within a hundred yards of the parapet on the Two Dragons redout, it was found that a dry moat separated the Japanese from their prey. The width and depth of this moat were difficult to deter-

mine. In the most fiercely contested zone, and on a plateau so situated that it could not be accurately seen from any of the heights possessed by the Japanese, its exact nature remained a mystery. Scouting was difficult, for it was commanded not only by the batteries of the Two Dragons, but also by the batteries of the greatest forts at Port Arthur—the Chair, the Table, the Cockscomb, and Golden Hill. To reach it a scout would have to cross several hundred yards of red earth, bare to every sight, and commanded by sharp-shooters. Of those who went in for information about that mysterious dry moat, for a week none came back. Finally one scout, more cautious than the rest, returned and reported to Imazawa, "Ten meters." Thirty-nine feet is big width for a moat, and no one could wonder that, sneaking along there in the dark, with momentary fear of search-lights and sharp-shooters, the scout, finding a hole wider than his imagination, thought the distance great if it was ten meters. So Imazawa made his bamboo ladders fourteen meters long. On the day of the assault, everything having progressed favorably up to that point, the bombardment and the flank work against forts on each side being successful, the advance went in with Imazawa's fourteen-meter ladders. Under fierce fire nearly half of the men dropped from the ranks, and only enough were left to handle three ladders, the glacis of the redout being littered with four others whose bearers had been slain. The hardy scaling party at last placed their ladders securely on one edge of the moat and dropped them across, expecting the next moment to dash across them to victory, leaving the reserves crouched in the trenches, waiting for the word to follow. Judge of their dismay when the ladders fell from the perpendicular to the horizontal, from the horizontal to the perpendicular again! They failed to touch the other side, failed to touch bottom, and disappeared. The moat was fourteen meters wide. The dismayed assaulters hastened back to Imazawa. That night a party advanced and dropped a thousand bags, at one point, into this terrible moat. These sand-bags disappeared, and not a ripple of their indent could be seen. This sunken road of Ohaine baffled the army and was the chief reason that Port Arthur did not fall on the Emperor's birthday. Had they passed it, the Two Dragons redout would have fallen and the town could have been entered.

Those who charge the Japanese with suicidal folly should remember that when confronted with this crack in the earth they did not emulate emotional Frenchmen at Waterloo. They sat down and gave Imazawa a chance to study. They did not die in a climax of frenzy. Their sacrifice is for a grand and patriotic idea. Sensational despatches about losses spread the belief that they die like flies. The truth is, they never waste a life.

The use of many successful inventions showed the Japanese equal to all the progress of the age. The hyposcope enabled them to observe what went on in the town, and from 203-Meter Hill revealed the fleet. This is a telescope cut in half, the front elevated two feet above the rear by a further length of scope, and the line of vision between made straight past the angles by two mirrors. It gives a lookout within a few hundred yards of the enemy's line a chance to explore calmly at his leisure.

Bomb-proofs for the generals were cut in the solid rock a thousand yards in advance of the artillery and overtopping the firing-line. Thus commanding officers could get the traditional bird's-eye view of the battlefield. Instead of sitting at headquarters, miles in the rear, as the generals in the North were compelled to do, and directing the action from an office desk, as a train-despatcher regulates his system, the divisional, brigade, and regimental commanders with their own eyes could observe all that was going on. The commander-in-chief had a fine lookout in the rear center of his army, two and a half miles from the town of Port Arthur. From there his eye glanced over as grand a battlefield as the world has yet produced, for within an area of ten square miles was brought every possibility of modern warfare. Even cavalry manœuvered. While his optic vision was extraordinary, his mental horizon was vast and comprehensive. Telephones centering to a switch-board in the next bomb-proof connected him with every battery and every regiment under his command. He was in instant touch with the most outlying operations, and, almost with the ease and certainty of Napoleon at Austerlitz, could march and countermarch, enfilade and assault.

Telephone and post-office follow the

flag. In the advance of the Japanese army down the peninsula, telephone linesmen bearing on their shoulders coils of thin copper wire, not much larger and of no more weight than a pack-thread, followed through the kaoliang-fields on each side of the commander. The moment he stopped, a table was produced, a receiver was snapped on the wire, and a telegrapher stood ready. More remarkable was the advance of the telephone into the contested redout of the Eternal Dragon, where a station was placed and operated for four months, with the Russians holding trenches only forty meters distant and on three sides. At this station, along the front of which twenty men a day were slain by sharp-shooters, mail was delivered every time that a transport arrived, which was almost daily. Men on the firing-line received postal cards from their sweethearts and mothers an hour before death.

Telephone and post-office followed the flag; the Red Cross preceded it. The medical corps came, not in the wake of the army, but close on the heels of the pioneers. Before even the infantrymen entered a Chinese village it was explored, the water of its wells analyzed, its houses tested for bacteria, and the lines of encampment laid down. This unusual sanitation is looked upon by surgical authorities as perhaps the chief cause of Japanese success.

But one could find another cause of Japanese success, if the analytical probe is to be struck and the mystic impulse which gives men resolution for supreme sacrifice ignored. This great cause may be called originality. The record of superficial observers of her recent advance is that Japan to-day selfishly and slavishly reaps the values wrung from time and chance through many centuries by other nations. If this be true, she is original enough to survive the ordeal of imitation. Had a single person shown the qualities displayed at Port Arthur he would be charged with having the audacity of genius. This audacity did not hesitate to make use of anything, new or old, possible or impossible, conventional or unconventional, which might win success from desperate conditions.

Let me give an instance: the problem that faced Japan's soldiers when they had dared to capture a minor position in the fortress's line of defense. Audacity won it, originality held it. The trench-line of this bloody angle of the Eternal Dragon lay down the slope and thus beneath the opposing Russian trench-line. The maxims of assault declared it untenable unless the contiguous positions to which it was subsidiary could be immediately taken; wise generalship seemed to dictate that it be abandoned. To hold it would be hardly worth the cost. Napoleon thus laid down in general treatise and Von Moltke specifically so dictated; but not Nogi: give him an inch and he keeps it. Besides, he needed this inch for his engineers.

In the bloody angle the ordinary sandbag redout would not do. There was no opportunity to erect the permanent masonry or even the semi-permanent timber redout. The men must have some protection that would let their heads be sheltered a foot or more below the top of the trench, and yet give them loopholes for firing. Any conventional trench built from experience or laid down in the text-books was impracticable. A French, a German, an English, a Russian soldier would have thrown up his hands because his father and his grandfather knew no medicine for such a hurt. The American, had he been far enough away from red tape, might have improvised. The Japanese did not hesitate. Around the bloody angle he raised a trench modeled on the medieval bulwarks of his samurai fathers. It was built with ingenious quickness due to his twentieth-century training. He erected a front of rock, like the turret of a castle, and through the deep embrasures of this turret fired his machine-guns, while the ragged sky-line overtopped and kept him safe. On the spot he married old with new. He was following the destiny of his race—to tie the ages together.

# SANDY

## BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

XVI

THE NELSON HOME

WILLOWVALE, the Nelson homestead, lay in the last curve of the river, just before it left the restrictions of town for the freedom of fields and meadows.

It was a quaint old house, all over honeysuckles and bow-windows and verandas, approached by an oleander-bordered walk, and sheltered by a wide circle of poplar- and oak-trees that had nodded both approval and disapproval over many generations of Nelsons.

In the dining-room, on the massive mahogany table, lunch was laid for three. Carter sat at the foot, absorbed in a newspaper, while at the head Mrs. Nelson languidly partook of her second biscuit. It was vulgar, in her estimation, for a lady to indulge in more than two biscuits at a meal.

When old Evan Nelson died six years before, he had left the bulk of his fortune to his two grandchildren, and a handsome allowance to his eldest son's widow, with the understanding that she was to take charge of Ruth until that young lady should become of age.

Mrs. Nelson accepted the trust with becoming resignation. The prospect of guiding a wealthy and obedient young person through the social labyrinth to an eligible marriage wakened certain faculties that had long lain dormant. It was not until the wealthy and obedient young person began to develop tastes of her own that she found the burden irksome.

Nine months of the year Ruth was at boarding-school, and the remaining three she insisted upon spending in the old home at Clayton, where Carter kept his dogs and horses and spent his summers. Hitherto Mrs. Nelson had compromised with her. By adroit management she contrived to keep her, for weeks at a time, at various summer resorts, where she expected her to serve a sort of social apprenticeship which would fit her for her future career.

At nineteen Ruth developed alarming symptoms of obstinacy. Mrs. Nelson confessed tearfully to the rest of the family that it had existed in embryo for years. Instead of making the most of her first summer out of school, the foolish girl announced her intention of going to Willowvale for an indefinite stay.

It was indignation at this state of affairs that caused Mrs. Nelson to lose her appetite. Clayton was to her the limit of civilization; there was too much sunshine, too much fresh air, too much out of doors. She disliked nature in its crude state; she preferred it softened and toned down to drawing-room pitch.

She glanced up in disapproval as Ruth's laugh sounded in the hall.

"Rachel, tell her that lunch is waiting," she said to the colored girl at her side.

Carter looked up as Ruth came breezily into the room. She wore her riding-habit, and her hair was tossed by her brisk morning canter.

"You don't look as if you had danced all night," he said. "Did the mare behave herself?"

"She 's a perfect beauty, Carter. I rode her round the old mill-dam, 'cross the ford, and back by the Hollises'. Now I 'm perfectly famished. Some hot rolls, Rachel,

and another croquette, and—and everything you have."

Mrs. Nelson picked several crumbs from the cloth and laid them carefully on her plate. "When I was a young lady I always slept after being out in the evening. I had a half-cup of coffee and one roll brought to me in bed, and I never rose until noon."

"But I hate to stay in bed," said Ruth; "and, besides, I hate to miss a half-day."

"Is there anything on for this afternoon?" asked Carter.

"Why, yes—" Ruth began, but her aunt finished for her:

"Now, Carter, it 's too warm to be proposing anything more. You are n't well, and Ruth ought to stay at home and put cold cream on her face. It is getting so burned that her pink evening-dresses will be worse than useless. Besides, there is absolutely nothing to do in this stupid place. I feel as if I could n't stand it all summer."

This being a familiar opening to a disagreeable subject, the two young people lapsed into silence, and Mrs. Nelson was constrained to address her communications to the tea-pot. She glanced about the big, old-fashioned room and sighed.

"It 's nothing short of criminal to keep all this old mahogany buried here in the country, and the cut-glass and silver. And to think that the house cannot be sold for two more years! Not until Ruth is of age! What *do* you suppose your dear grandfather *could* have been thinking of?"

This question, eliciting no reply from the tea-pot, remained suspended in the air until it attracted Ruth's wandering attention.

"I beg your pardon, aunt. What grandfather was thinking of? About the place? Why, I guess he hoped that Carter and I would keep it."

Carter looked over his paper. "Keep this old cemetery? Not I! The day it is sold I start for Europe. If one lung is gone and the other going, I intend to enjoy myself while it goes."

"Carter!" begged Ruth, appealingly.

He laughed. "You ought to be glad to get rid of me, Ruth. You 've bothered your head about me ever since you were born."

She slipped her hand into his as it lay on the table, and looked at him wistfully.

"The idea of the old governor thinking we 'd want to stay here!" he said, with a curl of the lip.

"Perfectly ridiculous!" echoed Mrs. Nelson.

"I don't know," said Ruth; "it 's more like home than any place else. I don't think I could ever bear to sell it."

"Now, my dear Ruth," said Mrs. Nelson, in genuine alarm, "don't be sentimental, I beg of you. When once you make your début, you 'll feel very different about things. Of course the place must be sold: it can't be rented, and I 'm sure you will never get me to spend another summer in Clayton. You could not stay here alone."

Ruth sat with her chin in her hands and gazed absently out of the window. She remembered when that yard was to her as the garden of Eden. As a child she had been brought here, a delicate, faded little hothouse plant, and for three wonderful years had been allowed to grow and blossom at will in the freedom of outdoor life. The glamour of those old days still clung to the place, and made her love everything connected with it. The front gate, with its wide white posts, still held the records of her growth, for each year her grandfather had stood her against it and marked her progress. The huge green tub holding the crape-myrtle was once a park where she and Annette had played dolls, and once it had served as a burying-ground when Carter's sling brought down a sparrow. The ice-house, with its steep roof, recalled a thrilling tobogganing experience when she was six. Grandfather had laughed over the torn gown, and bade her do it again.

It was the trees, though, that she loved best of all; for they were friendly old poplar-trees on which the bark formed itself into all sorts of curious eyes. One was a wicked old stepfather eye with a heavy lid; she remembered how she used to tiptoe past it and pretend to be afraid. Beyond, by the arbor, were two smaller trees, where a coquettish eye on one looked up to an adoring eye on the other. She had often built a romance about them as she watched them peeping at each other through the leaves.

Down behind the house the waving fields of blue-grass rippled away to the little river, where weeping willows hung their heads above the lazy water, and ferns reached up the banks to catch the flowers. And the fields and the river and the house and the trees were hers,—hers and Carter's,—and neither could sell without the consent of

the other. She took a deep breath of satisfaction. The prospect of living alone in the old homestead failed to appal her.

"A letter came this morning," said Mrs. Nelson, tracing the crest on the silver creamer. "It 's from your Aunt Elizabeth. She wants us to spend ten days with her at the shore. They have taken a handsome cottage next to the Warrentons. You remember young Mr. Warrenton, Ruth? He is a grandson of Commodore Warrenton."

"Warrenton? Oh, yes, I do remember him—the one that did n't have any neck."

Mrs. Nelson closed her eyes for a moment, as if praying for patience; then she went on: "Your Aunt Elizabeth thinks, as I do, that it is absurd for you to bury yourself down here. She wants you to meet people of your own class. Do you think you can be ready to start on Wednesday?"

"Why, we have been here only a week!" cried Ruth. "I am having such a good time, and—" she broke off impulsively. "But I know it 's dull for you, Aunt Clara. You go, and leave me here with Carter. I 'll do everything you say if you will only let me stay."

Carter laughed. "One would think that Ruth's sole aim in life was to cultivate Clayton—the distinguished, exclusive, aristocratic society of Clayton."

She put her hand on his arm and looked at him pleadingly: "Please don't laugh at me, Carter! I love it here, and I want to stay. You know Aunt Elizabeth; you know what her friends are like. They think I am queer. I can't be happy where they are."

Mrs. Nelson resorted to her smelling-bottle. "Of course my opinions are of no weight. I only wish to remind you that it would be most impolitic to offend your Aunt Elizabeth. She could introduce you into the most desirable set; and even if she is a little—" she searched a moment for a word—"a little liberal in her views, one can overlook that on account of her generosity. She is a very influential woman, Ruth, and a very wealthy one."

Ruth made a quick, impatient gesture. "I don't like her, Aunt Clara; and I don't want you to ask me to go there."

Mrs. Nelson folded her napkin with tragic deliberation. "Very well," she said; "it is not my place to urge it. I can only point out your duty and leave the rest to you. One thing I must speak about, and that is your associating so familiarly with these townspeople. They are impertinent; they take advantages, and forget who we are. Why, the blacksmith had the audacity to refer to the dear major as 'Bob.'"

"Old Uncle Dan?" asked Ruth, laughing. "I saw him yesterday, and he shook hands with me and said: 'Golly, sissy, how you 've growed!'"

"Ruth," cried Mrs. Nelson, "how can you! Have n't you *any* family pride?" The tears came to her eyes, for the invitation to visit the Hunter-Nelsons was one for which she had angled skilfully, and its summary dismissal was a sore trial to her.

In a moment Ruth was at her side, all contrition: "I 'm sorry, Aunt Clara; I know I 'm a disappointment to you. I 'll try—"

Mrs. Nelson withdrew her hand and directed her injured reply to Carter. "I have done my duty by your sister. She has been given every advantage a young lady could desire. If she insists upon throwing away her opportunities, I can't help it. I suppose I am no longer to be consulted—no longer to be considered." She sought the seclusion of her pocket-handkerchief, and her pompadour swayed with emotion.

Ruth stood at the table, miserably pulling a rose to pieces. This discussion was an old one, but it lost none of its sting by repetition. Was she queer and obstinate and unreasonable?

"Ruth 's all right," said Carter, seeing her discomfort. "She will have more sense when she is older. She 's just got her little head turned by all the attention she has had since coming home. There is n't a boy in the county who would n't make love to her at the drop of her eyelash. She was the belle of the hop last night; had the boys about her three deep most of the time."

"The hop!" Mrs. Nelson so far forgot herself as to uncover one eye. "Don't speak of that wretched affair! The idea of her going! What do you suppose your Aunt Elizabeth would say? A country dance in a public hall!"

"I only dropped in for the last few dances," said Carter, pouring himself another glass of wine. "It was beastly hot and stupid."

"I danced every minute the music played," cried Ruth; "and when they played, 'Home, Sweet Home,' I could have begun and gone right through it again."

"By the way," said her brother, "did n't I see you dancing with that Kilday?"

"The last dance," said Ruth. "Why?"

"Oh, I was a little surprised, that 's all."

Mrs. Nelson, scenting the suggestion in Carter's voice, was instantly alert.

"Who, pray, is Kilday?"

"Oh, Kilday is n't anybody; that 's the trouble. If he had been, he would never have stayed with that old crank Judge Hollis. The judge thinks he is appointed by Providence to control this bright particular burg. He is even attempting to regulate me of late. The next time he interferes he 'll hear from me."

"But Kilday?" urged Mrs. Nelson, feebly persistent.

"Oh, Kilday is good enough in his place. He 's a first-class athlete, and has made a record up at the academy. But he was a peddler, you know—an Irish peddler; came here three or four years ago with a pack on his back."

"And Ruth danced with him!" Mrs. Nelson's words were punctuated with horror.

Ruth looked up with blazing eyes. "Yes, I danced with him; why should n't I? You made me dance with Mr. Warrenton, last summer, when I told you he was drinking."

"But, my dear child, you forget who Mr. Warrenton is. And you actually danced with a peddler!" Her voice grew faint. "My dear, this must never occur again. You are young and easily imposed upon. I will accompany you everywhere in the future. Of course you need never recognize him hereafter. The impertinence of his addressing you!"

A step sounded on the gravel outside. Ruth ran to the window and spoke to some one below. "I 'll be there as soon as I change my habit," she called.

"Who is it?" asked her aunt, hastily arranging her disturbed locks.

Ruth paused at the door. There was a slight tremor about her lips, but her eyes flashed their first open declaration of independence.

"It 's Mr. Kilday," she said; "we are going out on the river."

There was an oppressive silence of ten minutes after she left, during which Carter smiled behind his paper and Mrs. Nelson gazed indignantly at the tea-pot. Then she tapped the bell.

"Rachel," she said impressively, "go to Miss Ruth's room and get her veil and gloves and sun-shade. Have Thomas take them to the boat-house at once."

## XVII

### UNDER THE WILLOWS

Between willow-fringed banks of softest green, and under the bluest of summer skies, the little river took its lazy Southern way. Tall blue lobelias and golden flags played hide-and-seek in the reflections of the gentle stream, and an occasional spray of goldenrod, advance-guard of the autumn, stood apart, a silent warning to the summer idlers.

Somewhere overhead a vireo, dainty poet of bird-land, proclaimed his love to the wide world; while below, another child of nature, no less impassioned, no less aching to give vent to the joy that was bursting his being, sat silent in a canoe that swung softly with the pulsing of the stream.

For Sandy had followed the highroad that led straight into the Land of Enchantment. No more wanderings by intricate byways up golden hills to golden castles; the Love Road had led him at last to the real world of the King Arthur days—the world that was lighted by a strange and wondrous light of romance, wherein he dwelt, a knight, waiting and longing to prove his valor in the eyes of his lady fair.

Burning deeds of prowess rioted in his brain. Oh for dungeons and towers and forbidding battlements! Any danger was welcome from which he might rescue her. Fire, flood, or bandits—he would brave them all. Meanwhile he sat in the prow of the boat, his hands clasped about his knees, utterly powerless to break the spell of awkward silence that seemed to possess him.

They had paddled in under the willows to avoid the heat of the sun, and had tied their boat to an overhanging bough.

Ruth, with her sleeve turned back to the elbow, was trailing her hand in the cool water and watching the little circles that followed her fingers. Her hat was off, and her hair, where the sun fell on it through the leaves, was almost the color of her eyes.

But what was the real color of her eyes? Sandy brought all his intellect to bear upon the momentous question. Sometimes, he thought, they were as dark as the velvet

shadows in the heart of the stream; sometimes they were lighted by tiny flames of gold that sparkled in the brown depths as the sunshine sparkled in the shadows. They were deep as his love and bright as his hope.

Suddenly he realized that she had asked him a question.

"It 's never a word I 've heard of what ye are saying!" he exclaimed contritely. "My mind was on your eyes, and the brown of them. Do they keep changing color like that all the time?"

Ruth, thus earnestly appealed to, blushed furiously.

"I was talking about the river," she said quickly. "It 's jolly under here, is n't it? So cool and green! I was awfully cross when I came."

"You cross?"

She nodded her head. "And ungrateful, and perverse, and queer, and totally unlike my father's family." She counted off her shortcomings on her fingers, and raised her brows in comical imitation of her aunt.

"A left-hand blessing on the one that said so!" cried Sandy, with such ardor that she fled to another subject.

"I saw Martha Meech yesterday. She was talking about you. She was very weak, and could speak only in a whisper, but she seemed happy."

"It 's like her soul was in heaven already," said Sandy.

"I took her a little picture," went on Ruth; "she loves them so. It was a copy of one of Turner's."

"Turner?" repeated Sandy. "Joseph Mallord William Turner, born in London, 1775. Member of the Royal Academy. Died in 1851."

She looked so amazed at this burst of information that he laughed.

"It 's out of the catalogue. I learned the bit it said about the ones I liked best years ago."

"Where?"

"At the Olympian Exposition."

"I was there," said Ruth; "it was the summer we came home from Europe. Perhaps that was where I saw you. I know I saw you somewhere before you came here."

"Perhaps," said Sandy, skipping a bit of bark across the water.

A band of yellow butterflies on wide wings circled about them, and one, mistaking Ruth's rosy wet fingers for a flower, settled there for a long rest.

"Look!" she whispered; "see how long it stays!"

"It 's not meself would be blaming it for forgetting to go away," said Sandy.

They both laughed, then Ruth leaned over the boat's side and pretended to be absorbed in her reflection in the water. Sandy had not learned that unveiled glances are improper, and if his lips refrained from echoing the vireo's song, his eyes were less discreet.

"You 've got a dimple in your elbow!" he cried, with the air of one discovering a continent.

"I have n't," declared she, but the dimple turned State's evidence.

The sun had gone under a cloud as the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, and a light tenderer than sunlight and warmer than moonlight fell across the river. The water slipped over the stones behind them with a pleasant swish and swirl, and the mint that was crushed by the prow of their boat gave forth an aromatic perfume.

Ever afterward the first faint odor of mint made Sandy close his eyes in a quick desire to retain the memory it recalled, to bring back the dawn of love, the first faint flush of consciousness in the girlish cheeks and the soft red lips, and the quick, uncertain breath as her heart tried not to catch beat with his own.

"Can't you sing something?" she asked presently. "Annette Fenton says you know all sorts of quaint old songs."

"They 're just the bits I remember of what me mother used to sing me in the old country."

"Sing the one you like best," demanded Ruth.

Softly, with the murmur of the river accompanying the song, he began:

"Ah! The moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourneen deelish, signan O!
As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted!—
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

Ruth took her hand out of the water and looked at him with puzzled eyes. "Where have I heard it? On a boat somewhere, and the moon was shining. I remember the refrain perfectly."

Sandy remembered, too. In a moment he felt himself an impostor and a cheat.

He had stumbled into the Enchanted Land, but he had no right to be there. He buried his head in his hands and felt the dream-world tottering about him.

"Are you trying to remember the second verse?" asked Ruth.

"No," said he, his head still bowed; "I 'm trying to help you remember the first one. Was it the boat ye came over from Europe in?"

"That was it!" she cried. "It was on shipboard. I was standing by the railing one night and heard some one singing it in the steerage. I was just a little girl, but I 've never forgotten that 'Savourneen deelish,' nor the way he sang it."

"Was it a man?" asked Sandy, huskily.

"No," she said, half frowning in her effort to remember; "it was a boy—a stowaway, I think. They said he had tried to steal his way in a life-boat."

"He had!" cried Sandy, raising his head and leaning toward her. "He stole on board with only a few shillings and a bundle of clothes. He sneaked his way up to a life-boat and hid there like a thief. When they found him and punished him as he deserved, there was a little lady looked down at him and was sorry, and he 's traveled over all the years from then to now to thank her for it."

Ruth drew back in amazement, and Sandy's courage failed for a moment. Then his face hardened and he plunged recklessly on:

"I 've blacked boots, and sold papers; I 've fought dogs, and peddled, and worked on the railroad. Many 's the time I 've been glad to eat the scraps the workmen left on the track. And just because a kind, good man—God prosper his soul!—saw fit to give me a home and an education, I turned a fool and dared to think I was a gentleman!"

For a moment pride held Ruth's pity back. Every tradition of her family threw up a barrier between herself and this son of the soil.

"Why did you come to Kentucky?" she asked.

"Why?" cried Sandy, too miserable to hold anything back. "Because I saw the name of the place on your bag at the pier. I came here for the chance of seeing you again, of knowing for sure there was something good and beautiful in the world to offset all the bad I 'd seen. Every page I 've learned has been for you, every wrong thought I 've put out of me mind has been to make more room for you. I don't even ask ye to be my friend; I only ask to be yours, to see ye sometime, to talk to you, and to keep ye first in my heart and to serve ye to the end."

The vireo had stopped singing and was swinging on a bough above them.

Ruth sat very still and looked straight before her. She had never seen a soul laid bare before, and the sight thrilled and troubled her. All the petty artifices which the world had taught her seemed useless before this shining candor.

"And—and you 've remembered me all this time?" she asked, with a little tremble in her voice. "I did not know people cared like that."

"And you 're not sorry?" persisted Sandy. "You 'll let me be your friend?"

She held out her hand with an earnestness as deep as his own. In an instant he had caught it to his lips. All the bloom of the summer rushed to her cheeks, and she drew quickly away.

"Oh! but I 'll take it back—I never meant it," cried Sandy, wild with remorse. "Me heart crossed the line ahead of me head, that was all. You 've given me your friendship, and may the sorrow seize me if I ever ask for more!"

At this the vireo burst into such mocking, derisive laughter of song that they both looked up and smiled.

"He does n't think you mean it," said Ruth; "but you must mean it, else I can't ever be your friend."

Sandy shook his fist at the bird.

"You spalpeen, you! If I had ye down here I 'd throw ye out of the tree! But you must n't believe him. I 'll stick to my word as the wind to the tree-tops. No—I don't mean that. As the stream to the shore. No—"

He stopped and laughed. All figures of speech conspired to make him break his word.

Somewhere from out the forgotten world came six long, lingering strokes of a bell. Sandy and Ruth untied the canoe and paddled out into midstream, leaving the willow bower full of memories and the vireo still hopping about among the branches.

"I 'll paddle you up to the bridge," said Ruth; "then you will be near the post-office."

Sandy's voice was breaking to say that she could paddle him up to the moon if she would only stay there between him and the sun, with her hair forming a halo about her face. But they were going down-stream, and all too soon he was stepping out of the canoe to earth again.

"And will I have to be waiting till the morrow to see you?" he asked, with his hand on the boat.

"To-morrow? Not until Sunday."

"But Sunday is a month off! You 'll be coming for the mail?"

"We send for the mail," said Ruth, demurely.

"Then ye 'll be sending in vain for yours. I 'll hold it back till ye come yourself, if I lose my position for it."

Ruth put three feet of water between them, then she looked up with mischief in her eyes. "I don't want you to lose your position," she said.

"Then you 'll come?"

"Perhaps."

Sandy watched her paddle away straight into the heart of the sun. He climbed the bank and waved her out of sight. He had to use a maple branch, for his hat and handkerchief, not to mention less material possessions, were floating down-stream in the boat with Ruth.

"Hello, Kilday!" called Dr. Fenton from the road above. "Going up-town? I 'll give you a lift."

Sandy turned and looked up at the doctor impatiently. The presence of other people in the world seemed an intrusion.

"I 've been out to the Meeches' all afternoon," said the doctor, wearily, mopping his face with a red-bordered handkerchief.

"Is Martha worse?" asked Sandy, in quick alarm.

"No, she 's better," said the doctor, gruffly; "she died at four o'clock."

## XVIII

### THE VICTIM

Some poet has described love as a little glow and a little shiver; to Sandy it was more like a ravaging fire in his heart, which lighted up a world of such unutterable bliss that he cheerfully added fresh fuel to the flames that were consuming him. The one absorbing necessity of his existence was to see Ruth daily, and the amount of strategy, forethought, and subtilty with which he accomplished it argued well for his future ability at the bar.

In the long hours of the night Wisdom urged prudence; she presented all the facts in the case, and convinced him of his folly. But with the dawn he threw discretion to the winds, and rushed valiantly forward, leading a forlorn hope under cover of a little Platonic flag of truce.

With all the fervor and intensity of his nature he tried to fit himself to Ruth's standards. Every unconscious suggestion that she let fall, through word, or gesture, or expression, he took to heart and profited by. With almost passionate earnestness he sought to be worthy of her. Fighting, climbing, struggling upward, he closed his eyes to the awful depth to which he would fall if his quest were vain.

Meanwhile his cheeks became hollow and he lost his appetite. The judge attributed it to Martha Meech's death; for Sandy's genuine grief and his continued kindness to the bereft neighbors confirmed an old suspicion. Mrs. Hollis thought it was malaria, and dosed him accordingly. It was Aunt Melvy who made note of his symptoms and diagnosed his case correctly.

"He 's sparkin' some gal, Miss Sue; dat 's what ails him," she said one evening as she knelt on the sitting-room hearth to kindle the first fire of the season. "Dey ain't but two t'ings onder heaben dat 'll keep a man f'om eatin'. One 's a woman, t' other is lack ob food."

Judge Hollis looked over his glasses and smiled.

"Who do you think the lady is, Melvy?"

Aunt Melvy wagged her head knowingly as she held a paper across the fireplace to start the blaze.

"I ain't gwine tell no tales on Mist' Sandy. But yer can't fool dis heah ole nigger. I mind de signs; I knows mo' 'bout de young folks in dis heah town den dey t'ink I do. Fust t'ing you know, I 'm gwine tell on some ob 'em, too. I 'spect de doctor would put' near die ef he knowed dat Miss Annette was a-havin' incandescent meetin's wif Carter Nelson 'most ever' day."

"Is Sandy after Annette, too?"

"No, sonny, no!" said Aunt Melvy, to whom all men were "sonny" until they died of old age. "Mist' Sandy he 's aimin' at high game. He 's fix' his eyeball on de shore-'nough quality."

"Do you mean Ruth Nelson?" asked Mrs. Hollis, snapping her scissors sharply. "He surely would n't be fool enough to think she would look at him. Why, the Nelsons think they are the only aristocratic people that ever lived in Clayton. If they had paid less attention to their ancestors and more to their descendants, they might have had a better showing."

"I nebber said it was Miss Rufe," said Aunt Melvy from the doorway; "but den ag'in I don't say hit ain't."

"Well, I hope it 's not," said the judge to his wife as he laid down his paper; "though I must say she is as pretty and friendly a girl as I ever saw. No matter how long she stays away, she is always glad to see everybody when she comes back. Some of old Evan's geniality must have come down to her."

"Geniality!" cried Mrs. Hollis. "It was mint-juleps and brandy and soda. He was just as snobbish as the rest of them when he was sober. If she has any good in her, it 's from her mother's side of the house."

"I hope Sandy is n't interested there," went on the judge, thoughtfully. "It would not do him any good, and would spoil his taste for what he could get. How long has it been going on, Sue?"

"He 's been acting foolish for a month, but it gets worse all the time. He moons around the house, with his head in the clouds, and sits up half the night hanging out of his window. He has raked out all those silly old poetry-books of yours, and I find them strewn all over the house. Here 's one now; look at those pencil-marks all round the margin!"

"Some of the marks were there before," said the judge, as he read the title.

"Then there are more fools than one in the world. Here is where he has turned down a leaf. Now just read that bosh and nonsense!"

The judge took the book from her hand and read with a reminiscent smile:

"When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And, oh! if 't is pain to remember how far
From the pathway of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness and guided him home."

The judge paused, with his eyes on the fire; then he said: "I think I 'll wait up for the boy to-night, Sue. I want to tell him the good news myself. You have n't spoken of it?"

"No, indeed. I have n't seen him since breakfast. Melvy says he spends his spare time on the river. That 's what 's giving him the malaria, too, you mark my words."

It was after eleven when Sandy's step sounded on the porch. At the judge's call he opened the sitting-room door and stood dazed by the sudden light. The judge noticed that he was pale and dejected, and he suppressed a smile over the imaginary troubles of youth.

"What 's the matter? Are you sick?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Come in to the fire; it 's a bit chilly these nights."

Sandy dropped listlessly into a chair, with his back to the light.

"There are several things I want to talk over," continued the judge. "One is about Ricks Wilson. He has behaved very badly ever since that affair in August. Everybody who goes near the jail comes away with reports of his threats against me. He seems to think I am holding his trial over until January, when the fact is I have been trying to get him released on your account. It is of no use, though; he will have to wait his turn."

"I 'm sorry, sir," said Sandy, without looking up.

"Then there 's Carter Nelson encouraging him in his feeling against me. It seems that Nelson wants the fellow to drive for him at the fall trots, and he has given me no end of trouble about getting him off. What an insolent fellow Nelson is! He talked very ugly in my office yesterday, and made various threats about making me regret any interference. I would n't have stood it from any one else; but Carter is hardly responsible. I have watched him from the time he was born. He came into the world with a mortal illness, and I doubt if he ever had a well day in his life. He 's a degenerate, Sandy; he 's bearing the sins of a long line of dissolute ancestors. We have to be patient with men like

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"BURNING DEEDS OF PROWESS RIOTED IN HIS BRAIN"

that; we have to look on them as we do on the insane."

He waited for some response, but, getting none, pulled his chair in confidential proximity and laid his hand on Sandy's knee. "However, that 's neither here nor there," he said. "I have a surprise for you. I could n't let you go to bed without telling you about it. It 's about your future, Sandy. I 've been talking it over with Mr. Moseley, and he is confident—"

Suddenly Sandy rose and stood by the table.

"Don't be making any more plans for me," he said desperately; "I 've made up me mind to enlist."

"Enlist! In the army?"

"Yes; I 've got to get away. I must go so far that I can't come back; and, judge —I want to go to-morrow!"

"Is it money matters?"

"No."

A long silence followed—of the kind that ripens confidence. Presently Sandy lifted his haggard eyes: "It 's nothing I 'm ashamed of, judge; ye must take me word for that. It 's like taking the heart out of me body to go, but I 've made up me mind. Nothing on earth can change me purpose; I enlist on the morrow."

The judge looked at him long and earnestly over his glasses, then he asked in calm, judicial tones: "Is her answer final?"

Sandy started from his chair. How finite intelligence could have discovered the innermost secret of his soul seemed little short of miraculous. But the relief of being able to pour out his feelings mastered all other considerations.

"Oh, sir, there was never a question.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"'EVERYBODY WANTS SOMETHING IN THE WORLD HE CAN'T GET'"

Like the angel she is, she let me be near her so long as I held my peace; but, fool that I am, I break me promise again and again. I can't keep silent when I see her. The truth would burst from me lips if I was dumb."

"And you think you would be better if you were out of her sight?"

"Is a starving man better when he is away from food?" asked Sandy, fiercely. "Heaven knows it 's not of meself I 'm thinking. It 's breaking her tender heart to see me misery staring her in the face, and I 'll put it out of her sight."

"Is it Ruth?" asked the judge.

Sandy assented with bowed head.

The judge got up and stood before the fire.

"Did n't you know," he began as kindly as he could put it, "that you were not in her—that is, that she was not of your—'

Sandy lifted blazing eyes, hot with the passion of youth.

"If she 'd been in heaven and I 'd been in hell, I 'd have stretched out my arms to her still!"

Something in his eyes, in his voice, in his intensity, brought the judge to his side.

"How long has this thing been going on?" he asked seriously.

"Four years!"

"Before you came here?"

"Yes."

"You followed her here?"

"Yes."

Whereupon the judge gave vent to the one profane word in his vocabulary.

Then Sandy, having confided so far, made a clean breast of it, breaking down at the end when he tried to describe Ruth's goodness and the sorrow his misery had caused her.

When it was over the judge had hold of his hand and was bestowing large, indiscriminate pats upon his head and shoulders.

"It 's hard luck, Sandy; hard luck. But you must brace up, boy. Everybody wants something in the world he can't get. We all go under, sooner or later, with some wish ungratified. Now I 've always wanted—" he pressed his fingers on his lips for a moment, then went on—"the one thing I 've wanted was a son. It seemed to me there was nothing else in the world would make up to me for that lack. I had money more than enough, and health and friends; but I wanted a boy. When you came I said to Sue: 'Let 's keep him a while just to see how it would feel.' It 's been worth while, Sandy; you have done me credit. It almost seemed as if the Lord did n't mean me to be disappointed, after all. And to-day, when Mr. Moseley said you ought to have a year or two at the big university, I said: 'Why not? He 's just like my own. I 'll send him this year and next, and then he can come home and be a comfort to me all the rest of my days.' That 's what I was sitting up to tell you to-night, Sandy; but now—"

"And ye sha'n't be disappointed!" cried Sandy. "I 'll go anywhere you say, do anything you wish. Only you would n't be asking me to stay here?"

"Not now, Sandy; not for a while."

"Never!—so long as she 's here. I 'll never bring me sorrow between her and the sun again—so help me, Heaven! And if the Lord gives me strength, I 'll never see her face again, so long as I live!"

"Go to bed, boy; go to bed. You are tired out. We will ship you off to the university next week."

"Can't I be going to-morrow? Friday, then? I 'd never dare trust meself over the week."

"Friday, then, if you like. But mind, no more prancing to-night; we must both go to bed."

Neither of them did so, however. Sandy went to his room and sat in his window, watching a tiny light that flickered, far across the valley, in the last bend of the river before it left the town. His muscles were tense, his nerves a-tingle, as he strained his eyes in the darkness to keep watch of the beacon. It was the last glimpse of home to a sailor who expected never to return.

Down in the sitting-room the judge was lost in the pages of a worn old copy of Tom Moore. He fingered the pages with a tenderness of other days, and lingered over the forgotten lines with a half-quizzical, half-sad smile on his lips. For he had been a lover once, and Sandy's romance stirred dead leaves in his heart that sent up a faint perfume of memory.

"Yes," he mused half aloud; "I marked that one too:

"Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness and guided him home."

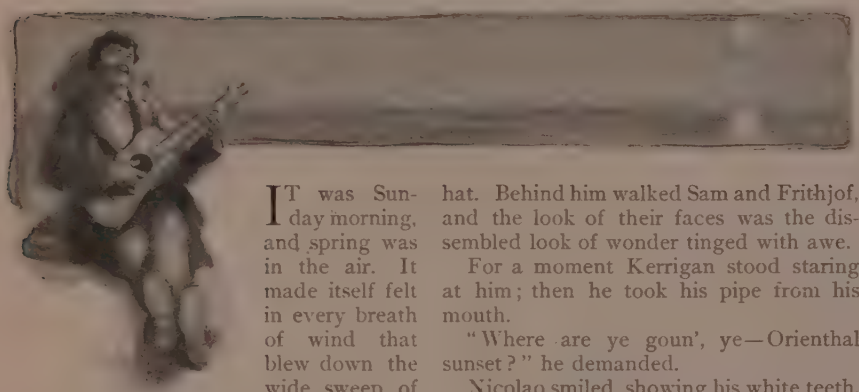
(To be continued)

# KERRIGAN'S DIPLOMACY

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon"

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE



IT was Sunday morning, and spring was in the air. It made itself felt in every breath of wind that blew down the wide sweep of the tawny river from the scented pine-lands; it showed itself in the brooding sky, in the haze over the far, low, wooded hills, in the heart of man.

The sun was hot, and Kerrigan had moved the butter-tub in which he was washing his clothes to the shady side of the center-house, and spring had set its mark on him in the pensive droop of his eyes and just the whispered murmur of "Kathleen Mavourneen." From the galley came the muffled rattle of dishes: it was the only other sound aboard.

Kerrigan finished his work, and had hung his clothes in the rigging when Nicolao came around the corner of the center-house, and the desert of his workaday aspect had blossomed as the rose. He wore a brown velveteen jacket and a low-cut waistcoat that looked like the bleached white wool of an Angora kid. His shirt was pink, and a crimson tie overflowed the front of it; his trousers were pearl-colored, his shoes of patent leather, and the pinnacle of the temple was a soft brown hat. Behind him walked Sam and Frithjof, and the look of their faces was the dissembled look of wonder tinged with awe.

For a moment Kerrigan stood staring at him; then he took his pipe from his mouth.

"Where are ye goun', ye—Orienthal sunset?" he demanded.

Nicolao smiled, showing his white teeth, and waved an airy hand.

"'T is a Sunday; I go to make the *festa*," he replied. "Where iss the Cuney Islan' of the *cité* Charleston, my frien'?"

"'T is a zoo ye waant, ye flamingo," declared Kerrigan. Nevertheless, he went forward to the rail, drawing Nicolao gently with him. "Ye see yon sthrate? Follow ut till ye come to the throlley; thin walk aste till ye come to the ind av things, which they call ut the Batthery, an' thot 's the Coney Island of the city av Charleston. An' the blissud saints go wid ye, for ut 's a wild, harrd place for sthrays!"

"Therefore will I taka the trolley, the mo' sooner to arrive. I go to maka the beautiful time of the life," declared Nicolao. He dropped into the vernacular. "So long! Good day! Ah, there!" Then waving his hand in farewell, he sprang lightly to the wharf.

Frithjof went back to the forecastle, but Sam eyed Kerrigan doubtfully.

"What were you givin' him?" he asked. "I never heard the Charleston Battery called a lively place before."

"No?" said Kerrigan. He flung himself down upon the forecastle-deck, and Sam followed suit; and there they sat, their backs to the capstan, and watched Nicolao hurrying up the dusty road. "Nayther have I," Kerrigan went on. "'T is the sacrud abode av aristhocracy, an' barrun' the naygur nursemaids, an' the childer in aarms, an' the polace, 't is unmithigated silence. They 'll arrist the laad for disturbun' the p'ace. He 's clothed like a brass band."

"I see," said Sam, and grinned.

Kerrigan was watching Nicolao picking his way through the dust.

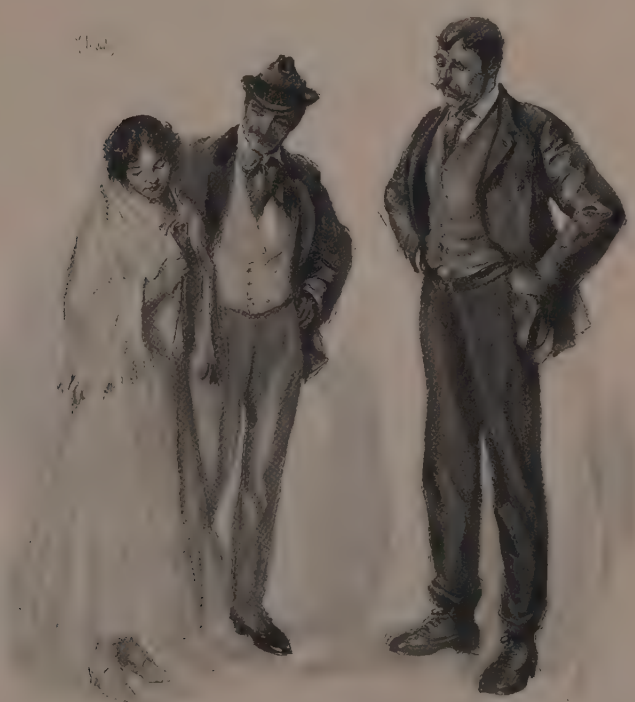
"An' there he goes," he murmured, "spring in his heart,—an' thot manes the love av woman, if he but knew ut,—an' his hair plasthered wid oil beyond all dacency. Have ye iver notuced how the two shtick togither? 'T is the way av the young. I mind me av thot."

"He 'll be comin' back to knife you," said Sam, "when he sees what it is. He 'll be touchy about that—your makin' a fool of him."

"I 'm thinkun' thot mesilf," Kerrigan answered. "'T is a swate-timpered little runt he is—whin he 's not a divil; an' aven the blissud saints in paradise c'u'd not know whin ut 's to be wan or the ither. He 's mosthly perambulathun' two ways at wance, like a sky-rockut, kickun' fire behint ut, an' l'adun' a bay'nut charge in front. I like the laad mesilf."

It was sunset before Nicolao returned, and his glory was further augmented by a rose in the lapel of his coat and another in the band of his hat. He dropped lightly over the rail, and seating himself on the hatch in front of his companions, stretched out his legs and sighed with weariness; but his face was the face of joy.

Kerrigan was sitting on the deck, his back to the center-house, his pipe in his mouth, and in his eyes the brooding look



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HER NAME WAS BETTINA FARARA"

that surveys far scenes. No one spoke for a moment; then Sam's curiosity became too strong to be longer borne.

"Have a good time, ol' man?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

Nicolao looked up with a radiant smile.

"Yas," he said softly; "ver' nice time; *ver'* nice."

"Much goin' on?" asked Sam again.

"Heh?" Nicolao was dreaming; then he pulled himself together. "Oh, yas; ver' mooch. Ver' nice." He sighed happily, rose to his feet, and went to the forecastle. When he appeared again it was not to join his companions, but alone, on the forecastle-deck, in the moonlighted night, to twang his guitar in soft accompaniment to outlandish little songs in a minor key.

For a week he disappeared nightly, but on Saturday evening he returned at an early hour, and the woe of his face was beyond tears. It was a hot night, and Kerrigan was lying alone on the forecastle-deck, and there Nicolao sought him. He was clearly in a state of high excitement, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Missa Kerrigan," he said, "you my ver' bes' frien'. Tha' so. An' why, my frien'? Because you have that sym'thy. I know you, my frien'; an' tha' 's why I goin' as' you: you coma 'long weeth me to-mor', heh? I goin' as' you some advices."

"Sure," Kerrigan replied heartily.

"Aha!"—his face was radiant—"I think you goin' say that. Tha' 's ver' nice. To-mor' mornin' I as' you. Mooch oblige'." Then he slipped away.

He was up and dressed by daybreak the next morning, and he hung about the forecastle in ill-concealed excitement while the more leisurely Kerrigan ate his breakfast and made ready for the street; and when at last they took the road cityward, it was at such a pace that it drew a good-natured protest from Kerrigan.

"Is ut a foot-race ye waant?" he grumbled. "I tho't 't was advice. 'T w'u'd be cooler advice wid less haste, an' I hope ye tak' the hint; for we 're not over-fond av the runnin', we Irish. Our inimies c'u'd till ye thot. But belikes the rayport 's come to ye."

"'T is necessare to arrive with queecknees," Nicolao replied impatiently; and not until he reached the Battery, and by a bench near the sea-wall turned to look anxiously about him, did he slacken his gait. Then, with a little sigh of relief, he seated himself and swung around, facing Kerrigan.

"Missa Kerrigan," he said, "now I as' you: you goin' be willin' helpa me git marret, heh?"

Kerrigan stared at him, his face blank with astonishment; then all at once he grinned.

"Married, is ut?" he said. "Why, laad, ye nade a wife no more 'n a cow nades a pockut." He looked down at his companion's gorgeous apparel, and shook his head. "I *knew* thim Knight Timplars' raimints w'u'd be l'adun' ye into throuble. Thim women are fair wake-mindud about fine feathers. Follow me example—dhress plain an' shpake rough. 'T is the only safe waay, me b'y."

Nicolao lifted a protesting hand.

"I tella you all; then you see," he said. "Here I coma las' Sunday—right here; an' here I wait. I waita ver' long; but-where is the pipple what maka the festa weeth the gaynees, like the Cuney Islan', heh? I say I don' know. Bimeby mebbe I sleep; yas, I thinka tha' so, for somethings toucha my hand, an' I joomp like this—" he sprang clear from the bench; "an', behol', somebuddy laugh like the bells in the stipple—chu'ch stipple, you know. I think I goin' be to the chu'ch, an' I look aroun' ashemed, becaus' I un'stan' some pipple behol' me to sleep. Tha' 's ver' bad manner'. So I look roun', an' behol' me right here; an' one little kidda what toucha my hand she stan' behol'in' me; and over there—" he pointed to a bench across the path—"right there *she* was what laugh, an' a-callin' that little kidda to make her come 'way.

"So I think eet iss up at me, an' I take that little kidda by the hand, an' I walk her over, an' I say: 'Here you' little daught', leddy.' *Mæ de Deus!* ain't she laugh then! 'My little daught'!' she squeal. 'She my little sis-s-ster!' 'T was just like that, same 's I tell you. So we git acquaint'. Now you goin' help me git marret weeth her, my frien'?"

Kerrigan shook his head sadly.

"Forget ut, laad," he said. "Ye 're a good sailormon, an A.B. all right, me son; but this l'avun' little wives wid voices like bells to starve in out-av-the-way porrts is bad businuss. I know. Thim voices don't sound so much like bells whin they do be

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"HE WAS MAKING HIMSELF AGREEABLE"

w'apun', I 've been tould. An' how 's this wan goun' to live?"

"Tha' 's all explain'," Nicolao said eagerly, and he told his plans. Kerrigan was unconvinced.

"Thim schames hould wather like a sieve," he said. Then he added: "An' what dooes her faather say—an' the mither?"

Nicolao's face fell.

"They promise her to a Dago—an ol' Dago *seexty* year ol'. You thinka that right, my frien'—an ol' man lika that, eh? An' likewise they say they goin' put a knife een my back eef I git marret weeth her; they goin' make nice row."

"Why did n't ye say ut at wance, ye wool-gatherun', jabberun' monkey?" demanded Kerrigan. He rose to his feet. "Whin is ut to be? Av coorse I 'll hilp ye. Am I a fri'nd or a Dootchmon? Till me thot."

Nicolao pulled him back to the bench.

"Wait," he said. "They watcha her all time; but she say she sleep 'way from mass an' meeta up weeth me jus' a minute. Tha' 's why I hurry for to ar-r-rive you here."

"We 'll tak' her to the praste, an' thin we 'll tak' her home," said Kerrigan, happily, dreaming of war; "an' I 'll ask thim what they mane by blockun' the coorse av thrue love. Where do they be livun'?"

Nicolao waved his hand back toward the city.

"Over yonner—half-mile—mile. What dif'? I showa you," he said. "They Eyetalian—excited pipple. I don' care. You wait see Bettina."

So Kerrigan waited, looking about him. All at once he thought of his joke in sending Nicolao there, and wondered how near he had come to rousing his friend's anger. He turned to him, saying carelessly:

"Nice place."

"*Ver'* nice," assented Nicolao, enthusiastically; "so quiet an' refine'. Maka me think of the plaza back to home—een Porto Praya. Same sky, same wat', same kin' o' trees, same kin' o' feel—" he put his hand to his heart, sighing heavily; "*an'*, likewise, here I meeta up to *her*—right here, lika I tol' you."

spoke; but when she looked up at Nicolao her eyes were so full of love and trust that it made Kerrigan's heart ache, for sheer loneliness.

"She 's far an' away too good for him," he thought; "an' thot 's the very raison I will be doun' all I can for thim; for he 'll see ut if he 's anny mon at all, an' 't will be the savun' av him; an' she will niver

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'WHY YOU NEVAIR GIT MARRET WEETH ANYBUDDY, MISHA KERRIGAN?'"

"M-m-m!" grunted Kerrigan, and said no more.

Suddenly Nicolao clutched his arm.

"Behol'! She ar-r-rive!" he whispered, and, jumping to his feet, darted away to meet a white-robed little creature hurrying along by the sea-wall. Kerrigan watched them with kindly but anxious eyes.

"Babes in the woods!" he muttered. "An' they don't know annythin' av the past, an' they don't care a dom for the future; an' there ye are, a-kickun' yer heels an' a-buttun' yer head ag'inst the f'undation-stones av creation, which ut is love."

Her name was Bettina Farara, Nicolao told him proudly when she came shyly forward. She was very young and pretty, and she was clearly frightened and scarcely know she 's not gettun' her dasarts. An' thot 's a good thing, too. Mither av saints! but ut 's a quare worrld!" But what he said aloud was quite different.

"Miss Farara,"—his voice was very tender,—"I 'm happy to mate ye. Me fri'nd Nicolay here was a-tellun' me yer little joke, an' a-askun' me hilp. Av coorse 't is but nonsinse: ye 'll niver be the wan to marry a poor sailormon; ye 'll mind yer faather an' mither, an' ride in yer carriage yit. An' thot 's right."

Bettina looked at him wonderingly, and then at Nicolao; then suddenly she burst into tears.

"Hold harrd!" said Kerrigan. "I was but provun' ye. Thin ye 'll not mind yer faather an' mither?"

She shook her head stormily, like an angry child.

"An' ye 'll not marry the old parthy?"

"No, no!" she sobbed.

"An' how will ye hilp ut?" Kerrigan demanded.

She glanced up at him beseechingly, then seaward, and all at once her bosom began to heave and she cried softly.

But when she was quiet again Kerrigan said:

"Whin is the obsaquies to be?"

She looked up in bewilderment.

"I spika not zè lan-gwich mooch," she explained.

"I mane," Kerrigan said patiently, "whin are ye to marry the ither wan?"

She held up her hands and counted off on her fingers, that she might not be misunderstood.

"Een seexa week'," she murmured. "An' they locka me up. Ah! I goin' git crezzy!"

"Forget ut!" growled Kerrigan. He stared at the ground a moment, and then said: "Will ye go to the praste now?"

She shook her head and pointed across the square, where a small boy wandered aimlessly, his eyes upon them.

"My brozzer Beppo," she explained. "He watcha me."

Kerrigan turned to Nicolao.

"Till me what ye mane to do," he said. "What have ye done?"

So between the two lovers, in a sort of Greek chorus, he heard their whole story.

They had gone away together on Thursday evening, meaning to find a priest and marry then and there; but Bettina's father had followed them and carried his daughter home. Since then he had kept close watch over her. Beppo had been sent to mass with her, but Bettina had bribed him to allow her to see Nicolao a moment, as she had bribed him to tell Nicolao when and where she would meet him. Further than that, she explained, Beppo would not go; and at any sign of her going away with her lover, he would give the alarm and "putta a shame" upon her, she said. Besides, she had promised to return. Even then they heard the whistle of the impatient boy, and Bettina turned to go.

"Kape a shtiff upper lip, me dear," Kerrigan told her in bidding her good-by; "an' I 'll kiss the bride before the wake 's over."

He turned to Nicolao as Bettina hurried away.

"Dooes the ol' mon allow ye on the primises?" he asked.

Nicolao grinned.

"He invita me ver' polite," he explained modestly. "He say he ver' happy for to putta knife een me eef I coma eenside hees door. *An'* he holda the knife. So I say: 'No, thank. I goin' git marret weeth your daught', my frien'; I goin' call you papa. Bes' have no troub'.' So I *re*main *hout*side."

"Betther show me where he lives," said Kerrigan, as they walked away. "I 'll thry me diplomacy firrst. 'T is the cushtom av nations, though conthrary to me nature."

In the heart of the town, at a corner of a narrow street, Nicolao paused and, seizing Kerrigan's arm, pointed down the block.

"'T ees there," he whispered excitedly. "You behol' the orange an' the banan' all pile' up? 'T ees the place; yas. Tha' 's where Bettina live. You shall behol' her papa right at the shop. 'T ees hees. He sella the fruit." He shook hands almost tearfully as he bade Kerrigan good-by. "Gooda lucka, my bes' frien'," he added. "You satisfy now, heh? I thought so." Then he darted away, buttoning his coat excitedly as he went, and not looking back.

Kerrigan walked slowly on to the fruit-shop and entered. A clean-shaven, active little man with the look of old age already on his parchment-like face was putting bananas in a bag for a waiting customer; but he looked up smilingly at Kerrigan, and with a cheery "How do?" seemed already in the attitude of waiting on him as a prospective customer while he still attended to the one being served. Three or four small children were in the shop, and through a rear door Kerrigan caught a glimpse of a brown and wrinkled little woman coming out to serve him. He was in no haste.

He seated himself upon a keg, and, picking up an orange, began leisurely to peel it. The little man, his customer gone, came over to his wife's side, and together the two stood and looked at Kerrigan in an attitude of genial but deferential hospitality.

"Fine day," said Kerrigan.

"'T ees so; sure," assented Farara, enthusiastically.

"How 's businuss?" asked Kerrigan.

"Ver' good; firs'-rate," replied Farara. "Gentamans, leddies, little kidda coma all time buy banan', orange, ever'zing. Keepa ol' man ver' busy." He laughed, and patted Kerrigan on the shoulder.

"Ye sh'u'd have a horse an' a carrt," said Kerrigan, "wid a bhright young mon to dhrive ut—a handsome young mon wid a shmile for the childer an' a joke for the women-folks. Ye 'd be rich, Farara. Ye c'u'd sind him about the city on wake-days, an' l'ave him to tind the shop on Soonday afthernoons whilst ye took the missus an' the childer out for an airun'. The missus w'u'd like ut." He turned to Mrs. Farara, who nodded and smiled.

For an hour they discussed the subject in all its bearings, with growing enthusiasm on the part of Farara. Whether he was seriously impressed, was fond of purely academic reasoning, or thought it well to present a sympathetic front to so genial a well-wisher, who ate fruit and cracked nuts with his strong white teeth without a pause, and paid for everything with a liberality that left in Farara's mind a doubt as to his business shrewdness, Kerrigan could not know. He knew that he was making himself agreeable. He had in an eminent degree the quality that ingratiates: and before he left the shop he had the children hanging about his knees and was calling Mrs. Farara "Cousin Rosy" with a genial sincerity of manner that seemed to place the familiarity on the footing of a lifelong habit; and when he finally tore himself away, the family followed him to the door —Bettina alone had not appeared—and in a pleasant chorus invited him to come as often as he could.

Nicolao, with his heart in his throat, was leaning over the rail, waiting for him, when he went aboard at noon.

"I 've been playun' fairy godmither to the thribe av Farara," he said, in explanation of his long absence; but when Nicolao asked for more minute details he laughed.

"Wait a bit, laad," he said; "I 've laid the thrain; ye must bide till I light the fuse."

Late in the afternoon he went back again. The children greeted him with a shout, and Farara, busy with customers, smilingly waved him toward the living-room in the rear, where Mrs. Farara, Bettina, and a dark-browed, unsmiling man whom Kerrigan surmised to be Nicolao's hated rival, sat in gloomy silence. Bettina looked up with round, frightened eyes as he appeared; but he gave her no sign of recognition. He had brought little gifts for the children,—odd-looking shells and curiosities gathered in far lands, and a toy ship for Beppo, which he had whittled out and rigged in spare hours at sea,—and he made himself at home at once, to such good purpose that the little room was soon bright with unrestrained gaiety.

Once he leaned back in his chair and looked about him with a sigh of contentment. Farara had come to the door in a momentary lull of business, and stood smiling down upon them.

"'T is a blissud comfort to be wid ye all," Kerrigan said, glancing about the room. "'T is proud an' happy ye sh'u'd be, Farara, livun' so contaguous, wid wan fut in the bosom av yer fam'ly, an' the ither in the shop, a-pickun' up the coin conthinual. Think av the poor sailormon, who 's mosthly naythor here nor there, but spinds his days perambulathun' batwane the two, wid no front dure for the neighbors, which there a'n't anny, an' all the wires down to the rist av creation. I invy ye. An' how manny childer have ye, Farara?"

"Seex," answered Farara; then he chuckled, and nodded his head toward the stranger. "Have another kidda pret' soon. He goin' marry weeth Bettina there —him, Tristano."

Kerrigan tried to look his astonishment, and succeeded. He stared at Tristano a moment, and then roared with laughter.

"Mither av saints!" he cried, "I tho't ut was the gran'faather, though Hiven knows he favors none av ye." His eyes wandered over Tristano with a good-natured insolence that must have been maddening to the man; then he leaned forward and slyly poked him in the side.

"Ye 've got the tin, mon," he said in an aside that might have been heard in the street. "Don't till me ye have n't; I know betther. Yer face proves ut. 'T is not an old hunks like me an' yez thot a rosebud gyurl like Bettina w'u'd be choosun' but for the fine dhresses an' the jools they ixpict. Ut 's a good eye for beauthy ye 've got, ye shly dog; but ut 's a luxury thot 'll cost ye sore." He turned to Mrs. Farara, shaking his head sadly. "Times is changed, Cousin Rosy," he said. "The gyurls a'n't

what they used to be, are they? They 've grown thot purse-proud thot a ribbon to put in their hair is more to thim nor a bright eye across the table. 'T was n't so whin ye picked out Farara there, I know. Ye tho't av the smilun' face av him an' the lovun' heart."

There was a stir behind him, and he turned. Tristano had gone, and Farara and his wife were looking at each other with troubled eyes. Kerrigan's own face expressed only grieved astonishment.

"Is ut gone he is?" he exclaimed. "Sure, he 's not offindud by me philosophy? 'T is Hiven's more nor mine, as anny mon c'u'd see if he 'd not shut his eyes. Dooes he think Bettina is a-choosun' av him for his beauthy? Farara," he said solemnly, "do ye know the wan thing undher the canophy av hiven thot 's greather nor the vanity av women? 'T is the vanity av min. An' did ye iver know wan mon thot considered himsilf onaqual to winnun' anny gyurl thot iver stepped, if he but gave himsilf to ut? Till me wan. Farara, he was dead."

He stayed to supper, and he spent the evening; and Farara recklessly closed the shop an hour earlier than usual and came into the family circle like a school-boy from his tasks. Kerrigan sat in the middle of the room, with a child on each knee and the others leaning against him, and Mrs. Farara and Bettina had drawn their chairs near and sat leaning forward. He told stories of shipwreck and ghosts and of the Little People, till the children shuddered with fearful delight; and he sang pathetic love-songs and ballads in a voice that brought the sobs into Bettina's smooth, round throat; while Farara and his wife looked at each other and nodded smilingly through their tears, and openly held their wrinkled brown hands.

Then, when the children finally dropped off to sleep and lay sprawling about him and over him, he spoke of Tristano again, looking reproachfully at Bettina. "'T is a shame," he said sadly, "whin there 's more than a plinthy av young hearrts in the worrld." Then Farara made a confession: there *was* another. So the story of Nicolao and Bettina came to Kerrigan's ears for the second time that day.

He was very loyal, but to all that he could say Farara only shook his head. Light come, light go, he declared; and he was not sure of Nicolao, a wandering sailor from God knew where. And he thought his eyes shifty, untrue eyes. Neither could he see that he was the one to take into his shop and send through the city to make him rich, though it was undoubtedly a good plan with the right one. Kerrigan pleaded strongly, but to no purpose; and Bettina sat with downcast eyes and listened till her father sent her off to bed with the children.

But there was no resentment with Kerrigan. The old people shook his hand long at parting, and they followed him into the quiet street and watched him out of sight, waving their hands to him when he paused at the lighted corner where he turned down to the river. All in all, he was well satisfied with his progress.

Try as he might in the following week, he could not gain Farara's permission to bring Nicolao to the house with him. The old man would smile, pat him on the shoulder, and say soothingly:

"Hava the *pazienza*, Misha Kerrigan. Waita lit' more still; 't ees bes'; yas, eet ees so."

With Nicolao the time dragged. Sometimes he stormed and implored, and sometimes he went about the vessel in sad dejection, speaking to no one. Kerrigan visited the Fararas nightly, and at first Nicolao always went with him as far as the corner of the street; but later he refused to go, and Kerrigan asked him no more, but redoubled his efforts with Bettina's people.

On the morning of the second Sunday Kerrigan sauntered into the shop in his usual leisurely fashion, only to find Bettina alone. It was a drizzling morning, and few were abroad; and Farara had seized the chance to carry his wife and younger children off to church. In a white dress again, like a bit of sunlight in the sad-colored day, Bettina darted about the shop and arranged the fruit more showily, chattering with Kerrigan as she worked.

She was piling oranges in a glowing pyramid of color when, without looking up, she said:

"He dressa ver' nice, like a gentaman; but how you goin' think—you think that Nicolao *ver-r-ree* handsome, Misha Kerrigan?"

"Sure," declared Kerrigan, heartily. "I 'll till ye wan thing, Bettina: 't w'u'd spoil ye, if ye did not know ut betther nor

me nor anny mon. Whin ye two stood there togither on the Batthery last Soonday, says I to mesilf: 'Kerrigan,' says I, 'look for wance wid all yer eyes, for 't is a sight ye 're not likely to see iv'ry day; 't is the handsomest pair out av paradise—or in ut,' says I. An' whin I see ye alone, as now, 't is handsomer ye are than the two av ye togither, which is marvelous."

"M-m-m!" said Bettina, and did not look displeased.

She put the last orange on the apex of her pyramid, and stood back to survey it critically; but, with all her absorption in her task, she had room for other thoughts. Without turning, her back still to him, she said:

"Why you nevair git marret weeth anybuddy, Misha Kerrigan?"

"They niver asked me," he answered in a flash, but he stared at the back of his little interlocutor.

"You thinka that ver' nice—to as' gentaman to git marret weeth you?" she demanded severely.

"Thot daypinds," he answered cautiously; "but I 'm thinkun' thot annybody thot w'u'd be willun' to ask me to marry her w'u'd n't be annybody thot I 'd be willun' to have ask me." And with this Delphic answer she had to be content.

Kerrigan spent the afternoon aboard. It was high tide at six, and they warped the vessel around to another wharf, to be ready to begin loading in the early morning. The wind was fresh on the river, and it was dark before Kerrigan was free. He looked about for Nicolao, but he had disappeared; and so he went alone, walking slowly in the darkness along the bulkhead, with the river on his left and the great piles of lumber towering black above him on his right.

He had gone perhaps three hundred yards, and come to the roadway leading up to the street, when something moved upon him from the shadowed piles,—something darker than the darkness,—and he flung up his arm instinctively. He felt a blow along his forearm, and, turning savagely, grappled with a man. He saw an arm uplifted again, and struck at it so sharply that a knife dropped rattling to the wharf. The next moment he drew his assailant out from under the shadowing lumber and peered down into his face. It was Tristano.

"Ah," growled Kerrigan, "'t is yez, is ut? An' what do ye be doun' soliloquizun' by the wather-front wid a knife, Misther Tristano? Ye might git hurted." He shook the man as a terrier might shake a rat. "Can ye shwim?" he demanded. "I 'll tache ye." With that, he lifted him clear and dropped him over the string-piece into the river, and walked on without looking back.

But when he had gone a rod or more he paused, his rage already cooled. Beyond the initial splash he had heard no sound.

"If he can't shwim—" he thought, and hesitated. "No," he went on; "'t is the flood av the tide, an' he could rache the shtring-piece annyway, shwim or no. He 'd niver dhrown—a mon like thot, born for the halther." And with that comforting optimism he walked serenely on to the Fararas'.

There was a holiday aspect about the place that he noted at once. Bettina was in her white dress again, and her mother wore a blue gown with a broad purple stripe at the bottom, and over her shoulders and across her bosom she had folded a crimson silk scarf. For once she was without her knitting, and Farara was more or less completely disguised in a coat and a collar.

They were gay and obviously excited, and the little room was like a series of explosions—of laughter and staccato sentences. There was relief, too, in their greeting of Kerrigan.

"You meeta up weeth that Tristano, Misha Kerrigan?" Farara asked anxiously.

"I did," Kerrigan answered laconically.

"Where he goin' be now?" Farara asked again. His voice trembled.

"Can he shwim?" asked Kerrigan.

Farara's jaw dropped with wonder, but he said:

"I knowa not."

"Thin I don't know where he is," Kerrigan replied.

Tristano had come to the house in the afternoon in an ugly mood, Farara explained, and had gone away toward the river. They had thought little of it at first, but when Kerrigan had failed to return in the afternoon, as he had promised, they had grown uneasy, fearing trouble. Farara confessed that Tristano was hot-headed.

"He 's cooler now, or hotther, wan,"

Kerrigan said carelessly, and dismissed the subject.

Beppo had been left in the shop, and thither at times Bettina flitted out to his assistance. Farara had brought out a bottle of wine, and in one of Bettina's absences he filled their glasses and rose to his feet.

"I drinka your healt', my frien'," he said solemnly. "Longa, happy life to you!" He emptied his glass with a flourish, and for a brief moment it stood poised on his nose, while he gazed heavenward in deep emotion.

"The same to all av yez," Kerrigan responded gravely, and drank.

When he looked up again, Farara was gazing at him with kindly but nervous eyes.

"My frien'," he said, "I as' you how you lika coma here an' be pardner weetha me—sella fruit, driva hoss, gita reech. You lika? An' 't ees confess'—mebbe bimeby gita marret weeth lit' Bettina. Heh? She nice girl—Bettina? How you think?"

"The best in the worrld," Kerrigan answered solemnly.

"Ah!" Farara turned to his wife with a radiant look, then back to Kerrigan. "You satisfy? You lika?"

The heart of Kerrigan was pierced, but his tongue was as ready as of old.

"Farara," he said, and his voice shook and trembled over the r's, "'t is a greather honor nor I iver ixpictud; but I 'm not worthy the lass. I say ut to me shame. I 'm old, an' I 'm—"

"Misha Kerrigan," Farara broke in eagerly, "how ol' you goin' be?"

"I 'm thirrty-siven in years, Farara; but I 'm twilve hundherd in expar'ensus—mosthly bad. I 've niver been bruk to harness, an' there 's times whin no woman c'u'd dhrive me. I say ut in shame, who c'u'd be lid like a cow the l'ave av the time. I 'm a common sailormon,—a tarry, salt-horse-atun', wanderun' sailormon,—an' I 'll niver be annythun' ilse.

"An' what c'u'd I be sayun' to the b'y Nicolay, Farara? 'I 'm sorry for ye, laad,' I 'd say lugubr'ous; 'but I 've done me best for ye: I 've marr'ed the lass mesilf.' An' how w'u'd thot be soundun' to the laad, Farara? Till me thot. Oh, I like ye well,—all av ye,—an' ut 's been like home to me, an' Cousin Rosy like a mither, an' Bettina—Bettina 's a dewdrop av a lass—like a dewdrop on the gorse av a marnun' whin the larks are splittun' their little throats wid the joy av livun', she 's thot swate. But I 'd be worse nor Tristano for her, Farara. Ye 'd see ut yersilf, come the time." He got to his feet and walked up and down the little room, but he could not say "No" outright; for once he was a coward. "I 'll think ut over," he went on—"I 'll think ut over by mesilf, an' come back to till ye if I c'u'd mind me ways." Then he wrung their hands and stumbled out of the room into the shop.

Bettina was there, busy with customers; but she looked up at him shyly as he passed, and in her eyes he saw only trust and love. "Mither av saints!" he thought; "'t is the look she gave Nicolay! They 're a quare lot—women." But he said aloud: "I 'm comun' back lather, lass." In his heart he had no thought of seeing her again.

He went out, marching slowly toward the river; but when he had gone half the distance he paused uncertainly.

"Lord!" he muttered. "I don't know what I 'm goun' to say to the laad! An' how am I goun' to look him in the eyes? I can't do ut." Turning, he walked back to the city by another way.

He passed into Meeting street, and came to St. Michael's as the chimes were ringing for nine. In the shadow of a wall near him a man and a woman had paused in the attitude of lovers. Kerrigan glanced at them carelessly, and then stared; the next moment he had caught the man by the shoulder and turned him sharply around.

"Ye young divil!" he roared; "what dooes ut mane? Till me thot. Have I been agonizun' for ye wid me diplomacy, ye thriflun' Portegee, to the ind thot ye putt me to shame before me fri'nds, the Fararas? An' to think av the macaroni an' the spaghetti thot I 've speared an' conthorted on me forrk, an' turned handsprings to convey to me mouth, an' the rid vinegar I 've shwallowed an' shmacked me lips over, Saint Usquebaugh forgive me! An' all for yez, ye wanderun' buttherfly! An' what am I to say to the little Bettina? Till me thot." This was sheer bluffing, but that Nicolao could not know.

For once that volatile young gentleman was thoroughly abashed. But it was only for a moment.

"'T ees thisa way, my frien'," he ex-

plained eagerly. "I wass *ver'* sad, an' you coma not for me to go to Missa Farara to be forgive'; an' so I meet up weeth Carlota. She Portugee, lika me,—Carlota, here,—an' she has the gr-r-reat sym'thy, lika you, Missa Kerrigan. 'T is what I alwis say—you have the sym'thy. Yas, 't ees so; 't ees true. That Bettina she ees ver' nice gal—*ver'* nice, my frien'; *but* she spik not my lan-gwich. When the heart iss full, the tongue shall spik. But if there shall be no lan-gwich, how that tongue goin' spik? You see how that goin' be ver' dif'cult, my frien'? You un'stan'—yas? 'T is necessare to disclose the heart. If not so—" He waved his hand hopelessly.

Kerrigan gazed at him for a moment; then he grinned.

"'T is the firrst time I iver heard mon contind thot the tongue av woman was the f'undation av love. Thin me best wish for yez is thot Carlota here may niver be sthruck dumb. An' thot 's me blissun' on ye, an' me last worrd." With that, he turned and walked rapidly back to the vessel.

A line of an old song came to him, and he repeated it aloud:

"Absince makes the heart grow fonder."

"Much he knew about ut," he growled, "whoiver 't was thot wrote ut!" He tried to recall the rest of the stanza, but could not, and a small doubt crept into his mind. "An' what 's the rist av ut?" he mused. "If I knew, I might know more. Ut might explain the discrepancy batwane thot lyun' po'thry an' the heart av mon—an' woman. Or is ut a joke? Thot 's raisonable. Thim po-uts is shly wans, I 'm thinkun'. But the greathest joke of all is diplomacy."

# THE UHLAN

## BY THOMAS WALSH

*YOUNG Hugo 's an Uhlan,*
*An Uhlan so fine;*
*His horse is the Kaiser's,*
*But Hugo is mine.*

To the cry of the clarion rides he away;—
'T is with softest of whispers I make him obey.

Though sunlight flash bravely on saber and lance,
I feel that he trembles in meeting my glance.

But fearless in battle my Hugo can be;—
As fierce to the foeman as tender to me.

Ay, flutter, light pennon, away to the strife;
On my tiniest finger I balance his life.

*For Hugo 's an Uhlan,*
*An Uhlan so fine;*
*His horse is the Kaiser's,*
*But Hugo is mine.*

# THE DEACON'S DILEMMA

## BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop"

ISS CLEGG was getting her own favorite tea. This always consisted of itself, toast, and a slice of bacon; and she apparently took as much pleasure in the preparation of the meal as if it were not the ten thousandth of its kind which she had cooked and eaten. As she hustled and bustled here and there, her manner seemed even more sprightly than usual; and it was only occasionally, when her glance fell upon the light shining across from her friend's kitchen window opposite, that her cheerfulness knew any diminution. But there seemed to be some sad influence in the effect of the rays of Mrs. Lathrop's lamp on this particular night; and even if its effect on Susan was merely transitory, it was not the less marked each time that it occurred.

Once, just as she was carrying the teapot from the stove to the table, she voiced her thoughts aloud.

"I shall have to tell her to-night, so I may 's well make up my mind to it," she said firmly; and then, after drawing up a chair by making a hook out of one of her feet, she sat down and sought strength for the ordeal in a more than ordinarily hearty supper.

It was a bleak, cold night in early November, and the wind whistled drearily outside. There was a chill atmosphere everywhere, and a hint of coming winter.

"I sh'll wear my cap 'n' my cardigan jacket to go over there," the neighborly disposed Susan reflected as she carefully drank the last of the tea. "Dear, dear! but it 's goin' to be a terrible shock to her, poor thing!"

Then she arose and carefully and scrupulously put the kitchen back into its customary order. Having removed the last trace of any one's ever having cooked or eaten there, she lighted a candle and sought her wraps in the icy upper regions of the house. As she passed the parlor door she shivered involuntarily.

"I expect he was cold," she murmured; "I know I was. But I could n't see my way to sittin' in the kitchen with a caller: I never was one to do nothin' improper, 'n' I was n't goin' to begin at my age."

Then she went up-stairs and got out the cap and jacket. It was a man's cap, with ear-tabs, and not at all designed to become the fair Susan's features; but she gave no heed to such matters and tied it on with two firm jerks.

"I jus' do hope," she ejaculated as she struggled into the cardigan, "'t she won't faint. It 'll surely come very sudden on her, too, 'n' all my talk 's to the advantage o' stayin' unmarried, 'n' the times 'n' times I 've said 's we was always goin' to stay jus' so—"

The termination of the jacket-buttoning terminated the soliloquy also. Miss Clegg went down-stairs and warmed her hands at the kitchen stove, preparatory to locking up. Ten minutes later she was tapping at Mrs. Lathrop's door.

"I must n't tell her too quick," she reminded herself as she waited to be let in; "I must lead up to it like they do after a railroad smash. Mrs. Lathrop ain't what you call over-nervous; still, she *has* got feelin's, 'n' in a time like this they ought to be a little steered out for. If she saw him comin' in or goin' out, that 'll help some."

Mrs. Lathrop not answering to the tap, the caller knocked again, and then tried to open the door from without, but found it to be bolted inside.

"I s'pose she 's asleep, with her feet in

the oven," Susan said in a spirit of rebellion and disapproval mixed, and then she battered madly for entrance.

Mrs. Lathrop was asleep, and did have her feet in the oven. She was particularly fond of finishing up her daily desultoriness in that manner. It took time slightly to disturb her slumber, more time yet to awaken her fully, and still again more time to get her to the door and open it.

"Well, *Susan!*" she said in a tone of cordial surprise when she saw who it was; "the idea of—"

"He wanted 's I sh'u'd see you to-night, rain or shine," said the friend, advancing into the middle of the kitchen.

"Who wanted?"

"The deacon. Did n't you see him this afternoon?"

Mrs. Lathrop furtively rubbed her eyes.

"Oh, yes, yes—I—" she began.

"Well, he wanted 's I sh'u'd come right over 'n' tell you to-night. 'N' I told him 't I would."

"Tell me wh—"

"I sh'll break it to you 's easy 's I can, Mrs. Lathrop; but there 's no denyin' 's it 'll come very sharp on you at the end."

Mrs. Lathrop ceased to rub her eyes, and a vague apprehension opened them effectually instead.

"I presume, if you saw him at all, you saw how long he stayed?"

"Yes, I—"

"All of two hours, 'n' his talk was 's dumfounderin' on me 's it will be on you. I 'd never thought o' any such doin's in this direction. I always looked on as a complete outsider, did n't you?"

"I don't un—"

Susan had shed her jacket and cap while talking; she now took a chair and surveyed her friend with the air of one who has pain to inflict and yet is firm.

Mrs. Lathrop looked frankly troubled.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd ought to know me well enough, after all these years, to know 's I sh'll make this 's easy 's I can for you. Perhaps the best way 'll be to go 'way back to the beginnin' 'n' speak o' when Mrs. White died. It 'll be a proper leadin' up; fer if she had n't died, he 'd never 'a' come to see me this afternoon, 'n' I 'd never 'a' come to see you to-night. Howsumsever, she did die; 'n', bein' dead, I will say fer her husband 's you won't find chick or child in town to deny 's a nicer, tidier, more biddable little man never lived; 'n' 's far as my personal feelin's go, I sh'u'd think 't any woman might consider it nothin' but a joy to get a man 's is always so long on the door-mat 'n' so busy with his tie 's the deacon is. He got some wore out toward the last o' her illness, fer she was give' up in September 'n' died in July; but even then I 've heard Mrs. Allen say 's it was jus' pretty to see him putterin' aroun' busy 's a bee, tryin' to keep dusted up fer the funeral any minute." Susan paused to sigh.

"Seems like she did n't die but yesterday," she said reminiscently; "don't seem like it can possibly be over a year. I never can but remember them last days: they stand out afore me like a needle in a camel's eye. Nobody could n't say 's everythin' was n't done; they had two doctors 'n' a bill 't the drug-store, but the end come at last. She begin to sink 'n' sink, 'n' young Dr. Brown said that way o' sinkin' away was always, to his mind, one o' the most unfortunate features o' dyin'. He said he knowed lots o' people 's 'd be alive 'n' well now if they could just o' been kept from that sinkin' away. Old Dr. Carter told Mrs. Jilkins his theory was 't while the pulse beats there 's life; but even he had to admit 's Mrs. White was about beat out. 'N' it was so, too; fer she died while they was talkin', 'n' the deacon just beginnin' on cleanin' the pantry shelves. He had to put all the dishes back on top o' the old papers; 'n' any one c'u'd see how hard it was for him, fer he 'd counted on havin' everythin' spick 'n' span at the end.

"Well, that was a busy time! It 's too bad you have to miss so much, Mrs. Lathrop; now, that day at Mrs. White's w'u'd 'a' done you a world o' good. There was a great deal o' company, 'n' the newspaper man led off, comin' to know what she died of. He explained he had to know right away, 'cause if she did n't die o' nothin' in particular, they needed the extra line for stars to show up a cod-liver oil advertisement. I said the deacon was the one to ask, 'n' we hunted high 'n' low for him until Mrs. Jilkins remembered 's he 'd took them keys Mrs. White always had under her pillow 'n' gone up attic to see what trunks they fitted. Mrs. Macy had to holler him down; 'n', my! but he was snappy. He said, 'Ask Dr. Brown,' 'n'

then he clumb straight back up his ladder; 'n' Dr. Brown said 's she died o' the complete seclusion of her aspirational 'n' bronchoid tubes. I c'u'd see 't the newspaper man did n't know how to spell it, 'n' he told young Dr. Brown any such doin's 'd squeeze the cod-liver oil over into next week, which could n't be considered for a minute. 'N' then he went on to say 't if folks want to die o' more 'n one line, they 've got to do it Tuesday night, or at the very latest Wednesday afore ten o'clock, if it 's to be got in right.

"Well, next come the funeral; 'n' I will say right here 'n' now 't the way 's the widows closed in around Deacon White was enough to send any man up a ladder. There was Mrs. Macy 's was actually ready 'n' waitin' to lay Mrs. White out afore she was dead. 'N' Mrs. Macy is n't one 's any one 'd rashly set about makin' love to, I should n't suppose. I 've always understood 's there 's a while 't they sit on laps; 'n' the lap ain't built 's could take pleasure in holdin' Mrs. Macy. But she was on hand, all the same, 'n' 's beamin' 's if she stood a show.

"'N' then there was Gran'ma Mullins! I was perfectly dumb did up at the doin's o' Gran'ma Mullins. I 'd always looked on her 's a very deservin' mother to Hiram, 'n' one 's any one c'u'd trust 's to doughnuts fer sociables; but when she come to Mrs. White's funeral with her hair frizzed, I give up. Gran'ma Mullins—at her age—at the funeral of a widower's dead wife—'n' her hair frizzed! Well, Mrs. Lathrop, if I was on my way to my own hangin' I sh'u'd still say 't to my order o' thinkin' it was n't proper mournin'.

"Not 's there was n't others up to the same doin's. The first night Mrs. Allen sent Polly over with one dish o' ice-cream 'n' one slice o' cake for the deacon's supper, —'n' me there 's plain 's day sittin' up alternate with Mr. Jilkins. 'N' Mrs. Allen did n't make no bones about it, neither; she said frank 'n' open 't her disapp'intment over Sam Duruy 'd aged Polly right up to where only a' elderly man 'd be anywise fit fer her, 'n' she said she was teachin' her 'Silver threads among the gold' 'n' how to read aloud 't the tip-top o' your voice. I did n't discourage her none. I told her 't there was n't many like the deacon, 'n' that come true right off; fer we heard a' awful crash, 'n' it was then 't he fell through the ceilin' into Phœbe's room, 'n' a pretty job we had sweepin' up his dust.

"The minister come in while we was sweepin'. He certainly does come to call always at very uncomfortable times; but I suppose everybody 's got to have a cross, 'n' ours 's him. Anyway, he wanted to know about if it 'd be agreeable to the family to have Mrs. White discoursed on 's a faithful handmaid, 'cause he did n't want to have to alter her after he 'd got it all copied. He said there was the choice o' a bondwoman o' the Lord 'n' a light in Israel, too. We had to go 'n' holler the deacon a long time, 'n' finally we found him out settin' a hen. I did n't think 's he 'd ought to 'a' set a hen the day o' his wife's funeral—I did n't think much o' settin' hens any time; it 's set 'n' set, 'n' then half the time all you get is a weazel.

"Well, he come in at last, 'n' he would n't hear o' havin' his wife called a handmaid, 'cause, he said, it was him 's had always done all the work. The minister said it was astonishin' what Liza Em'ly could get through in a mornin', 'n' then he coughed; 'n' Mrs. Macy said 't Liza Em'ly was very helpful for a child o' her age, 'n' then she coughed; 'n' then the deacon went back to his hen, 'n' the minister sighed 'n' went, too."

Mrs. Lathrop herself sighed as Susan paused.

"I remember—" she said slowly.

"It was a nice funeral, though," her friend continued; "I never see a nicer one, even if Mrs. White was n't able to look after nothin' herself. Mr. Kimball got down to business like it 'd always been his business, 'n' the way he hustled things through was a lesson to them 's takes a whole afternoon to one member of a family. He took all the table-leaves 'n' laid 'em from chair to chair, so 's everybody had a seat; 'n' then, 's folks come in, he had Billy hand 'em each a fan with his advertisement on one side 'n' two rows o' readin' on the other, so 's no one got dull waitin'.

"'N' then I never shall forget what a neat job he done with the dove. You know 's well 's I do 't it 's hard on the dove, 'n' always has been hard on the dove, to go to every funeral 'n' be the window advertisement between deaths. I 've told you before how it was freely remarked in the square, after Mrs. Dill's burial, as the way the dove looked there

was suthin' borderin' on scandalous. He 'd hovered with a motto till his wings was 's dirty inside 's outside, 'n' they 'd tipped his head back to look up resurrected or front to look down dejected till at Mrs. Dill's all he was fit for was to sit on the foot of her 'n' mourn, with the hat-pins 's held him steady stickin' out in all directions. Some folks as was really very sorry about Mrs. Dill 'most died when they see the dove, 'n' Mr. Kimball (he had n't bought the business then) remarked openly 's his view was as he 'd better go to two or three baptisms afore he tried another funeral. Such bein' the case, it was no more 'n natural 's we sh'u'd all feel a little worried thinkin' o' Mrs. White's bein' next to stand the dove; 'n' Mrs. Sperrit said frank an' open 't to her order o' thinkin' the deacon 'd ought to jus' forbid it. We all saw the sense in her view; but even if we did, you know 's well 's I do 't it 'd be a pretty delicate matter in this c'mmunity to be the first to deliberately skip the dove."

"I think he 's pret—" said Mrs. Lathrop, musingly.

"I won't say 't I don't think so, too," said Susan; "but I never was one to turn a blind eye to the dirt on the outside o' nothin',—'s you know to your cost, Mrs. Lathrop,—'n' such bein' the case, I certainly did feel to regret 's the dove 'd had such long wear 'n' tear afore it come Mrs. White's turn to be sat on. I was fond o' Mrs. White; we had n't spoke in years, owin' to her bein' too deaf to hear, but what I see of her from the street was always pleasant, 'n' I did n't like to think 's maybe anythin' 'd be left out o' the last of her. So we let it all go, 'n' we certainly had our reward for so doin' when we see the result; for Mr. Kimball did a fine job then 'n' there, 'n' when he was dry-cleaned inside 'n' out, 'n' his beak 'n' feet painted, 'n' new beads for eyes—well, all I can say is 't I wish you 'd been there to see him, that 's all. He took his wings completely off, so 's to give him the air o' bein' folded up; 'n' then he stuck a gilt arrow in his heart 'n' laid him cornerways on the deacon's cross o' tiger-lilies. 'N' he did n't stop 't that, neither; he took his wings 'n' sewed 'em to each side o' a red heart left over from a euchre-party, 'n' laid the whole on Mr. Jilkins's piller o' pansies, so the deacon could n't in conscience feel 't anythin' 's he 'd paid for was wasted. I 've said all along, 'n' I 'll say ag'in here 'n' now, 't it was all one o' the prettiest things I ever see; 'n' I was n't the only one 's felt that way, for I 've heard lots o' folks say since 's they 'll want the dove just so for themselves."

Mrs. Lathrop turned a little uneasily; Susan did not appear to notice the indication of a possible impatience.

"It was all a great success," she went on calmly. "The minister's discourse was very fine; only when he prayed for consolation we all knowed he meant Liza Em'ly. All but the deacon, that is. I guess the deacon was thinkin' more o' Gran'ma Mullins 'n any one else 't first; Mrs. Jilkins told me he asked how old she was, comin' back in the carriage."

"I allers thought—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"So did a good many people. I don' know 's that was surprisin', either; for it 's a well-known fact 's they was fond o' each other forty or fifty years back. She 's got a daguerre'type o' him 's is so old 't you can't be very sure whether it 's him, after all. She says she ain't positive herself, 'cause she had one o' her cousin 's shot himself by accident on his way to the war, 'n' the wreath o' flowers stamped on the red velvet inside was just the same in both cases. You have to go by the light 'n' tip him a good while to say fer sure whether he 's got a collar on or not, 'n' you could n't swear to his havin' on anythin' else if you was to turn him round 'n' round till doomsday. She had that picture in a box with her first hair 'n' Hiram's first tooth 'n' a nut 't she said the deacon did a hole in with his knife when they was children together one day. She showed 'em all to me one time when I was there; I did n't think much o' the nut, I must say. Say, but it seemed to make her happy, so I jus' remarked 't it was surprisin' how foolish we got 's we got old, 'n' let it go 't that. It was a while after 's he took her to Meadville to the circus; it 's a well-known fact 's she was fool enough to look upon bein' took to a circus 's next thing to bein' asked out 'n' out. She come up to tell me all about it afterward."

"'N' yet—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"It just shows the vanity o' feelin' sure o' mortal man," continued Susan. "She was sure, 'n' Mrs. Allen was sure, 'n' the minister had faith; 'n' then there was Mrs.

Macy, too. There was a while when it looked to me 's if swoopin' down 'n' then pinnin' flat c'u'd catch anythin', 't Mrs. Macy 'd have the deacon, she was so everlastingly on hand. Why, I never walked by his house but I met her, 'n' that was far too often to ever by any chance be called a' accident. But she was too open; my own experience is 't bein' frank 'n' free is time throwed away on men. If anythin' serious is to be done with a man, it 's got to be done from behind a woodpile. I had some little dealin's with men in the marryin' line once, 'n' I found 'em very shy; tamin' gophers is sleepin' in the sun beside grabbin' a man 's dead against bein' grabbed. I don't say 's it can't be done, but I will say 't it 's hard in the first 'n' harder in the last, when you 've got him 'n' he 's got you, like the minister 's got his wife."

"But Mrs. Macy ain't—" protested Mrs. Lathrop.

"No; 'n' it 's her own fault, too. He told me this afternoon 's the way she smiled on him right in the first days made the marrow run up 'n' down his back. He said he c'u'd 'a' stood lots o' things, but no human bein' but gets mad bein' forever smiled at. Then she knit him things. He says she knit him a pair o' snap-on slippers 's Heaven 'll surely forgive him if he ever see the like of. He said they stuck out 's far behind 's in front, 'n' all in the world 't he c'u'd do was to sit perfectly still in the middle of 'em 'n' content himself with viewin' 'em 's slippers. But he says the worst was, she cooked him things; he says he won't say what he 's paid young Dr. Brown for advice regardin' things 's she 's cooked him, not to speak o' that time he cut himself so bad pryin' at one o' her undercrusts. 'N', just between you 'n' me, Mrs. Lathrop, he says it 's a secret 's he will carry to his grave unsealed she give him a crock o' gherkins on his birthday, with a pair o' buttonhole scissors at the bottom.

"He said he jus' felt he 'd enjoy to have the revenge o' stayin' single. But he said it did n't take him long to see 's stayin' single is a privilege 's no woman 's goin' to allow to a man whose wife 's dead. He says the way he 's been chased 's all but killin'. He says there 's Mrs. Allen firin' Polly at him when he goes over there for his dinner, 'n' the minister tellin' him every Sunday 'n' prayer-meetin' how Liza Em'ly is shootin' up. He says Gran'ma Mullins is ferever referrin' to his youth, 'n' Mrs. Macy is ferever smilin'. He says he could easy keep his house alone,—he says he understands a house from moth-balls to quicklime,—but they won't let him. He says he 's not only town property, but he 's town talk 's well. He says Mrs. Craig stopped him in the square 'n' asked him point-blank if he 'd remembered to put on his flannels.

"I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, it 's plain 't that man has suffered. If you 'd 'a' seen him, your heart would 'a' softened like mine did. 'N' him such a neat little bald-headed man without any wishin' o' anybody anythin'! I give him a lot o' sympathy. I told him 't I 'd knowed what it was to have a lot o' folks seem bound to marry you in the teeth o' your own will. I told him the whole community was witness to how I was set upon after father's death 'n' well-nigh drove mad. He said he wished he had my grit 'n' maybe he 'd make a try to fight like I did, but he said he was beat out. He said if he is n't up 'n' the smoke pourin' out o' his chimney at six sharp, all the single women in town is lined up in front to know what 's happened. He says if he was married, it goes without sayin' 's they 'd both be allowed to sleep in peace. He said if he lights a candle at night, he hears o' it next day. He said if he gets a letter in a strange hand, it 's all over town 's some strange woman 's made his acquaintance. He says the whole world feels free to dust his hat or w'isk his coat if he stops to chat a minute. He says, such bein' the case, he 's made up his mind 't he 's got to get married. He says he 's considered very carefully. He says he knows jus' the kind o' woman. He says he 's been fretted, 'n' he don't never want to be fretted no more."

Miss Clegg paused, as if the crisis had arrived. She surveyed her friend with a meaning eye, and Mrs. Lathrop rather shrunk together and endeavored to look courageous.

"Up to now 's been all preparin' your mind. Do you feel prepared? Are you ready?"

"Yes, I—" gasped the victim.

"Left to myself, I sh'u'd 'a' waited till mornin', but he wanted you to know tonight. He knows 's I 'm your dearest

friend. He said if I did n't tell you right off, it might get to you some other way 'n' be a' awful blow. He said he had to go to Meadville to-morrow, so he might mention it down-town to-night, 'n' 'most any one might let it drop in on you. I see the p'int o' his reasonin', 'n' so—"

"Susan," said the friend, her feelings completely overflowing all bounds—"oh, Susan, are you really a-goin' to marry—"

Susan's expression altered triumphantly.

"Why, Mrs. Lathrop," she said, with keen enjoyment, "it ain't me 's he wants to marry; it 's you!"

# PHILADELPHIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN ART

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

Managing Director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

I

INTO Penn's good old village of tree-bordered streets and undeviating angles, one day, about 1756, came Benjamin West, and founded American art. He had come from the neighboring Springfield, sequestered in the forest beside Ridley Creek, where he had struggled with a racial distrust of beauty, and overcome a thousand hindrances of the primeval woods. Destiny had marked him out for an artist, but she had ordained him to surmount obstacles severe enough to justify his birthright. He had neither the simplest tools of his calling, artistic associations, nor helpful traditions. Brushes and colors he found in primitive sources taught him by the red men, comradeship in aims and taste he formed among the enlightened merchants and scholars of Philadelphia, and traditions he himself made and left in the town.

To us of the Quaker City of to-day it is no new thing to take quiet satisfaction in the triumphs of our painters in the English capital. Sargent, at least by parentage a fellow-citizen, Abbey, John McLure Hamilton, and Mrs. Merritt, have carried our drab standard to the citadel itself. But in the middle eighteenth century, when Pennsylvania was a dependent colony and Philadelphia only a frontier hamlet, the spectacle of a colonial lad stepping from this obscurity and snatching honors from the elect was startling at home and an audacious trespass abroad.

West, however, was a darling of destiny. He had begun in Philadelphia a career which was to change, in many respects, the ideals of the art of his time. He spent a brief period in Italy, where his inclinations were confirmed by what he saw, and then in London took up that lifelong triumph which bloomed, under the royal patronage of George III, into noble compositions that enriched English art and dominated our own painting for a hundred years.

Yet West was at heart the simple Quaker he was born to be. In spite of a king's friendship and of successes that even the haughtiest English painters envied, his gentle nature turned with perennial affection to the dear land of his birth. He declined knighthood; he stood firm in his loyalty to his home in the war for freedom; and he sent back, as the twilight of his years closed about him, a rich token of his love in that impressive canvas, "Christ Healing the Sick," which hangs in the Pennsylvania Hospital, but is the heritage of the whole city. Even as late as 1809 it was characteristic of him to write: "Philadelphia I cannot name without being interested in all that has a connection with that city."

What wonder, then, that the youngsters of the brush should seek out this elder craftsman when the artistic tide of those

From the painting by Thomas Moran. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MOUNT MORAN IN THE TETON RANGE, IDAHO"

From the painting by William T. Richards, in the possession of Edward H. Coates, Esq. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"FEBRUARY"

days landed them in London? He was gentle, hospitable, passably rich, and partial to his countrymen. They were not slow to learn this, and one after another they tempted the perils of those early seas and found a refuge either under his generous roof or in his unsparing patronage.

Philadelphia was then, as it always has been, the alma mater of artists; and thus, from her matronly side, set forth Pratt and Wright, the Peales, Sully, and Leslie, who, residence and by the exercise there of his noblest ability. This was shown in those so-called "Athenæum" portraits of Washington and his wife, in which we know them best, and in the noble full-length figure of the first President, called the "Lansdowne" portrait, which was also the fruit of this productive period.

Whenever there was a youngster to develop or an artist to educate, there was not wanting in the conservative old town

From the painting by Birge Harrison. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MADISON AVENUE IN WINTER"

with Gilbert Stuart, fairly made up the American craft of painting in their day.

Stuart, who stands forth against the background of our history as perhaps the most masterly of the painters of his school, —a school conceived in England, though sufficiently individualized in him to be of native growth,—was not by birth a Philadelphian. He became one of the chief of the "tribe of Benjamin," as West's pupils liked to dub themselves, and was thus thrown in with the young Quakers both in London and at home. Afterward he was identified much with the town itself by of Penn a group of gentlemen who went down into their pockets and found the means. There were those, to be sure, who deemed it a scandal thus to temporize with the carnal arts; but the twofold nature of the pious founder was not omitted from the character of his citizens, and the liberal and enlightened element was ever ready to trim the flickering lamp of beauty.

Thus we are told that when Charles Willson Peale desired, by right of talent, to follow West to England, "several gentlemen of that city," whose fame sleeps in the prevailing anonymity, were ready with

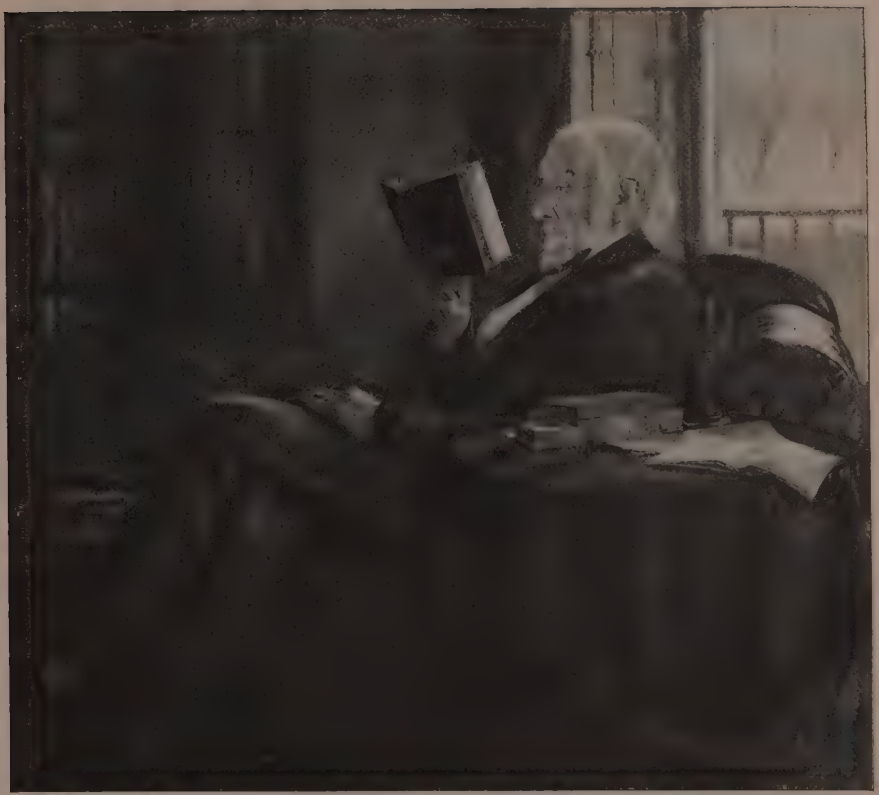
From the painting by Thomas Eakins. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS KENTON

funds and a God-speed to send him abroad. As always, this proved a good investment. We are rather slow to acknowledge what is so evident, but there is no record of such generous enterprise that I know of which has not resulted in profit for the city whence it comes. Give support to the arts, and you win taste and beauty and the high things of life; deny your service, and you have but dollars. This Charles Willson Peale it was who came back from four years under West's happy roof-tree and, with William Rush, our first sculptor of American parentage, planned the earliest national institution of the fine arts, the Pennsylvania Academy. Peale's was a mind active beyond the borders of his art, and for two or three generations he affixed his name to those museums of national history and the arts which delighted our ancestors and live enduringly in the memory of elderly gossip.

The genius who formed them lives no less securely in the portrait painted by himself, where, with the slight stoop of venerable age, he stands, lifting a huge curtain, under which lies the vista of the stuffed penguin, the portraits of celebrities, the caged specimens, and those antediluvian bones within the mammoth shelter of which Rembrandt Peale, his son, and "twelve other gentlemen," we are informed, "partook of a collation, all comfortably seated round a small table and one of Mr. Hawkins' patent portable pianos."

Thomas Sully, second only to Stuart in this honor-list, also owed his opportunity to visit London to "seven gentlemen of Philadelphia" who subscribed two hundred dollars each, for which they were to receive in return copies of noted works in the galleries abroad. He did his benefactors ample credit in Europe, and for half a century at home; and, from his celebrated portrait of the young and lovely Queen Victoria through all the countless effigies of stately old Philadelphia families, he shows the strong and genial character he was. Even the somewhat crusty nature of Stephen Girard unbent in the warmth of Sully's kindly association. He "caused to be built, in ad-



From the painting by John McLure Hamilton. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"MR. GLADSTONE IN DOWNING STREET"

dition to one of his houses, purposely for the artist, an exhibition and painting room"; and beside this hospitable hearth, "surrounded by his numerous family," Sully was prosperous and famous for many years of his long career.

The Quaker town at this tranquil day was busy enough with art. Trott, who painted miniatures only a step below Malbone, was Sully's cotenant; and John Neagle married Sully's stepdaughter, while Jane, his daughter, herself well remembered in native art, married the father of F. O. C. Darley, whom every American knows as our talented early illustrator.

Here, too, were James Peale, only less excellent than his brother Charles Willson; the Birches—William Russell, whose enamels are unique, and Thomas; Jacob Eichholtz and Bass Otis, portrait-painters of an imitative quality, perhaps, but deserving of distinct mention; John Lewis Krimmell, a sort of American Wilkie; Nicola Monachesi, who came from Italy in 1831 and was the first to paint fresco in wet mortar; Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist; Thomas Doughty, "at one time the best landscape-painter in the country"; Joshua Shaw, who brought over West's "Christ Healing the Sick," and was an accomplished inventor besides a talented interpreter of Pennsylvania landscape; Robert Fulton, the better-known inventor of the steamboat, if a lesser-known painter of portraits; Henry Inman, a portraiturist of distinct individuality; George H. Comegys, a genre artist who delighted his contemporaries with humor or pathos; and T. Buchanan Read, known as well for his painting as for his poetic vision of "Sheridan's Ride."

I have rambled on so freely about Sully and his lesser contemporaries that there is danger of doing scant justice to Rem-

From the painting by William Sartain. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"ARABIAN HEAD"

brandt Peale, whose renown came to him even before Sully won his own. Rembrandt, as he preferred to be called, in sublime disregard of a somewhat celebrated painter of the same name, was not so skilled a portraiturist as his father; but he left a precious deal of interesting work, including many heads of Frenchmen of celebrity, whom he went abroad to paint as features of the hereditary museum.

Rembrandt Peale, with his brother Raphael, enjoyed the intelligent patronage of the Quaker town; but after them the open hand went forth to a greater personality and painter who, though born a Philadelphian, made London his home, as West had done before him.

This was Charles Robert Leslie, who owed the first steps of his career to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which voted a purse of a hundred dollars as a contribution to the handsome fund gathered from other generous Philadelphia patrons. Under such auspices he went well equipped to the amiable West, and for twenty-two years he used his brush with ardor and won sufficient rewards. His election to a professorship in art at West Point, a post for which his inclinations unfitted him, and the examples we have of his humorous, delicate, and tender work, bear witness to his worth.

Leslie came at the end of a long line of skilled and earnest painters who derived their impulses from genuine sources. They had given Philadelphia preëminence in their day among the intellectual centers of the new land, and the Quaker town had

not ignored them. She had not been accounted specially a generous town, nor were her citizens of an artistic bias; but there was always a way of overcoming the drab in her blood when the higher calls were heard, and we have seen that no aspirant with a suggestion of talent was allowed to fare forth empty-handed. In return, they all loved the dear old city, and, even if absent, as some of them were for years, looked back to it always with loyalty and affection.

But after these progenitors came a lesser line—second sons, so to speak, who remind us of the response of Gilbert Stuart Newton, one of the same sort, to the rector of Grace Church in New York. "I think you will say my paintings are tolerable, Mr. Newton," said he. "Tolerable? Why, yes; but would you eat a tolerable egg?"

More than tolerable perhaps they were, deserve our remembrance and our respect.

In his own day—and this was a long one, extending from 1830 to 1897—no one did more to cherish these traditions than the venerable and much-loved John Sartain. He was an artist of prodigious industry and much skill, but his memory will live by reason of his benign influence and through his contributions to engraving rather than from the volume of his work with the brush. There was Isaac L. Williams, dear old gentleman, who, at seventy, still loved to trudge into the landscape he had pictured according to his traditions; Christian Schuessele, who, in 1848, was brought to Philadelphia from Alsace to teach at the Academy, and whose influence still lives in the work of more brilliant pupils like Abbey and Eakins; Emanuel Leutze, painter of ambitious

From the painting by Thomas Hovenden. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES"

these survivors from the greater era of old Philadelphia; but as men who loved the town and lived according to the light vouchsafed for art in the dark years between the forties and the seventies, they compositions, after the manner of his day; James Hamilton, follower of Turner, with half a genius in his erratic mold; Samuel B. Waugh, who came to be the artist-laureate of solid respectability; Russell Smith,

From the pastel by Mary Cassatt, owned by Durand-Ruel. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"L'ENFANT À LA ROBE BLEUE"

the scene-painter, who made that craft an art, and Mary Smith, his gifted daughter; James Read Lambdin and his son, George C. Lambdin, whose roses breathed the frail loveliness of the dewy hours; Paul Weber, whose "Landscape—Evening," known from childhood, gives me always the sentiment of sun-touched trees as few pictures ever do; William H. Furness, Jr., the gifted son of his noble father; Robert Wylie, one of the early adventurers to Brittany, whose pictures show the new influences of the approaching day; Howard Roberts, a sculptor, who ought to have lived in a less dreary age; and finally Peter Frederic Rothermel, whose compositions followed his predecessors, but whose color often makes me believe it the unconscious forerunner of the coming dawn. Into this he lived, but with the settled impulses of age which vibrate not to things new and strange.

II

So much, then, for the survival of English traditions in American art—the American art, let it be said, which up to this time had centered in Philadelphia. The painters I have been passing in such irreverent haste kept hallowed the memories of the grand style. They were respectful, if distant, followers of Raphael, whose glories came to them tempered by the Saxon phlegm of Benjamin West. Except Stuart, who could be a person even in the prevailing uniform, they painted by prescription, and nature was as alien to them as to King Louis's wig.

But the causes that brewed the caldron of the Terror were, in their milder degree, at work in the bloodless field of art. Liberty meant freedom from conventions, a return to Nature, the forsaken mother whose nakedness had offended. In France it was fit that the reaction should begin, and to the Romantic School of 1830 we owe the new impulses that have been molding native artists for a generation.

In Philadelphia there were not a few shoots from the old stem, which showed something was at work below the surface. William T. Richards began to paint the sea as he felt it, and to draw its masses and undulations with a precision which caused a great painter the other day, standing before a large marine of his, to exclaim: "I take my hat off to him—I lift my hat to him: he 's a master of drawing." Mr. Richards, too, brought to his art that knowledge and love of the kindred art of letters, which mean so much in subtlety of insight, but are ignored so often for paint alone. He will talk, if the mood takes him, with profundity shot through with lovable humor, on the meaning of Wordsworth, till one is suffused with that old-fashioned spirit of tranquillity which comes to men who know how to live in the spirit, and comes to none other.

Mr. Richards went abroad first in 1855; but at that day Düsseldorf had interposed in a mild interregnum between English and French impulses, and he was scarce touched by the newer movement. In 1856 he came to his native Philadelphia, and, notwithstanding seasons of life in Newport and many tours to the rocky coasts he loves to paint, he owns allegiance to the Quaker gray.

Others of his generation there are, or were, whose claim to recognition will be granted by their peers and even by those fellow-townsmen who valued, if they but too scantly encouraged, their efforts. Of such are the Ferrises (father and son); the Morans, Thomas, Edward, and Peter, the first of whom has won national repute for his painting of "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "The Chasm of the Colorado," purchased by Congress, and now hung in the Capitol; Bernhard Uhle, J. B. Sword, William H. Willcox, W. A. Porter, E. Taylor Snow, Thomas B. Craig, Kirkpatrick, William Sartain, Alexander M. Calder, F. de B. Richards, De Crano, the two Schells, Milne Ramsey, Charles H. Stephens, and Linford. These kept alive the embers when there were few to stir the fire and little fuel to boil the pot.

Little by little the procession moved forward, and the new impulses ripened. Presently there came into view three or four gifted women, the first of their sex to take up the calling that now yields so much in honor and in reward. The ability of Anna Lea Merritt, Emily Sartain, Sarah Dodson, and Helen Corson (who afterward married the lamented Hovenden), must have astonished a generation stingy enough of its acknowledgments even to artists of the conventional sex. These were all women of unusual initiative, as they had to be in that day, and Miss Sartain's work with the etching-needle thus gave way to her instinct for administration. As her

richest contribution to American art she will summon from the designing-rooms of many mills a throng of girls educated under her guidance in the School of Design for Women.

With Mrs. Merritt it was a different story. She clung to the almost effaced traditions of England, and went to London for study. But her art is tinctured with another dye than that of West. She descends with the English lineage of Vandyke, and her lovely portraits of the patrician type seem meant for niches in wainscoted oak. Not a few laurels have fallen to her share, and her tender and graceful composition "Love Locked Out" hangs with deserved honor among the group purchased by the Chantry Fund in the Tait Gallery, London. Mrs. Merritt keeps true to another tradition of the loftier British painters: she can use her pen, as readers of THE CENTURY are aware, with the charm and skill made evident by her brush.

But in Philadelphia the first visible effects of the romantic awakening appeared among such artists as Daniel Ridgway Knight (so he then signed himself), Henry S. Bisbing, John J. Boyle, Carl Newman, Mary Cassatt, Clifford P. Grayson, Henry R. Poore, Thomas Eakins, Charles H. Fromuth, Gaylord Truesdell, and Alexander and Birge Harrison. All these, except Birge Harrison, were students in the Pennsylvania Academy schools, and in the seventies, or thereabout, they migrated to Europe, whence rumors of the return to Nature began to blow across the sea. Bisbing, I believe, went first to Munich, but later the tide took him to France, where the rest had gone. They were all born on the banks of the Delaware, in that city built, as its rivals pleasantly charge, of dormitories, and they have brought it honor by wearing laurels justly won.

To have given birth to an interpreter of the sea like Alexander Harrison is a distinct epoch in the history of a city. The triumphs of the dollar may seem to outstrip such quieter happenings for a time; but when commerce shifts to newer centers and values drop with the changing preferences of men, the achievements of the intellect are a saving grace. It is no wonder that France has showered decorations on Alexander Harrison. He is worth winning. But, even through our apathy, we also realize this, and shall continue with increasing conviction to value him as his years and abilities gather.

Indeed, it behooves us to make up for lost time and shelter under our civic wing the wandering brood, now almost too great, as well in number as in fame, to find refuge in the old home. We have been but a shrewish mother to them, proud enough of their honors when these cost us nothing, but offering scant straw with which to make bricks. We have educated them as no other American city could have done, and have taken with tranquil satisfaction the light reflected from their talents; but early we cast them adrift, and we are answerable, and, I fear, unrepentant.

What other town has such a list to show? Mary Cassatt, with her homely madonnas, which bring into human touch the sentiment of maternity without loss of artistic reserve; Eakins, with his massive and severe embodiments; Boyle, authentic in his rude strength; Poore, the portrait-painter of his comrade and servant the hound; Newman, experimentalist with day and candle-light and lover of flowers; Birge Harrison, who measures his capacity so unerringly in delicate snow-pieces; Knight, in his compositions of homely sentiment; Fromuth, with pastels of boats which have won the enthusiasm of Rodin and Thaulow. All these will stand as witnesses of our regard for beauty from the seventies to the nineties, and by them we shall be valued in the future as the older group had classified us in the past.

I link together Thomas Hovenden and John McLure Hamilton only because they happened to be contemporaries who responded to influences different from those that were stirring their fellow-townsmen. The lovable, self-forgetting Hovenden, whose closing act was an attempt to rescue a little child from an approaching train,—a heroic application of his lifelong principle of giving his best for the happiness of others,—held to the English traditions, modified by what he had caught from Düsseldorf. His picture of John Brown kissing the negro infant, and the pathetic masterpiece, "Breaking the Home Ties," belong, with much else that he produced, among the works safe from forgetfulness. But even were this less so, his noble qualities of mind and heart would keep his memory always green.

John McLure Hamilton has scarcely a

visible stem in the art of the near past. In his turn, he left the old schools on Chestnut street and packed his colors for Europe. He went first to Antwerp, where Eakins also tarried; but after a while the irresistible tide of those days bore him to Paris. Thence, by some affinity for the English way of seeing men and nature, he journeyed to London, where, with many visits to his old home, he has lived and painted for not a few years—painted masterly portraits of men who led English life: Gladstone, and Cardinal Newman, and Professor Tyndall. And yet recognition came to him finally from France, whose catholicity of choice saw in his smaller portrait of Gladstone those elements which link it with the achievements of other days. It hangs with the exclusive few American works in the Luxembourg, while a larger version, "Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street," represents its honored student in the Philadelphia Academy.

It was later still that Cecilia Beaux emerged from the Pennsylvania Academy schools and went to France; but she has been so closely identified with the life of Philadelphia that she holds a nearer relation than the others to the actual growth of taste. She has been a serene and intimate influence, without assertion, but with quiet firmness in the choice of things of beauty as opposed to things of fashion. Her example has made for elevated opinion and helped to form standards high and clear in those narrow paths between the ephemeral and the enduring which confuse the unelect. Doubtless she is as little aware of all this as are the passive objects upon which her character has reacted; but to those who have felt consciously the spell of her clear-headed personality, and know the true ring of her sense of beauty, it is no idle fancy. Her painting had won the approval and patronage of her fellow-townsmen long before her reputation had gone beyond the borders; and now that she stands forth as one of the three or four leaders of American art, the old affection has blossomed into frank admiration.

All the world joins us in this,—the cultivated world whose sentiments make opinion,—and in testimony I am tempted to quote a very few lines from a remarkable private letter written by a noted French critic when Miss Beaux's pictures first appeared in the Salon. "There is one name," he writes, "which you may conjure with, and around it the laurels entwine themselves—Madame Cecilia Beaux. She shows us a side of America free from hurry, retired, and tranquil; and we rest content and meditative in the atmosphere created by her admirable talent. This, to be sure, is but one phase of your country. Would all corners of America equally had their Cecilia Beauxs!"

But while the old Academy schools were thus equipping men and women whose faces were turned toward Europe, there was a group, no less eager and talented, who were destined to fulfil their promise by staying at home, at least during the period of early growth. These were the illustrators, who have created the first distinctive American vein in art, with a medium and method all their own. To Schuessele and Eakins, his successor, full honor must be given for their thorough-going instruction, their insistence on anatomy and drawing, their ardor for insight, and their ceaseless work. It was to Schuessele, in an arid day, that Eakins himself owed his earliest impulses; and Abbey has generously said that the principles laid down by that painstaking teacher have served him as no later study has done. You may see the traits thus acquired showing through the work of Arthur B. Frost, Howard Pyle, Joseph Pennell, Alice Barber Stephens, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Stephen Parrish. They know how to draw by principle, not by accident, and those of them who have taken the places left vacant in the schools by their elders have carried on the tradition with no visible break, saving perhaps that under the guidance of Henry J. Thouron a larger infusion of the spirit has found its way into the accuracy of the flesh.

I often wonder if any town but Philadelphia, with its Quaker conscience and self-effacement, could produce such teachers as Henry J. Thouron, Thomas P. Anshutz, and James P. Kelley. To them the brilliant young group who are winning back for us the lost prestige of half a century ago owe incalculable things. Thouron has put aside his own delicate work, and given devoted years, with the humility of a sacred calling, to the service of his students. He has, in return, gained a loyal and zealous attachment; but his own power of creation is only a memory which lies enshrined in half a dozen classic designs of enduring

beauty. Anshutz, no less devoted, has flung his talents a free sacrifice, with only the rich return which follows all renunciation; and to him the younger brood owe the traditional accuracy of drawing and the sincerity which his sturdy character implants. Kelley died too young to have given so much, but what he had he dealt out with open hand.

Under the teaching of Eakins and these three, joined at different periods with Robert W. Vonnoh, who is half a Philadelphian, Joseph De Camp, William M. Chase,—a citizen of Philadelphia two days a week,—and Cecilia Beaux, there have come forth in the last ten or a dozen years more than a score of young men and women of marked talent who have taken places in the catalogue of American art.

Charles Grafly is of these, a sculptor of whom a distinguished painter said to me the other day: "There are only two sculptors in the world, anyhow, to my thinking—Rodin and Grafly." He was talking the tall language of the studio, but there was a kind of truth below it, for Grafly has won the respect of all his American peers for modeling that says the last word and for imaginative designs that stimulate and uplift. He had a gold medal from France at the last exposition, and another from Buffalo; but he is as careless of such extrinsic honors as he is conscientious in his craft. The other day he refused a handsome payment rather than alter one jot of an artistic conception which his own taste approved. Modest and simple, he is as firm in the right as a law of nature.

Henry O. Tanner, too, belongs to the same period. He has worked out a destiny, limited by many detriments, to high honor. His "Raising of Lazarus" hangs in the Luxembourg, and he takes rank with the best talent that America has sent to represent her in Paris. Colin Campbell Cooper, much a sojourner in Holland and Paris, keeps high the standard with his suggestive and busy street scenes, which give to an ephemeral subject that brilliant charm and symmetry of grouping which stamp it with permanency and show its painter to possess fancy and subtle resource. Then there is John Lambert, who shows year by year more mastery of his chosen field of portrait-painting. Those who remember the "Mrs. John Cadwalader," and have had the good fortune to see the "Mrs. Clement Newbold," will acknowledge his distinction of style and high-bred air. To him are related by artistic ties W. Elmer Schofield and Edward W. Redfield, the two "fields" whose borders march together in education, comradeship, and common aims. They know as few do the loveliness that lurks in unsullied snow by Pennsylvania brooksides, and they render this with a poetry worthy of the author of "The Luggie," homely celebrant of the like beauty in the Scottish hills. Charles Morris Young, though a trifle the junior of these, has found the same witchery in snow, but makes it yield a beauty consistently his own. Robert Henri and John Sloan must be classed with their comrades, both in aims and in antecedents; but superficially there is a difference, for Sloan and Henri are in search of tone and dark harmonies of color, with less care for form and sentiment.

Others there are, not a few, who have sprung from the land of Penn and sent their growing repute beyond its limits. Of these are A. Stirling Calder, sculptor of the bronze "Dr. Gross" in front of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington; William T. Trego, whose "Battery en Route" is remembered for its reality and handsome gray tone; Florence Esté, chosen recently for the honor of election in the New Salon of Paris; Ida Waugh, painter of a "Hagar and Ishmael" which shows mastery in sentiment and composition; Elizabeth Wentworth Roberts, whose "White Shawl" stands for a talent sensitive to the richness in simple color, the fullness of simple life; Samuel Murray, whose small, well-modeled figures in plaster and bronze unite uncommon accuracy and charm; Carol H. Beck, known by her conscientious portraits; Lillian M. Genth, rising into note for landscapes rich in tone; F. F. English and Charles E. Dana, skilled alike as water-colorists; and Edmund A. Stewardson, whose lamented death deprived us of a sculptor of high possibilities.

Now here are nearly a dozen artists, like a dozen shoots from the same stock, showing more or less the bias of their early training,—I believe all were at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts but Miss Roberts,—yet individual enough in outlook and in treatment. They have caught something from European study, no doubt; but this has helped, not hindered, them in car-

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE PAGE OF COUNT REYNAURD"

From the painting by Alexander Harrison, in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington. Engraved on wood by H. Wolf

"LE CRÉPUSCULE"

rying forward the stream of influence which welled up in the young and isolated Benjamin West and came down to us through men and women of sterling performance. They stand for what we have done with our heritage of early renown in art, and I for one am willing to confide to them its preservation and its growth.

Cheerful news it is, too, that the current is not destined to perish with these; for out of the same soil, worked for more than a century and a half, are springing even a later breed with saucy independence and new airs and graces. Some of these, as Hugh H. Breckenridge, John R. Connor, W. H. C. Sheppard, and Frank Walter Taylor, were students chosen from the Academy for the annual foreign scholarship founded by the liberality of the late Charles Hare Hutchinson, long a director of the institution. Breckenridge has worked in pastel with noticeable results, and his ability as a teacher has been employed in the Academy schools. The others are in the hands of destiny, with Alice Mumford, Albert Barker, Elizabeth and Mary Bonsall, Paula Himmelsbach, Caroline Peart, Janet Wheeler, Eleanore Plaisted Abbott, Anne Whelen, Ethel Betts, Anna M. Richards, F. R. Gruger, and that graceful mistress of design, Ellen Macaulay—a waiting line who may or may not draw prizes in the lottery so alluring yet so dubious.

But the direction in which the artistic talent of the town has developed most of late is toward illustration and design. How short a time it seems to some of us since Henry McCarter, now an acknowledged master of this branch, came forth from the old schools and notified the magazines that he had a new and more striking, and quite as genuine, way of doing the age-old thing. He was a pioneer in the field, one of the first to seize the decorative elements in man and nature and adapt them to illustration. Then that child of genius, Maxfield Parrish—it seems only yesterday that he came up out of the schools of the Academy and in the twinkling of an eye became an original and established artist. He had found a way of his own, literally a self-invented method, even before he left the classes. There are still in the school-rooms compositions of his brimming over with humor and as fresh as bloom from an ancient bough. Such, indeed, he was, for the

From the painting by Anna Lea Merritt. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"EVE"

From the painting by John S. Sargent. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE GOELET

traditions in which he grew were as old as Peale's first school of 1791; yet with each season there comes a new artistic birth. Witness to this is furnished by Everett Shinn and his wife, Florence Scovel Shinn. They went over to New York fresh from the old portals on Broad street, and suddenly Gotham found new and rare interpreters. Shinn had been taught to draw by sincere guidance, and, like Parrish, had enjoyed the high advantage of Henry Thouron's teaching in composition. To these merits he brought an angle of vision turned curiously on a life new and fascinating to him, and out of this combination have come the busy pastels of the streets and squares. W. J. Glackens was also of this period in the old schools, and he is the artistic growth of almost similar conditions; yet how individual are his hustling city groups, how self-chosen and brimming with native humor!

At one, yet as widely separated in style and impulse as a group of wild saplings, are the youngsters emerging from this venerable nursery of West and Peale and Sully; and not the least encouraging symptom of the times—one which, perhaps, those progenitors of art would have wagged their heads over—is the predominance of women in the field.

Art is theirs by right of birth: they have instincts for color and native traits of taste; they belong to society and the household, where these are most employed; and they bring leisure and reflection to the study of the craft in a day when men are fast losing those needful attributes. What, for instance, could be more conducive to the growth of individual talent than retirement to such a retreat as the Red Rose Inn, where the gifted trio of latest fame have withdrawn from the inquietude of the city? There, in the shade of embowering roses and well within deep screens of privet, they are working out in happy comradeship destinies which are sure to be as enduring as they are delightful.

Everybody who reads the magazines has learned to know the distinctive work of these three—Violet Oakley, Jessie Willcox Smith, and Elizabeth Shippen Green. They invaded and conquered the monthlies at a stroke. They trace back to the same sources of instruction as the others, saving that there was the added grace of advice from Mr. Pyle; and they show their antecedents as kin show a central type, though each possesses charming elements of her own.

Miss Oakley has ventured much with stained-glass design and mural decoration. Her work in these mediums at the Church of All Angels in New York is a performance astonishing both in its large physical execution and in its devout and lofty conception. Miss Green touches childhood with peculiar sympathy, not forgetting its humor; and Miss Smith has been happy in this vein as well as in the illustration of books long known. These are, to be sure, rather arbitrary ascriptions for talents by no means limited; but the variety find unity in a common core of decorative treatment and in a refinement of conception for which sex might account were the technical robustness less marked.

With these three in their city studio, Elizabeth W. Ahrens was long a cotenant. Besides being a painter of uncommonly good portraits, she has many traits as a designer in common with her triple associates. Another talented illustrator of their own sex and day, and who is allied to them by many artistic ties, is Charlotte Harding. She was a student in the Academy schools, who came thither from the School of Design for Women, and has been occupying a studio for some years with Alice Barber Stephens. Quietly yet irresistibly her work has found acceptance in high places, and she is an acknowledged mistress of that sort of illustration which characterizes this entire new group of women, and consists in the emphasis of those decorative elements which lend themselves so much better to a magazine page than the portrayal of frank personality and conventional landscape. This is their discovery. They have taught us how rich and full of meaning the pictures in a magazine may be, and they have brought into the field of illustrative art a gracious accent of feminine personality which will forever dominate it.

Here, then, on the extreme limits of Philadelphia's contribution to American art, one may pause with no little satisfaction in a tradition unbroken from the beginnings of native painting, in achievement well established, and in promise of enduring growth.

When a garden has bloomed through a score of seasons, one does not have to plant it anew each year. Its most charm-

From the painting by Cecilia Beaux. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

"REVERY"

ing attribute is that genial age from which spring unbidden ever fresh and vigorous shoots. Such is the artistic garden of the lovable old Quaker City, maligned for a slowness which I would that Heaven might once again recall, so that in the tranquillity of sweet and true reserve she should fulfil her high artistic mission, and hold forth her quiet example to the clamorous nothingness of hurry.

# TO A SEA-GULL, INLAND

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

COMPANIONLESS! how didst thou thus elude
Thy brave, storm-battling brothers, here to wing
Along this river's inland solitude,
Lone, songless pilgrim, on this day of spring?

Did warm land-scents allure, wave-weary gull?
One after one, thy fellows fall from thee
Till thou didst find the green shores wonderful
And miss the heavy tossings of the sea?

Or, storm-bewildered, didst thou hunt for peace
Up that still inlet that our river fills,
And fly to find from wave and tide release,
On toward this mastless harbor 'mong the hills?

Wild-hearted bird, why cam'st thou, on what quest
Startle our homely thrushes? Thou canst have
No solace here; thy sleep is flight, thy nest
The unabiding hollows of the wave.

Peace is not here; thy kingdom of the mist
Lies far behind thee, voyager, to-day.
No lifted wave thy gaunt wing here hath kissed;
And the tall ships thou follow'st—far away!

Aye, wheel! it is not here; aye, turn again!—
With sleepless eyes now full of mystery,
E'en as the heart goes back to its old pain,
Thou must return unto thy native sea!

So, white-winged wonder of a day, farewell!
To thy glad fellows of the restless tide
Fly back again; there in wild storm and swell,
In thine old battle doth thy peace abide.

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'SUCH BEAUTY—SUCH WONDER—SUCH A HEART—TO DIE FOR ME!'"

# MADELINE TRISTRAM

## BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "The Rescue" and "Paths of Judgement"

A GIRL was sitting in the room when Maverley entered—the delightful white room, with long windows opening on the golden greens of a hot summer afternoon; it was like the cool, pearly interior of a sea-shell, lapped round with translucent depths of water; and the tall girl sitting there, in her flowing dress of black and white, carried on a pretty water-sprite simile. Maverley, after his tedious, sweltering journey down from London, was in the happiest mood of relaxation.

The young lady, a fellow-guest evidently, rose, her book in her hand, and stood for a moment facing him, as though in doubt of a vicariously hospitable duty. Maverley, returning her look with one of genial anticipation, felt, however, that his mood was incongruous; something seemed to have snapped it right across; water-sprite similes left his mind. On the contrary, in this day of radiance and gaiety, the presence before him, now that he met its eyes, suddenly suggested a wraith crossing the radiance with a warning from an alien world.

It was ridiculous to feel an involuntary chill, to look at a young lady who was beautiful enough for any simile and feel afraid of her. Maverley was unaware of having nerves, and justifiably confident of being difficult to frighten.

She had smooth black hair, a narrow white face, and eyes oddly pale and oddly radiant. And now, after this confronting moment that seemed long, she turned away, and stepping from the window, disappeared into the dazzling day outside. Maverley almost laughed at himself; he needed the reassurance of a laugh, for he had certainly and absurdly felt a pang of terror.

His hostess saved him from an analysis of this trick of the nerves, coming in from her drive, eager to greet him. Mrs. Graham and Maverley were contemporaries, although the man, after his life in India, looked more than his forty years, and Mrs. Graham, among many other people, had thought that Maverley for long had bravely smiled under the disappointment of her choice of Graham rather than of himself. But Maverley was aware of no bravery in the smile, and any disappointment was a hazy memory that carried him back to unfamiliarly callow epochs. He was fond of this affectionate comrade, and fond of her husband, and felt a kindly solicitude in the welfare of the young Grahams.

Constance, as he told her, had hardly changed during the five years that had passed since their last meeting: the good blue eyes, the distinguished nose and chin, the rosy, active plumpness. A nose like Mrs. Graham's could carry off any amount of plumpness. and hers was as yet by no means unwieldy. The day was restored to its normal significance as he looked at her, as he sat talking to her while she gave him tea, telling her lazily of his own doings—his life in India as a prominent government official had large responsibilities—and vividly interested in her fresh points of view about the English life that these five years had dimmed for him.

"And now you will stay for a month at least, won't you?" she said. "Ted counts on it, and you can always fall back on him if people bore you: a good many will be coming and going."

Maverley had finished his tea and was leaning back in his deep chintz chair, his hands clasped behind his head.

"You are thinner and browner, but nicer than ever," said Mrs. Graham. "I like the

pointed beard, Vivian; it makes you look diplomatic—an excellent impression for such impulsive warm-heartedness as yours to give; it must keep people off a little more."

"I like them on, you know. Of the people coming and going, Constance, who was the extraordinary young lady who was sitting here when I came in?"

The day was normal again, and mere curiosity was, normally, his only feeling.

Mrs. Graham's blue eyes attached themselves to his for a swift moment, and seemed to question him with a curiosity deeper than his own; but they returned placidly to her tea-pot as she replenished it from the kettle and asked: "Which young lady? There are four in the house, including my own Gladys, whom you remember."

"She was tall and slender, and black and white, with very large, wide-opened eyes."

"Oh—my niece. You remember poor Hugh died two years ago. This is his girl, Madeline Tristram. I 've taken her to live with me. Her mother's people, who had her at first, did n't make her happy; they are of the merely fashionable type, and Madeline does n't care much about going out. She has been with me for a year. But why extraordinary?" Mrs. Graham added.

Maverley felt in the question an unconscious reproof of the absurd mood.

"Well, she is beautiful— extraordinarily beautiful."

"Yes, she is," said Mrs. Graham. And she went on after a slight pause: "She is a very clever girl, and, above all, a very good girl. She is always working at some dull drudgery for some dull committee. I almost resent her youth and beauty being dedicated to all the more thankless tasks of our modern highly organized charities; but she seems to like it."

"She is certainly wonderfully beautiful," Maverley repeated.

He did not see Miss Tristram again until dinner-time; and then, as she was the last to come in, he saw first the group in which Mrs. Graham had placed her,—three of the four girls: Gladys; and Mary Grey, who was ugly, intelligent, with prominent teeth; and Frances Goldworthy, who was pretty and very young, and engaged in a love-affair, not yet decisive, with young Collin Thornton. This group stood out in graceful freshness on a sober background of married couples. Sir Archie Fleetwood, an amusing, languid youth; Collin Thornton himself; and a cheerful, callow boy, son of a neighboring squire, were the bachelors of the party. The lamps had not yet been brought, and the drawing-room was cool with the twilight coolness outside. The cries and laughter of the younger Graham children came from the dewy lawns. Miss Goldworthy laughed on a sofa with her suitor, and talk flowed happily when Madeline Tristram entered. The girl, again in white, but an unrelieved white hardly distinguishable in the dusk from her arms and neck, gave Maverley the strangest impression of solitude as she walked down the long room, smiling calmly and steadily, but not as though she smiled at anybody. She was, indeed, extraordinarily beautiful, and that perhaps explained the sudden hush that greeted her. People naturally turned to look, and, naturally no doubt, stopped talking for a moment.

"Vivian, you have n't formally met my niece," Mrs. Graham said, detaining Madeline by the hand as the girl was passing her, on her way, apparently, to a solitary chair near the window.

"Not formally," said Maverley, smiling.

"This is an old friend of ours, Madeline," Mrs. Graham added, still holding the girl by her hand.

"I knew your father," said Maverley. The pale, shining eyes were on his, and, simple and unembarrassed in her silence, she still smiled; her delicate lips seemed set in that line of faint smiling. "I knew him in India; I 've spent a lot of my life out there."

"Madeline was born in India." Mrs. Graham softly tapped the hand she held upon her chair-arm.

"That was before my day. It must have been while I was at Eton." He paternally recognized Miss Tristram's youth.

"Yes, Madeline is twenty-three," Mrs. Graham assented to his chronology; "but you can hardly compare Indian notes—she left it when she was only a few months old."

"Ah, yes," Maverley repeated. He remembered that Hugh Tristram's wife had died in India. Quietly as the girl looked from one to the other while they spoke of her, he felt, before her silence, a growing discomfort—to call it by a tepid name. He must master it, or, once more, his nerves might play him that ludicrous trick;

and it was to reassure himself as to their soundness that he smiled at her again as he again met her eyes. For a moment, above Mrs. Graham's genial head, they held his. Then Mrs. Graham unclasped her hand, and she moved away, going to the solitary seat from which they had detained her, where, contentedly it seemed, she bent her head to watch the children playing on the lawn.

Maverley was asking himself what was the matter with him. What had he felt in that mute moment of encounter? He would not answer the question. He and Constance chatted, speciously he knew, and neither spoke further of Madeline Tristram.

At the dinner-table, from his place beside Mrs. Parflew, the rector's wife, he could see Miss Tristram far down the table. It was the dull boy who sat beside her, and he seemed to talk easily enough to her, while she turned to him the unvarying assent of her smile. Maverley imagined, as he watched, that the youth must be very dull, very self-centered, to talk so easily. Mrs. Parflew noticed his wandering attention, and her eyes followed his. She dropped her voice a little to say, "That 's an odd girl, don't you think?"

It was not his own imagination, then, his own unrecognizable nerves—he saw that in Mrs. Parflew's intelligent countenance; but he was sorry that it was not, distinctly sorry that Madeline Tristram stirred even this cheerful and obvious lady to surmise. He took refuge in the subterfuge of the afternoon. "She is extraordinarily beautiful."

"Yes, is n't she?" said Mrs. Parflew, good-humoredly willing to accept the evasion. She added, however: "She never talks; it 's so odd."

"Never?" Maverley could not control the startled quality of his voice.

"Well, I *have* heard her speak. I mean that it 's quite noticeable—her not speaking. She is a nice, good girl," Mrs. Parflew went on; "she is always helping us. She will do anything—all manner of dull things other people shirk; but it 's always in her own odd way."

"In what way do you mean? This mystery interests me."

"Ah, that 's it, you see; she is a mystery. One can hardly describe it. She never wants to be near people. She wants to help them, apparently; but it must be indirectly—at a distance from them."

He did not like to question, but he had to allow himself, "Does n't she care for people?"

"Oh, I should say she did, perhaps," said Mrs. Parflew. "It 's rather the other way round."

He was left to ponder this saying while Mrs. Parflew turned her talk on her right-hand neighbor.

For the three weeks that followed Maverley, quite uncomfortably, watched Miss Tristram, so absorbed in conjecture that he sometimes wondered, pulling himself up short, whether she must not guess that she was being watched. And he wondered if other people were watching, too; but though the others apparently assented to her avoidance of them,—perhaps furthered it by their own avoidance of her,—he could catch no signs of a brooding intentness such as his own. It seemed by tacit consent accepted that she was not one of themselves. On neither side, perhaps, was there conscious withdrawal. She was among them, but it was as if they were embarked on a speeding ship, all pennons, music, light, and dancing, and she was a white albatross flying in loneliness beside it. From decks where lanterns swung against the darkness Maverley seemed to himself to lean and gaze and gaze at the bird that followed in the desolate void of black waves and sky.

Miss Tristram apparently spent her mornings in the drudgery of charities to which her aunt had referred, for in the mornings she did not appear. After lunch she went into the woods with a book. After tea she rode alone. Maverley saw her depart once or twice, and found a reassurance in the sight. She made him less uncomfortable than usual when he beheld her cantering down the avenue in the flickering lights of late afternoon. She and her horse, graceful, supple, and strong, looked as if joy were with them. Was she so joyless that he, the mere onlooker, could feel the change in her when she rode away on her horse—away from people who grew silent when she came among them? He told himself more and more vehemently that he was growing morbid, and that if his thoughts continued so to brood on Madeline Tristram, he must frankly tell Constance of his folly, and frankly ask her if

there were any reason for it. Yet how define a folly so indefinite? He only knew that when he encountered that still presence, met those steady eyes, it was with a pang, a thrill—of what he could not tell.

It was on an afternoon, having seen Madeline Tristram ride away, that Maverley, sitting on the lawn near the three other girls, heard them talking of her.

"You have known her for a long time, have n't you?" Frances Goldworthy asked Gladys. Gladys was a blonde, bonny girl, slender and with her mother's nose and chin. She stooped to play with her Dandie Dinmont as she answered: "Yes. She has lived with us for a year. I never knew her very well before that. She and my uncle traveled a lot."

"Were they very devoted to each other?" asked Mary Grey, who was sewing.

"I suppose so," and Gladys turned the Dandie Dinmont on his back and rolled him from side to side.

"She 's awfully clever, is n't she? Knows heaps of languages and reads everything?" Frances asked.

"Yes, she knows a frightful lot," Gladys assented cheerfully.

"You see more of her, I suppose, when there are n't other people here. You talk more with her, I suppose?" It was Mary Grey's more probing question.

Gladys still rolled her dog; her young face had flushed. "Yes, I suppose I do. Madeline never talks much to any one."

There was a slight pause, after which, yawning with rather obvious affectation, Frances remarked, "She does n't seem shy."

"Oh, no; she is n't shy," said Gladys. Still with her flush, but cheerfully, she got up, whistled to her dog, and with her long, boyish step strode off to the house. The two girls, until she had disappeared, were silent.

"Do you like her?" Frances then inquired. She had glanced at Maverley before asking; but they evidently were all on the lighted deck together, and if he heard, it was only of the albatross they talked; fellow-feeling was taken for granted.

"Who?"

"Madeline Tristram."

"It is n't that I dislike her," Mary said, her eyes on her work.

"Well, I do; I don't like indifferent, superior-personish people like that. If you don't dislike her, what *do* you feel about her?"

Frances had been tilting in her chair and rocking it, her arms clasped behind her head; now she let it rest squarely, in an expectant pause.

"I can hardly describe it; it 's so ridiculous," Mary said.

"Well, say it, all the same."

"I hardly like to."

"Oh, but you must," said Frances, becoming urgent.

"One's imagination is so absurd—one can't of course trust it," Mary murmured, her kindly voice perturbed.

"Well, don't trust it—but tell me what you imagine."

"It 's what I can't help feeling," said Mary. "It 's horrible; but when I see her I can't help feeling almost horror."

In the long silence that followed, Maverley did not turn his head. He guessed a silent gaze. He could barely hear Frances Goldworthy's "I wish you had n't said it."

"Why? You don't feel it, surely?"

"No; but I see what you mean. I 'm afraid I shall feel it now."

Maverley got up and walked away. He felt that he must walk—walk in the sunlight and try to shake off this nightmare. For—yes, that was it; it was horror; but a horror deeper than any that a girl's imagination could frame; and with it, as he recognized it, was a passion of protesting pity.

He met Sir Archie Fleetwood as he walked.

"Hullo," said the younger man, "what 's the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Do I?" said Maverley, with a pale smile. "The sun 's hot."

Sir Archie, as though he had found a suddenly propitious moment, put his arm through Maverley's and walked on with him into the terraced garden. There, in the afternoon's most mellow hour of sunlight, the flowers shone with color like translucent enamels. Stilly they glowed, in masses, streaks, delicate jewel-like sprinklings; and to Maverley the motionless splendor was gruesome.

"Speaking of ghosts, you know," said Sir Archie, "it 's the most awful rot, but does n't Miss Tristram freeze the blood in your veins?"

"My dear Fleetwood!" Maverley ejac-

ulated, as punctually as if he had been wound up to say it.

"I 'm positively ashamed of myself," Sir Archie assented ruefully; "but I can't stand it. She gets too much on my nerves. I 'm going to bolt."

"You 'll own that it 's not Miss Tristram's fault if you do."

"I 'll own that I 'm raving mad, if you will; but, to say the least of it, she makes me too uncomfortable. Her eyes are so big," said Sir Archie; "and she never speaks."

"I have heard her speak."

"You don't feel it, then?"

Maverley at once, with even a fierce quickness, lied. "No, I don't."

"I 'm cracked, evidently."

Sir Archie lighted a cigarette. "You don't mind humoring a lunatic and letting me tell you what an ass I am?"

"Talk on, my dear boy; it 's an interesting case."

"You 'll not speak of it, of course."

"Of course not."

"Well, just as an instance of what she does to me, I woke early this morning—at dawn; and when I got up and looked out of my window I saw Miss Tristram below here, in this garden,—I see it from my window,—gathering flowers—white flowers. It was hardly light, you know; nobody was stirring, and there she was. I assure you my hair stood on end."

"You need a tonic," Maverley suggested, with inane common sense, after a slight pause in which he had tried to quell the echoes of Sir Archie's narrative.

"Of course I do."

"What did she do then?"

"Left the garden and disappeared in the woods, carrying the flowers. Own it 's uncanny."

"Perhaps it is—when one needs a tonic. She was probably picking flowers for the house."

"There 's not a white flower in the house," cried Sir Archie. "I looked—on purpose. But it 's not anything she does," he added; "it 's she herself. It 's her eyes and her not speaking. I deserve a kicking for it, but I actually hate that inoffensive girl—actually hate her. I 'm going to bolt."

Dislike, horror, hatred—Maverley pondered the crescendo when Sir Archie left him in the garden. He alone, apparently, felt pity—that wild, heart-wringing pang and thrill of pity. The evening was falling as he walked on into the woods. A footpath led through them. He followed it. It brought him to the highroad. The rectory and its grounds lay not far up the road, and beyond them were the little church and the old churchyard. A sudden thought struck him. He walked on to the church. The evening was cool, serene; it seemed to still the folly in his brain; and something mild and beneficent passed like a breeze over his nightmare mood, as he stood before a grave on which were white flowers. The tall stone at its head was inscribed with the name of Hugh Tristram. Maverley uncovered his head. It was her father's grave. His eyes sought the date on the stone. To-day was the anniversary of his death. So much for Sir Archie. And yet he would have felt that fear had he seen her picking white flowers at dawn.

"Yes, I 'll tell you about her—tell you all I know. It 's a mistake—always, I think, a mistake—to blink things with one's friends."

Mrs. Graham and Maverley were sitting in the little morning-room sacred to her solitude. He had followed her there after breakfast, with a hint that she had understood.

"You see—it 's making me haggard," he confessed, with a bleak laugh.

"Perhaps it would make me—if I were a little less tough; but I have a robust common sense," Mrs. Graham replied. She no longer pretended to hide a mutual knowledge of the something extraordinary in Madeline that was other than her beauty.

"I hoped that perhaps you would be different from other people," she owned, though adding: "You are different in one way: you mind so much more. The children, now, merely find her queer, though Gladys recognizes that other people find her more than that, and resents it for Madeline; with people in general it is only, as a rule, shrinking and dislike. For myself, I am used to her now; I simply don't mind. And I am terribly sorry."

"But what is it?" Maverley almost groaned.

"It is just what you see and feel: that she inspires dislike, and sometimes dread. She is like a ghost."

"Is there any reason for it?"

"It seems to be her whole personality. One never gets near her. One can't. Even I, with all my common sense, have to nerve myself to kiss her. But there *is* a reason—at least it 's the only one I can think of—her mother, her life."

"What was her mother? What was her life?"

"Her mother was foolish, selfish, and beautiful. Before Madeline's birth she fell into a state of despairing terror. Poor Hugh, who adored her, told me about it all. She was convinced that she would die; she loved life, and she hated the child that was to rob her of it. No persuasion or reasoning could shake her, and it was apparently her mere terror that killed her; for she did die when Madeline was born. Madeline passed her life in wandering about the world with her father and governesses and masters. He did his duty by her unflinchingly, but he saw her as little as possible. Before he died he told me that Madeline, from the hour of her birth, was horrible to him."

"Good God!" broke from Maverley. He sprang to his feet, thrusting indignant hands into his pockets. "Is n't that reason enough! She has been blighted from birth —from before birth! She was born with a curse on her."

"Yes, she really was. Poor Madeline!"

"She knows?"

"She must know what her father felt. He told me that he used to try to force himself to tenderness when she was a child, and that she always shrank from him, as if she guessed his horror of her."

"Her mother's horror, her father's horror, are in her blood. That is why she seems horrible."

"Yes. It is all most unnatural, most perplexing," said Mrs. Graham, with a sigh, as if feeling the incongruity of her own connection with such morbidities.

"And what disgusts me with myself," she went on presently, "is that I never dare talk it out with her. After all, what could I say? 'My poor girl, why is it that people find you horrible?' My only hope is that she does n't know it."

"She seems to you happy, then?"

"She seems to me impassive and perfectly indifferent."

"Ah! But is she? Is she?" cried Maverley, striding to the end of the little room and back again.

"Well, that is the question; that is what I don't dare have out with her. If she is unconscious I might make her conscious, and that would be lamentable. But I can't think her really unhappy; a person so active can hardly be unhappy. She is always doing something. She never broods. If she were unhappy she would n't seem so uncanny. It 's her not seeing, not caring, that is part of her dreadfulness—her not feeling any of it."

"Ah! But does n't she?" broke again from Maverley.

Mrs. Graham, tapping her fingers on the table, watched their rapid rhythm.

"My dear Vivian," she presently suggested, "since you care—so much, why don't you find out?"

He stopped before her now, taking in the significance of her downcast eyes. It was only after a long pause that he said, putting the fact before himself as well as before her: "I suppose because she frightens nobody as she does me."

Mrs. Graham could not tell whether it was confession or repudiation.

"Why don't you try to get over being frightened?" was her final comment.

MAVERLEY was trying to get over it as he walked in the woods that afternoon. Madeline's story had raised a passion of pity that could no longer hoodwink itself, and it called upon all his manliness, all his courage, to trust it as a deeper instinct than his dread.

The test to his trust was almost immediately presented to him in the sudden sight of Madeline. He had emerged from closely growing trees and bushes upon a little grassy clearing, a sunny knoll, flecked with dancing shadows from three tall beeches crowning it like a group of slender nymphs metamorphosed into three woodland forms while they danced.

The sky above was blue, the grass was long and thick, and lying in it, a book before her, her hat tilted over her eyes, was Madeline, a streak of sunlit whiteness in the green. She had not heard or seen him. Maverley, as he looked at her, felt the pause of contemplation to be beautiful, beneficent, as he had felt the moment to be when he had recognized the white flowers on the grave. For this was a different Madeline. She was not faintly smiling—the difference that he first felt; her eyes

were raised and gravely watched a bird that fluttered with a flash of gold from branch to branch in the woods. She did not smile; she was grave; but in the contemplative gravity he saw happiness, and knew now, and surely knew, that he had never before seen her happy. Presently the bird, like a winged flower tossed into the air, flew up—away—over the woods. Madeline's eyes followed it out of sight. Her long white hand, passing softly through the grass, seemed to love its supple warmth and smoothness; she sighed deeply, happily.

She was happy. She was part of the day, part of the sunlight, the grass, and the flying bird. In her tragic aspect she had frozen his heart; she melted it now; he could have wept for the pathos of her happiness. He still gazed—gazed at its revelation. He still stood at the edge of the wood, holding his breath, unable to think beyond the golden moment. But as if she felt that tears were near her, as if some echo of his forgotten fear came to her, or else from some deep sense of the contrast this lonely happiness made with her other loneliness,—the loneliness filled with alien faces,—Madeline dropped suddenly her head on her arms and wept and wept and wept.

Her grief was the final revelation that struck all memory of ghosts from him. He sprang to her, forgetting everything but her sorrow and his love for her.

"Madeline—Madeline!" he said, and bent over her. "Tell me what it is."

For a moment she lay there, her face hidden, her weeping hushed, as quiet as an animal surprised and feigning death. A quick seeing of his own words, to an almost unknown girl, as amazing—amazing perhaps to the point of insolence in her eyes—flashed over him; but the instinct that had made them inevitable did not leave him. Only as she slowly raised herself on an arm, her face bent downward, slowly rose to her feet, did the strong instinct begin to ebb from him. It had urged him almost to the infolding of her in his arms; but now he drew back from her.

Madeline raised her head and looked at him, and as she looked his love stormed in his heart, struggling and strangely mingling with a terror of her, greater and more appalling than any he had ever felt. She looked at him, and her eyes were full of a ghastly fear. He could not infold this nightmare figure, but he could hold his courage over the abyss where her eyes suspended it. "Tell me what is the matter with you. I will know—I will know!" he repeated sternly. When he spoke to her she retreated; she put out a hand to the nearest beech-tree and leaned against it.

"Why do you look at me like that?" In his effort to face her, Maverley's voice was fierce. "Answer me!" he demanded.

"I am afraid of you," said Madeline.

"Afraid of me?"

"You almost kill me with fear."

"Why? Why are you afraid?"

"I am afraid of everybody." She answered him as a ghost might have answered, in a voice monotonous and soft.

'Why are you afraid of everybody?"

"Because they hate to see me—they hate me. But you"—she shuddered—"you are worse than all the rest—worse than my father! I can't bear it!"

"We are both mad. It 's a madness that your fear creates. You hypnotize everybody into a dread of you. It 's absolutely a case of suggestion. Take hold of yourself; conquer it. The whole world will change to you if you will stop being afraid.' Yet, as he spoke, his voice choked, for those eyes still looked—looked at him.

"I am not afraid when I am alone. Won't you leave me?"

What could love do when such terror met it, and when such terror was its home? It was like a flower rooted in a quicksand and shaken by a whirlwind. It lived, but it quaked from root to chalice; it lay upon the ground. Maverley turned from her. He went down the grassy knoll into the woods; and he, a man who had not wept for years, sobbed helplessly, angrily, his clenched hand at his forehead.

He must go next day. He could not face the disintegration of his courage—a courage so ready in all the normal crises of life; he could not face the madness that his torn mind menaced, the agony of his own craven helplessness before her awful need.

That was Maverley's conclusive thought, as he lay trying to sleep, on the night of the day that had crashed revelation after revelation upon him: Madeline's happiness, her sorrow, his love for her, her hideous fear of him, and his own more hideous fear that had answered it. For how could help—and a help weighted by such fear—reach her? All that she asked of life was

to be left alone, and her martyrdom was the facing of a world of eyes that dared not show their shrinking. As he thought of her, her youth and loveliness stretched on such a rack, he groaned. How could he leave her? And like the swing of a pendulum came the opposing question, How could he be near her?

He fell suddenly asleep, thought and feeling snapped through their long tension.

He was awakened from heavy dreams, where dull bells rang and under a heavy sky he and a great host of others, their horses panting beneath them, hunted a white animal that sometimes ran and sometimes rose in the air, passing swiftly and smoothly through great open spaces, or, as smoothly, as swiftly, through the high branches of dark and lonely woods. As he rode his heart was torn by pity for the quarry and by horror of its whiteness, its swiftness, its soft uprising in the air.

A hand was on his shoulder, and as he struggled with his dream, striving to cry, "Madeline!" a voice said, "Wake! Wake!"

He opened his eyes, to a stranger dream, it almost seemed, but in its strangeness a relief, a rapture—a delicious rapture of relief. His room was filled with a dim, rosy light, and near him a figure muffled in white shook his shoulder and cried to him.

"The house is on fire!" said Madeline Tristram.

It was not the soft, monotonous ghost-voice, nor the voice of impassive courtesy that he had known; this voice, curt, decisive, seemed never to have known fear or an empty courtesy. "Hurry! The stairs are on fire. There is no other escape."

While he sprang up and dashed on his dressing-gown, she tore a blanket from the bed and drenched it with water from the jugs. He found her fastening, with swift, steady fingers, a wet handkerchief across his mouth and nose.

"And now the blanket," she commanded. "Over your head; well around you. I have mine." He caught her hand to his breast. "We must not hesitate. To run through is our only chance," she said. He threw open the door. A cavern of flame was below them; the stairs were obliterated.

"Too late—too late. The window!" she cried.

Maverley had caught her back as she stood for an instant transfixed. He closed the door upon the coming death.

"My God! you have killed yourself," he said. "You came up those stairs? Through that fire? Alone?"

"Yes—yes! The window!"

"The window is impossible. This turret room looks on a paved court; it is one of the highest in the house. I always have it; I liked the view."

He was not conscious of the bitter irony of this fatal liking, merely explaining the fatality; it paralyzed all action: but he crossed with her to the window, looking out, down at the sheer, impossible blackness. Over the dark woods and hills the sky arched, softly red. The little lake shone like a rosy jewel. A cloud of sparks trailed overhead, drifting slowly downward.

"My God! my God!" Maverley repeated, "you have killed yourself." Unconsciously he still held her close. "Why did you do it?"

From the blackness beneath, the sky overhead, he looked back at her, seeing her clearly now in the growing, ominous brightness. Her hair fell, a heavy curtain of black, about her illumined face, over her shoulders, over his hands that held her,—tragic, melancholy hair: but in the illumined face was more than tragedy. She had seen their doom. She had accepted it. Her eyes looked into his deeply, fearlessly, with a noble gravity.

"I came to save you if I could. I came to die near you if you had to die."

"Madeline," he said, "did you know that I loved you?"

"I did not know."

"You came because you loved me?"

"Yes, yes," she gently said, leaning her face upon his breast. Softly, almost in whispers, as though their words raced with a pursuer in the dark, they spoke, their faces hidden from each other.

"I have loved you from the moment that I understood—from before then, perhaps," Maverley was saying.

"And I loved you, and knew you found me horrible. In all my life I have never been so afraid as when I heard your voice this morning. Nobody has ever loved me. Everybody has shuddered at me ever since I was born; before I was born my mother shuddered at me."

"A curse was on you. You only needed to see that some one was not afraid."

"Yes, yes; I have longed for one kind face. I have fought, fought, determining

never to let it master me, hoping that if I showed nothing I should conquer my own fear and theirs. I was always sick with fear and longing."

"And I—cruel coward, like all the rest—shuddered! Ah, Madeline, let me look at you while I may. It was this—this heavenly face that I feared."

Her smile at him went like a bird under a sky of tempest.

"I am glad the fire did not touch it. How horrible to have only reached you charred and shriveled! Your last thought of me could only have been a shrinking."

Before the unendurable beauty of her courage it was he who had hid his face upon her breast.

"I should not have shrunk had you come blind and featureless, my darling. Madeline! Madeline! Such beauty—such wonder—such a heart—to die for me!"

"But such suffering to end with such unimagined happiness," she said, bending her head to his; "such loneliness to end like this. Isn't this enough? Isn't everything explained, atoned for?"

The man stammered on, while her hand, strong, tender, consolatory, held his head against her breast, his rebellion, his remorse, his adoration. The roaring circle of doom about them had narrowed life to an instant. Maverley knew it to be the last. He kissed her, looking into her eyes, even his rebellion forgotten in the deep and beautiful recognition.

Yet, "Oh, if I could have lived for you!" he heard his own voice. A shivering crash shook the room. Dense smoke filled it. He could not see her. The sky was blotted out. Stifling, he only knew that darkness was about them; that they clung together. And suddenly, in the struggle of death, hearing her gasping on his breast, a gust of air swept to them. The smoke lifted. Voices called outside, approaching. "Are you there? Are you there?" they called. The door, crumbled with fire, fell in at a blow. Maverley, holding the unconscious girl, staggered to the air, the light, the voices. The fire was out, checked on the very threshold, and hands helped him over ruins that ran with water, down ladders, in the chasms of the wrecked house. He would not let these hands take Madeline from him. He still held her when, in the hall, strange and unfamiliar with its wet and blackened walls, hurrying lights, weeping, laughter, and blanched, uplifted faces, he knew that they were to live. A great shout had arisen, a babel of thanksgiving.

"Oh, Vivian! Vivian! You are together! She went into the flames—when you alone were missing. Is it possible—is it possible that she went through them alive?" Mrs. Graham, disheveled, tears on her cheeks, her lips trembling with half-hysterical smiles, clasped them both. "Darling—wonderful girl!"

"She found me—she found me!" He knelt beside Madeline in the chair they had placed for her, a deep chair; against the high back her face, wreathed in its black hair, seemed gently sleeping; her slender body seemed to sleep. Maverley now saw how charred was the blanket that half infolded, half fell from her; saw that her naked feet were scorched. Such an anguish of fear smote upon his joy that with both hands he clutched the chair to keep himself from falling.

"Tell me—tell me that she is only fainting," he gasped.

Mrs. Graham's hand was at the girl's heart, her lips on her brow. "Only fainting, my dear Vivian· but burned—badly burned."

"She never winced—all the time," he panted. "She must have been in torture."

"At such a moment she perhaps could feel nothing."

"Perhaps she only felt what I felt—only knew that we had found each other," Maverley murmured.

He looked around. Mary Grey's, Frances Goldworthy's, faces were there, worshiping as if before a shrine. Sir Archie was there, crying, actually crying, and so funny in his exquisite pajamas, holding a reckless candle. Ted Graham, at a little distance, hid his face in his hands. Gladys knelt at her cousin's feet, a reverent hand on the charred, wet blanket.

The cruel phantom that had dogged her life was gone forever, exorcised by her act of splendid love.

"There—she is coming back—her eyelids lifted! She is alive—alive!" Constance Graham almost chanted.

Madeline opened her eyes. They had last looked at death. Now life, the murmur, the light, the touch of life, was about her. More than life. Love, everywhere love, smiled at her; and from a new world she looked up into her lover's eyes.

# THE MIND-CURE OF BROTHER PETER-PAUL

BY CAROLINE ABBOT STANLEY

Author of "Order No. 11"

DR. MELTON was puzzled. The case, simple as it had seemed at the beginning, baffled his skill.

"*I* don't know what to do for that old nigger," he exclaimed impatiently, after a visit to Uncle Sawny's home. "My medicines don't have any more effect on him than if I poured them down a rat-hole. Do you suppose it is possible that Aunt Tildy neglects him?"

"No," said Mrs. Melton, with scorn; "of course it is n't. She is faithfulness itself. Why, she 's devoted to him."

"Well, there 's something wrong. I 've carried him through six attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, and I thought I knew exactly what to do. But he does n't respond to any treatment whatever. I 'm up a stump."

He changed the medicine again the next day, but Uncle Sawny grew steadily worse, and the mystery deepened.

There would have been no mystery if the good doctor could only have overheard a conversation between Aunt Tildy and a neighbor in the incipiency of the disease. The long-suffering nurse of six previous attacks and one impending one had gone into Aunt Hannah's, her next-door neighbor's, for sympathy. The only thing that can mitigate the severity of an affliction like this is to be the first to announce it.

"Well, Sist' Hannah, mo' trouble! Sawny 's down wid de rheumatiz. Dat mean two good weeks of mis'ry fer me."

It is noticeable that the families of rheumatism sufferers always look upon themselves as the victims.

"You don't s'y so!" Aunt Hannah stopped the washing in her dismay. "Is he bad?"

"Been cussin' all day. He can't move his laigs, an' de swellin' 's risin'. I 'spec' by to-morrow I got to feed 'im."

The prospect was most lugubrious, and a soulful duet followed, in which "hot flannins" and "sody" and "wintergreen draps" took the leading part, the monotonous *rubadub* on the washboard sounding a mournful obbligato meanwhile.

At last Aunt Hannah wiped the suds from her water-soaked hands and took the chair opposite her companion. Then she looked cautiously around the room and dropped her voice to a confidential pitch.

"Sis' Tildy," she said, "why don't you go to de healer?"

Aunt Tildy stared at her in uncomprehending perplexity, having a dim idea that she meant the Great Physician, and in times of stress like this the healing of the seamless dress sometimes seems far away.

"Who do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean dat man down hyarnder by de ole b'ewery—you sholy is hyeared of him."

"Dat 'n' what nominates hisse'f Brother Peter-Paul?"

"Yaas, 'm; dat 's de one. Why n't you try him?"

"What does he do?" Aunt Tildy asked.

"He kyores people—kyores 'em of all kind er diseases he say dey ain' got."

Aunt Tildy had been listening in the forlorn hope of receiving help. She turned upon her companion now in righteous wrath.

"Sist' Hannah, you sholy is losin' yo' mind. *I* don't want Sawny kyored of what

he *ain'* got; I want him kyored of what he *is* got."

"Well, dat 's how dey do it. You go to 'em an' say, 'I want to be kyored of a mis'ry in my back,' an' dey 'low, 'You ain' got no mis'ry in yo' back; dey ain' no sech a thing as a mis'ry.' An' some of 'em goes so fer as to say you ain' got no back—hit 's jes a notion er yourn. Dey 'sputes you scan'lous. Den dey say, 'Ef you *think* you ain' got dat mis'ry, you ain't.' Dat 's de way dey reasons—yaas, 'm."

Aunt Tildy emitted what might fairly be called a howl.

"How in de name er God I gwineter make Sawny think he ain' got de rheumatiz, an' him down tight an' fas' an' can't move? I ain' gwine have nothin' 't all to do wid sech foolishness, dat I ain't."

Even Aunt Hannah, stout defender of the faith though she was, was staggered at this vigorous presentation of the difficulties in the case.

"I don't know what dey gwine do when it come to buttin' up ag'in' 'flammatary rheumatiz," she said doubtfully; "but dey sholy does work some wonderful kyores when dey ain't nothin' de matter with you. I 'd try it, Sis' Tildy, ef I was you, 'fo' I 'd go thoo another prognostication wi' dat ole man. Hit can't hurt him, 'cause dey don't give no medicine. Dey jes sets an' thinks. You know 'Lizy Majors? Well, she went down dar fer a mis'ry in her wris'. She say he ain' do nothin' 't all but jes hol' her hand an' look at her. 'Lizy say it jes made de cole chills run up her spinal. But it kyored her."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Aunt Tildy, with an incredulous snort; "dey wa'n't nothin' 't all de matter with her. She jes want him to hol' her hand. You know dat gal, Sist' Hannah."

Then Aunt Hannah related other cures, some even more marvelous than this. She was not a full convert to the new school, but was investigating.

"Is he ever kyored you?" asked the doubter.

"Well, now, dey ain't nuver much de matter wi' me," said Aunt Hannah, regretfully. "He say I 'd make a mighty fine member. He 's been tryin' hard to git me," she added with pardonable pride; "he say he wants dem wha' 's got in*flu*ence. He 's gittin' a heap of 'em, too."

Aunt Tildy listened to all this with varying emotions. Incredulity struggled with an inborn faith in conjurers, and Hard-shell loyalty with a natural love of the mysterious. Above and beyond all these feelings was an indignant sense of injury that she should have been staying at home attending to her soft-soap and Sawny's ailments when all these other women had been sought (and gained) as persons of influence.

"An' de curiouses' part about it, Sis' Tildy, is dat dey gives you some sort er harangue dat 'll keep off all kind er sickness—or what dey usen to call sickness. Dey don't call it dat no mo'. I disremember jes what dat word is dey uses when dey mean sickness."

"Is you ever kep' off anything?" demanded Aunt Tildy, pointedly.

"Yaas, 'm. I 'm keepin' off fits now."

"Fits!" Aunt Tildy repeated. "Is you ever had fits?"

"No, 'm; I ain't. An' I ain' gwineter have. I 'm keepin' 'em off wi' dish yeah harangue. I been sayin' of it fer three weeks cornstant, an' I ain't had a fit yet. Dat 's how I know it works."

Aunt Tildy looked unconvinced. In view of Aunt Hannah's well-known immunity from disease of all kinds during her fifty years or more of life, the continued absence of fits did not seem quite conclusive.

"Is you ever kep' off anything else?" she asked—"anything dat you *is* had?"

"I kep' off a cold las' week," said Aunt Hannah, hoarsely. "Hit tuk some sev'al days, but I did n't give up workin' at it tell I kep' it off."

"Did you sneeze?"

"Oh, of co'se I sneezed."

"Nose run?"

"My Lord! yaas, 'm."

"Th'oat sore?"

"Some. But—"

"Den you had it," said Aunt Tildy, with triumphant conviction. "All dem symptoms is *it*. You settin' dar sayin' you ain' got it don't make it so. S'posin' I say I 'm white folks—dat gwine change my skin?"

About a cold Aunt Tildy was not to be browbeaten by any advanced woman among them.

Aunt Hannah admitted reluctantly that the charm had not worked perfectly this time; but she was loyal to it: the trouble was with herself. "I reckon I got a-holt

de wrong eend of de harangue," she explained.

While outwardly combative, Aunt Tildy was weakening. The more she thought of a form of words that would keep off disease, the more attractive did it seem. Her ancestors had come from the Congo coast; charms and incantations were matters of firm belief to them and to her by tradition and inheritance. She wore a rabbit's foot at all times, and entreated Sawny every winter to carry buckeyes in his pocket to ward off rheumatism. That he flatly refused to do this, and suffered thereby, was only proof of the buckeye's merit and his own hard-headed perversity. If she could get hold of something by which she could exercise the charm for him, it would be an untold gain.

"Why n't you try it, Sis' Tildy?" urged Aunt Hannah, seeing her indecision.

"Sawny 'd w'ar me out." Uncle Sawny was a big man and muscular.

"How Sawny gwine know it?" demanded Aunt Hannah. "S'posin' you an' me was to go down dar to-night,—I 'll go with you; I ain't afeard,—an' you tell Sawny you gone to de doctor's, who gwine tell him you ain't when you say you is? An' how he comin' arter you when he can't move his laigs?"

It was the voice of the tempter. The plan, with its spice of secrecy, had an attractive sound. But still Aunt Tildy hesitated.

"I don't know 'bout goin' to dese hyeah ongodly healers," she said; "I 's a Hard-shell."

"Well, Sis' Tildy, you *is* hide-boun'!"

It was a hard thrust. We hate to be thought narrow. It ended, as might have been expected, in an engagement to visit the healer that night. Then Aunt Tildy went back to her suffering spouse, so soon to be released from the grip of pain.

Brother Peter-Paul was a dapper, well-groomed mulatto of light hue, who magnified his shade. He was a little under size, but he was so erect, and carried himself with such a plethora of dignity, that it more than made up for his missing inches. As a child he had lived in this little Missouri town, where he had been known under the name of "Aunt Betsey Moore's Johnny." He had sat under the droppings (and occasionally the drippings) of the Hard-shell sanctuary, and had been duly baptized into the faith in the town creek.

It was a conservative locality, not given to speculation, but great upon controversy; and the most forceful sermons to which Aunt Betsey Moore's Johnny had ever listened in those early days had been on "infant babtism," "clost communion," and "fallin' from grace." Of "antichrist," and the "scarlet woman," and the "oppositions of science falsely so called," he had never heard.

Well, he drifted North in time, and there a charming world of "isms" opened up before him. He began to look back with a sort of self-pity upon the time when he supposed the whole religious world was bounded by the well-built inclosures of the Presbyterians, Methodists, "Babtises," and "Campbellites." He felt that he had grown up as a root out of dry ground. And the inevitable happened. His old childish conservative beliefs withered away, leaving a stem in prime condition to bud out with a growth of advanced leaves. The atmosphere favored the growth. There was first the blade of investigation, then the ear of acceptance, and when the time came for the full corn in the ear the recreant Hard-shell stood forth as a healer—a healer of the body through the soul, of the soul through the medium of thought.

Then it was that Aunt Betsey Moore's Johnny saw the absolute necessity for a new name. "Johnny Moore" was neither dignified nor symbolical. Retaining it was not to be thought of. He must have something that would indicate the nature of his mission.

"De name of John is all right," he mused. "John was de one what had de revelation. And I 'm jes like him—I 've had de revelation." But Moore was hopeless.

The inspiration came to him one night as he listened to the story of the healing at the Beautiful Gate. "Of co'se," he said—"of co'se. It 's cur'ous I did n't think of dat befo'. Brother Peter was de healer, of co'se."

But even John Peter seemed to lack dignity; and, then, it could so easily be corrupted into John Peters, which would be no more distinctive than John Moore. Suddenly it occurred to him that his mission was not only one of healing, but of proclaiming the new gospel as well. Then

the name, so logically evolved, so significant of all he was to do, was revealed to him as by a lightning flash. "John Peter-Paul." Of course. The hyphen was added later to bring the apostolic appellation up to date.

The name having been settled, the next crying need of the healer was somebody to heal. His thoughts sped back to the land of his birth. There they had ailments galore and reveled in them. There they worshiped still as their fathers had done, supinely satisfied to have it so. There, too, the yellow-legged chickens were as the sands of the sea, and the watermelons —where are they to be found like unto those of the Missouri River bottom? Without doubt it would be a fine field, and the only wonder was that it had not been worked long ago.

The memories of youth (especially those that have their roots in the gastronomic portion of the anatomy) are strong cords. They drew Brother Peter-Paul back to his childhood's home.

He settled himself (that is to say, he engaged rooms, to be paid for by treatments) in Aunt Maria's cabin down near the old brewery, a locality about given up now to those of his race. That he should immediately blossom out into a large practice was inevitable. A love of the marvelous is inborn in the sons of Ham, and his following had long ago learned to live by faith, eschewing means.

Brother Peter-Paul was sitting before the fire that night, in the quiescent attitude of body and soul necessary to his profession and dear to his race, when Aunt Hannah and Aunt Tildy appeared. Aunt Maria having gone over to a neighbor's, they had the house to themselves. He received them graciously, and he and Aunt Hannah were soon in full tide of conversation. Aunt Tildy sat awkwardly on the edge of her chair, overawed by his fluency and suave manner.

"Huccome you don't go by de name er Moore now?" Aunt Hannah asked at length. She had always determined to ask this when a convenient season came, and there would never be a better time than the present.

He explained what we already know. "And sence I tuk dat name, Sister Hannah," he added impressively, "dey don't seem no end to de meracles of healin' I can do. Seem like I got de power of all de 'postles b'iled down. I 'm lookin' any day now to be able to raise de dead. Yaas, 'm."

"You don't say so!"

"I don't see nothin' to hender it. I 'm gittin' dat speritual I don't hardly seem to be livin' in de flesh. Why, I jes sets here sometimes and lets de fire go plumb out, meditatin' on de sperit. Den Aunt Maria she comes and makes it up, so I won't have to break de threads of thought. Yaas, 'm."

"Ain't dat beautiful!" murmured Aunt Hannah, lost in admiration of this godly man.

Then her thoughts returned to what he had been saying.

"You think you gwineter be able to raise 'em when dey sho 'nough dead?" she asked anxiously; "or jes when dey gone off in a prance?"

"When dey sho 'nough dead," he said, with great emphasis. "Of co'se *we* know dey ain't really no sech a thing as death. It 's all in yo' eye—I mean in yo' mind. De mind is everything. Dey ain't no sech a thing as matter."

"Ain't no sech a thing as matter!" echoed Aunt Tildy, shrilly, surprised out of her self-consciousness. "My Lord! you ain't never had a bile, is you?"

He did not answer her. But the threads were snapped now without question, and they got down to business.

"H'm-m," he said later, when Aunt Tildy explained the object of the visit; "so your husband 's got a claim, has he?"

"Sir?"

"He 's got rheumatism in his mind, has he?"

"No, sir; hit 's in his j'ints. Dis de ole-fashion' kind—de 'flammatary rheumatiz."

"Don't call it by name," he exclaimed hastily—so hastily that Aunt Tildy jumped. She was a little nervous, anyway. "*Never* speak de name of de mis'ry you want to git shet of less 'n you want to give it de onder holt! Call it a belief. Dat 's de only safe way."

"Yaas, sir." Aunt Tildy could see at once that it was. "I ain' gwineter forgit dat ag'in. Well, dish yeah belief tuk him first in de heel. Den it clumb up his laigs and—"

"Stop!" cried her companion, raising his hand as if to ward off danger. "Git

dem symptoms outer your mind, sister, and hold de good thought."

Aunt Tildy drew back rebuffed. Her chief recreation through Uncle Sawny's periodical attacks, and between times, had been the retailing and detailing of his symptoms. It seemed as if all her pleasures were to be taken away. Well, of course he would want to know the cause of the attack, at any rate.

"You see, he got his feet wet," she continued; but he looked at her so sternly that she stopped in confusion.

"No, sir; I—I—I don't mean dat. I mean he got de belief wet—or—or—I don't know jes how is de safes' way to say dat. Anyway, he got wet, an' he 's so con*trary*—"

Again her discourse was cut short.

"It was not wet feet give him dish yeah belief," said the healer, solemnly; "it was something inside of him."

"My Lord! a *tapeworm!*" breathed Aunt Tildy.

Brother Peter-Paul glared at her. Then he began to enumerate with the help of his fingers. "Bad temper—and contrariness—and—I gwineter prophesy now—Sister Tildy, ain't your old man obstinate?"

"Jes like a mule!" said Aunt Tildy, graphically. She was struck with amazement at his insight.

"A-ha!—and obstinacy. I knowed it. Bad temper and contrariness and obstinacy—dem 's de very ingrejencies dat perjuce rheumatism."

They fell back in their chairs, open-mouthed with astonishment. Such wisdom!

It opened up a wide field. Their knowledge of disease was intimate and circumstantial; his, of what caused it, was no less definite. They plied him with questions as to this and that, and his knowledge had no bottom.

"And cancer?" asked Aunt Hannah, fearfully. They had been searching their minds to see what belief germs they were harboring. "What make cancer?"

"Meanness, envy, and backbitin'," he announced promptly.

They looked in each other's faces. Then with one accord they gasped: "Well, huccome ole 'oman Jul'et ain' got it? She 's a plumb devil."

After this proof of the healer's skill in diagnosis Aunt Tildy could hesitate no longer about intrusting the case into his hands. Arrangements were entered upon at once for the treatments.

"Could you come and set up with him to-night?" she asked pleadingly. "Dat 'u'd give you de chance to hol' de thought an' turn him at de same time."

"I could n't think of it, sister," he said hastily. "I got to keep myself away f'om de in*flu*ence of disease. I 'm jes like de Master,—goin' about doin' good,—and I 'm 'bleeged to keep in good condition."

There was a confused thought in Aunt Tildy's mind that the Master spared not himself and feared neither danger nor disease, but she was not very well acquainted with the Scriptures and supposed she was wrong.

Aunt Hannah's knowledge was more available.

"You jes like de good Samaritan," she said; "you pass by on de other side."

He looked at her sharply, but she was wearing the pious expression we always assume when we quote Scripture to the point, and he let it pass.

"I must caution you, ladies," he added, "not to be goin' aroun' whar dey 's sickness—or de notion of it. Keep away f'om de in*flu*ence of dat thought." He spoke earnestly, doubtless aware of the gregarious habits of his race.

Aunt Tildy was bewildered at the intricacies of this new practice.

"An' who gwine ten' to Sawny whilst I 'm keepin' away f'om de in*flu*ence?" she asked. But he did not hear her.

They agreed upon absent treatment, Uncle Sawny to be kept in strict ignorance of it all on account of the difficulty of contending with his well-known strenuousness of thought.

Then Aunt Tildy thought of a new difficulty.

"What I gwine do wid de doctor's medicines?" she asked.

"Th'ow 'em away, sister; th'ow 'em away!" he answered. "You might give him some bread-pills to ca'm his sperit, but th'ow de p'isons away! 'T ain't no use to pay out money fer what can't kyore de mind."

He had forgotten that the healers of the old school had from time immemorial with his race reversed his order and given present treatment for absent pay.

But Aunt Tildy did not throw away the

medicines, and beyond doubt that was where she made her fatal mistake. "Ef it don't work," she said to herself that night as she put the medicine in the old tea-canister, "I gwineter have something to fall back on—dat I is." Alas! alas! this school is a jealous school and must be all or nothing. And she was trying to serve both God and mammon.

They were moving toward the door when the reverend gentleman's unctuous tones arrested them.

"My terms, sister, is inva'iably in advance."

Aunt Tildy's countenance fell.

"But ef you ain't got de change," he added, "and you happen to have a nice young pullet, jes bring it down and we 'll call it square."

This was in a section where chickens were as current as coin of the realm, and —to the impecunious—far more accessible. But Aunt Tildy had neither.

"'Pears like, ef dey ain't nothin' 't all de matter wid 'im, you would n't have to charge so much fer kyorin' him of it," she remonstrated feebly.

"Ah, de belief is dar, sister," he returned indulgently; "and some beliefs is harder to kyore than a spell er sickness—or what de ign'ant calls sickness. I lay I won't git a wink er sleep all night wrastlin' wid dat ole man's contrariness. But ef you want me to give up de case now—" he waved his hand and raised his brows to signify his entire willingness.

Aunt Tildy succumbed. Really, when one considered the patient's characteristics, the price was not high. But where would she get the chicken?

"Law, Sis' Tildy," said Aunt Hannah, lowering her voice, "you ain't but a little way f'om Jedge Henderson's, an' dey always got a full coop. You know dem good ladies ain't gwineter begredge you de kyorin' of Sawny. Dat dey ain't."

And Aunt Tildy promised the pullet, treatment to begin on delivery.

During that week the thought of health was held hard over the sick man—held by Aunt Tildy, with emotions varying from hope to despair, as she watched by day and foraged by night, held by the healer at the other end of the line in the fullness of peace.

There is no doubt that absent treatment has its advantages. It enables one to hold the thought with a continuity difficult at close range. Turning one on a sheet, for instance, and listening to his anathemas while you do it, weakens this continuity and engenders a doubt which is deadly in its effects.

Aunt Tildy did the best she could. She gave her patient bread-pills smothered in jelly as a placebo, administered decoctions of sassafras flavored with wintergreen to stifle inquiry, and kept up an even temperature. This relieved in part her perturbed conscience. She knew that ought to be done in any case.

But Uncle Sawny's belief grew into a certainty, and Dr. Melton was more puzzled than he had been for years. He sent Aunt Tildy off one day on some fictitious errand, and took the time to give his patient a searching oral examination.

Did Aunt Tildy give him the medicines?

Regularly.

Did she keep up the temperature of the room?

To summer heat.

Well, did she keep the flannels hot?

Uncle Sawny offered his parboiled legs in evidence.

"But, doctor," he said hesitatingly, "somehow dem medicines of yourn don't taste like dey useter. S'posin' you look in dat tea-canister up dar. I seed Tildy put somethin' in it dis mornin' when I was lookin' out de corner of my eye,"—his eyes were about all he could move now, —"an' I got de same notion you is dat she been projec'in' wid dat medicine."

Dr. Melton took down the innocent receptacle and looked in. There was every powder, pill, and pellet. Beside them was a full bottle bearing the unmistakable odor of wintergreen.

At this critical moment the door opened and Aunt Tildy appeared. The outraged physician turned upon her in a fury. This was what had cost him hours of anxiety and all these fruitless visits.

"You old black Jezebel!" he roared, "what have you been doing to my medicines? I 've a notion to have you hung for murder!"

Aunt Tildy sank in an abject heap on the floor

"Oh, Marse William, for God's sake don't hang me! I gwine tell de truth!" Neither of them remembered at that mo-

ment that the patient was still alive. Then she made a clean breast of it.

"Doctor,"—the voice came from the bed half an hour later; the old woman had gone sniffling to the woodpile—"doctor, I reckon Tildy 's got enough, or she will have when I git thoo." The doctor had given her such a tongue-lashing that it had stirred the sympathy even of the victim in the corner. "Hit showed mighty po' jedgment, but I reckon she done it fer de best, 'cordin' to her lights—yaas, sir. She ain' gwine put no mo' medicines in de canister. An', doctor, don't say nothin' 'bout dis, please, sir, whar it 'll git out."

The man was evidently in earnest. Dr. Melton turned short around and looked at him. Such magnanimity seemed a bad symptom.

"You don't want me to say anything to this rascally Moore, who is at the bottom of it?" he demanded.

"Naw, sir; I don't. Jes wait tell I git up f'om hyeah. I gwine ten' to dat man. An' I don't want a cold trail."

And Dr. Melton respected his feelings.

It was fully a month after he was up before Uncle Sawny made the slightest motion to pay off his debt. Like Samson, he was waiting for his locks to grow. Then he went one day and asked Mrs. Melton for a carpet to beat, the work to be applied on his bill. That he had ulterior motives in this might have been conjectured from his muttered words as he gave the first whack. "I gwine try my strengt' *first* on a cyarpet," he said.

The next day he went down to the house by the old brewery, selecting a time when, if ever, the neighborhood would be at work.

"Is you Brother Peter-Paul?" he asked grimly, appearing without warning before that gentleman in his sanctum.

Brother Peter-Paul acknowledged the "entitlement" and looked anxiously toward the door. It had been carefully closed. Uncle Sawny's reputation was known of all men. When he was roused, even the valiant took to the woods.

"You is, is you?" The visitor planted his stalwart form against the door and raised himself to the full height of his six feet two. "Brother Peter-Paul! A-ha! Well, I 'm Brother *Jehu-Samson*."

The bearer of apostolic names was not well versed in Old Testament history, but Jehu-Samson had an ominous sound. His knees smote together.

"Is—is dey anything I can do fer you, Brother J—J—J—?" he stammered.

"Naw, sir," said his tormentor, playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse; "I reckon you done 'bout all you kin fer me. I come to settle de bill. Dey tells me you lays claim to de kyore, an' you sholy ought to git de pay."

He spoke so quietly that the mouse lay still, hoping to escape, after all.

"Aunt Tildy paid de bill," he said faintly.

"So I hyeared—paid it in chickens; an' I got dem chickens to pay fer wid de sweat of my eyebrows. But she ain't paid it all. *I* gwineter pay de *in*trus'."

The repression of the man was beginning to break down. "I hyeared you was norratin' it aroun' dat I did n't have no sickness—hit was jes a claim. Well, I *is* got a claim. Hit 's ag'in' you—an' I gwineter collect it. When I 'm thoo, you 're gwineter have a claim. Yaas, sir; dat you is!"

He looked scornfully at the little mulatto, who shook with fear. Then he continued satirically:

"Brother Peter-Paul, you got some kind of distemper in yo' mind. I gwineter kyore it. Dey tells me you hol' dat de mind an' de body is—is—I done forgot dat word, —but, anyway, dey kinder works on one another. Dat 's de doctrine, ain't it?"

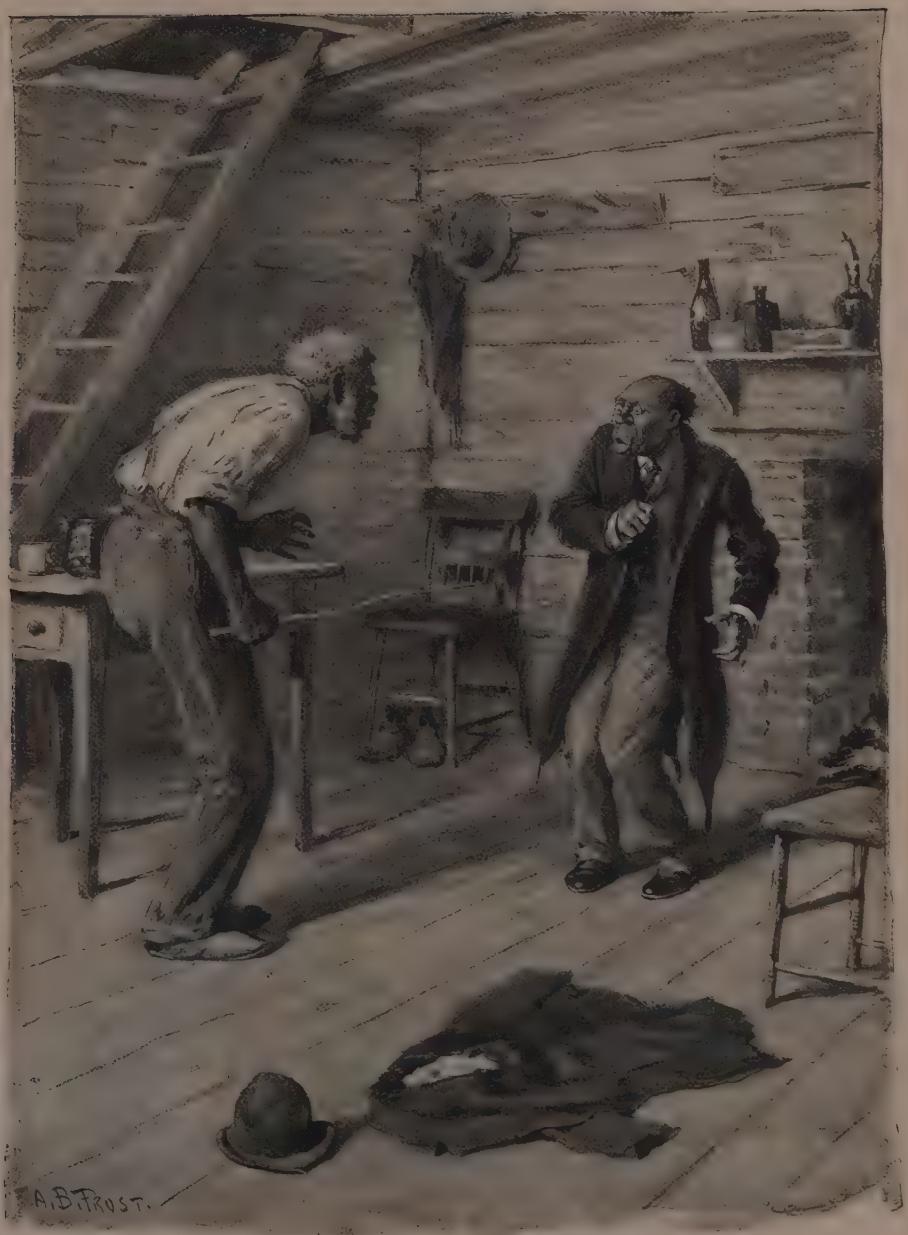
The terrified healer signified that it was.

"A-ha! Well, I believe it. An' ef you kin kyore my laigs thoo my mind, I don't see what gwineter hender me f'om kyorin' yo' mind thoo yo' hide. Brother Peter-Paul, I 'm layin' off to treat you. An' I ain't gwineter put you off wid absent treatment, nuther."

He threw off his coat and drew out a stout stick. A sudden poignant sense of his sufferings was upon him.

"You owdacious whelp!" he roared. "*Stan'* up!"

Over that treatment we draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that the zeal of Brother Jehu-Samson was like unto that of the son of Jehoshaphat, while in his renewed strength he rivaled his other great prototype. The house of Gaza fell not with more sudden and stupendous crash than did the dignity of the apostolic prophet.




Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"'STAN' UP!'"

"Now," said the giant, sternly, "I gwineter ax you one question." He rested from his labors, but his attitude suggested that it was only a reprieve. "Is you got a belief—jes a shadder of a belief—dat dey ain't no sech a thing as pain? 'Cause ef you *is*—" and the attitude was changed.

It was not an auspicious time for an affirmation of the faith, and human nature is weak. The apostle recanted then and there.

Uncle Sawny went home to a peaceful domicile. Between Aunt Tildy and himself there is now sweetest concord along medical lines. And the Reverend John Peter-Paul, apostle, prophet, and healer, is earnestly seeking a parish where the sisters are less weak or the brethren less strong.

# RELINQUISHMENT

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

THE hardest gift that any man may give
Is to give back the heart he wins in vain;
To yield with grace what he may not retain
When low consent turns pleading negative;
To slip the latch where Joy had come to live—
Sweet singing Joy, that with so dear disdain
Flooded with melody its small domain,
It seemed love could for liberty retrieve.

But liberty weighed more than love's exchange,
And such a longing did the song betray,
Regretful, tender; tender, appealing, strange—
What could the soul of any captor say?
Go, beauteous, wingèd, singing Joy, go range:
Your cage is open, little bird, away!

From a stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York, copyright, 1904. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY

Taken during his recent visit to California. The view is toward Tenaya Cañon. A glimpse of the valley itself is had at the extreme left, thirty-three hundred feet below

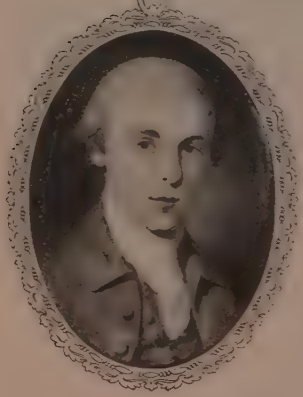
# The First Inauguration Ball

by Gaillard Hunt

WHEN it was announced, a few years ago, that a certain manager of dinner-parties and dances had grouped society in his city into a company of four hundred people, over whom he was the captain, there was much curiosity to discover why he had chosen this particular number; and it was suggested by a certain scholar of biblical research that a divine command had been followed as laid down in the venerable Book of Samuel:

> And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men.

It was not known to the captain, or to those who concerned themselves with his business, that the most appropriate precedent for his number was to be found, not in the leadership of a Hebrew king, or even in the customs of the Old World, but in the first purely festal gathering to commemorate the inauguration of a President of the United States. Four hundred guests, as all the contemporaneous accounts agree, gathered at the first Inauguration Ball, which took place on the evening of Saturday, March 4, 1809, at Mr. Long's hotel on Capitol Hill, in celebration of the accession to the Presidency of James Madison. Each of the three Presidents who had preceded him in office had been permitted to close the day of his inauguration by going early to bed. General Washington and John Adams had been



inaugurated at temporary capitols, and Thomas Jefferson would have rebelled against a ceremony plainly modeled upon the customs of royalty; but when Madison's inauguration came the new Federal City had been a visible fact for nine years and was determined to assert a right to enjoy itself, even if in doing so it followed a habit always hitherto associated with the celebration of the coronation of kings. Royal customs were really the only ones the people knew, for every American in Washington over thirty-two years of age had been born the subject of a king, and the new order of things had not given birth to new ideas of how to manifest rejoicing. Moreover, if the method chosen seems to some to have been an imitation of monarchical customs, they should reflect, in extenuation, that it is an instinct of man coequal with his feeling the sensation of pleasure to show his joy by dancing. So an official ball closed the day of Madison's inauguration, and has closed the inauguration day of every President who has succeeded him.

Up to that time the city had never seen so large a ball, and everybody who might properly go was there. A great many visitors were in the city, but they came chiefly from the surrounding country; some, however, were from Baltimore, and still fewer from more distant points. Two days before the inauguration a lady whose house was on the line of travel saw three coaches-and-four pass her door in the course of the afternoon, and marveled at the number. They had probably driven over from Baltimore, a distance which could be covered, if the roads were in unusually good condition, in a long day's travel. It took more than a week to come from New York; and the strangers, unless they had friends to take them in, fared badly at the crowded boarding-houses and hotels of the capital.

The city was very young and very unattractive to look upon—a sprawling, ragged, ugly duckling of a town; and nobody foresaw that the time would come when it would be hailed as a beautiful swan. No one had a good word for it: foreigners sharpened their wit on it by making epigrams, and poets disparaged it with funny verses. Even the few who hoped were false prophets, for Washington planted it where it is because he thought the Potomac River offered great commercial possibilities, and Thomas Jefferson prophesied that it would one day rival Norfolk as a port, and that Norfolk would soon outstrip New York. That its prestige would come because of social conditions rendered pleasant by the very absence of dominant commerce and trade was an idea entertained by none.

Nevertheless, early in its existence the strange capital, which men could not classify because they had never seen or heard of anything like it before, acquired its own distinctive tone, and had a society more definite and real than it has come to have in later years. Virginia and Maryland captured it at birth and dominated over it, and the tone was Southern; but it was a nation's capital, and the permanent residents and passing officials came together in a circle which, without being inelastic, nevertheless did not embrace those who were not of polite breeding or assured position by reason of high official station or personal renown. There were a few rich residents who gave costly entertainments, and many others who received their friends hospitably; but the criterion was not wealth and lavish display, for the day of the all-powerful rich man had not yet come. As the circle was small, intelligent conversation was cultivated and intimate friendships were formed; and if the pace was slow, it was at any rate dignified. The town did, however, make a brave show at being gay. Formal set dinner-parties were rare, but everybody invited guests to dine, and there were card-parties, suppers, and dances; and when a great debate was on at the Capitol society went there as to a show, and the merits of the speakers and public affairs were staple topics of conversation.

About the year 1802 a number of the young men of the city organized "The Washington Dancing Assembly," and gave parties which were regarded with high favor; and when, seven years later, a President whose wife had been for eight years

NOTE ON THE PORTRAITS OPPOSITE

I. The young James Madison. Miniature by Charles Willson Peale. [Madison gave it to his sister Nelly (Mrs. Isaac Hite), from whom it descended to her granddaughter Mary Briscoe Baldwin, the missionary, from whom it descended to her grandniece, its present owner, Miss Alice Cary Hay of Philadelphia.]

II. Dolly Payne Madison. Miniature by Charles Willson Peale, owned by Dr. H. Madison Cutts.

a bright star in the social firmament was to be inaugurated, some of the members of this assembly determined to arrange for an official ball to close the ceremonies of the day. It was called an "Inauguration Ball," and the announcement said it would be "a dancing assembly," and admission was to be by ticket; but not all who could pay the price could buy the tickets, for they were obtainable only through the managers of the ball. The four hundred people who gathered in the large room of Long's Hotel, therefore, represented all that was most brilliant in the society of the new capital.

The ball opened promptly at seven o'clock, and soon afterward the music played "Jefferson's March," and he who up to noon of that day had been President entered the room accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Coles.

"Am I too early?" said Mr. Jefferson to a friend. "You must tell me how to behave, for it is more than forty years since I have been to a ball."

A few minutes later the diplomatic corp arrived in full uniform. It was a small body of men, comprising several secretaries of legation and only three heads of mission, General Turreau de Garambonville of France, the Honorable David M. Erskine of England, and Mr. Peder Pederson, the chargé d'affaires of Denmark. General Turreau was stiff and punctilious, as became an old soldier, while Mr. Erskine was the most popular of all the early English ministers, not only because of his personal amiability and official friendliness, but because he had an American wife, Frances Cadwallader of Philadelphia, the daughter of General Cadwallader, brother-in-arms of General Washington in the Revolution. Mr. Pederson was a favorite with the ladies of Washington.

Presently the music struck up "Madison's March," there was a hush in the ballroom chatter and a general crowding toward the door, and the President and his party entered, Mrs. Madison going first on the arm of one of the managers, and the President following, escorting Mrs. Madison's sister, Mrs. Cutts. Let us see what manner of man "the great little Madison" looked on this night of his inauguration.

He was fifty-eight years old and in the full maturity of his powers. He stood five feet six and a quarter inches tall, was frail in body, and weighed not more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His forehead was high and broad, and the hair grew to a point in the middle, as he was bald above the temples. It had been brown, but was now quite gray, and was brushed smoothly back and tied behind with a black ribbon. His hazel eyes were not large, or penetrating, or lustrous, but twinkled readily, for in private life he was a joker with the true humorous sense, and when the mood was on him could set the guests about his table into roars of laughter. His nose was long and pendulous, coming down over a long upper lip, and his teeth were remarkably even and white, wonderfully lighting up his face when he smiled. When it was in repose it was solemn and serious without being sad. There was a famous old woman living on his farm in Virginia,—his mother,—then seventy-eight years old, who lived to be ninety-seven, to whom in later life he came to have a startling resemblance. When he first appeared on the national stage in 1780 his manners were marred by the awkwardness of a young countryman, and his conversation by the pedantry of a young country scholar; but many years of association with the other great men of America had remedied these defects, and his manners were now simple, easy, and dignified, and he was noted as one of the pleasantest talkers of his time. He moved slowly and deliberately; but in the endeavor to mitigate the effects of his shortness of stature he walked with a rising, springing step, which was his only touch of personal affectation. He was plainly clothed in black, with ruffles at the throat, small-clothes, and silk stockings, with large silver buckles on his shoes. When he spoke his voice was low and even, and he did not gesticulate.

In recent years a President-elect, being visited by a friend on the morning of the day of his inauguration, confessed that he had been too much agitated to sleep the night before; and it is safe to say that Mr. Madison, whose nature was sensitive and delicate, spent the night of March 3, 1809, upon a sleepless couch. If, toward morning, he fell into fitful slumber from sheer exhaustion, he was rudely roused at daybreak by the thunder of cannon at the navy-yard and Fort Warburton firing a Presidential salute in his honor. An hour later he rose, and, with the aid of Paul

Jennings, his black body-servant, carefully arrayed himself in a dark-brown suit of cloth made expressly for him. The wool had been grown from Merino sheep at "Clermont," Robert R. Livingston's place on the Hudson River, and the carding, spinning, and weaving had been done by the aristocratic hands of Mr. Livingston's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevens Livingston, the wife of her cousin, Edward P. Livingston.

Shortly before noon Mr. Madison drove from his house to the Capitol, escorted by two troops of local cavalry under Captain Brent, and entering the new hall of the House of Representatives, stood pale and trembling with emotion before an assemblage which crowded every inch of space upon the floor and in the galleries. When he read his inaugural address his voice was at first inaudible, but he gathered courage as he proceeded, and the audience heard at least a part of the speech. The ceremonies in the Capitol being completed, he went outside and reviewed the military forces, and then returned to his house in High street, Georgetown, overlooking the river, where he and Mrs. Madison held a reception, at which, after their habit, their guests were served with punch and cake.

The crowd so swarmed around the house, and the street was so blocked with carriages, that it took a guest half an hour to reach the President. He and his wife stood within the drawing-room door to receive the people as they entered, and soon they filled the parlors, drawing-room, and even a bedroom. "She looked extremely beautiful," says the private letter of a lady who attended the reception; "was drest in a plain cambrick dress with a very long train, plain round the neck without any handkerchief, and a beautiful bonnet of purple velvet, and white sattin with white plumes. She was all dignity, grace and affability."

After their levee, Mr. and Mrs. Madison were allowed a brief period of rest; but soon it was time to change the brown suit of American cloth and the cambric gown with the long train for costumes of the ball. From their house (for they did not move into the White House for several days) to the hotel the Presidential coach, with its four stout horses and black coachman and footman, made its way about eight o'clock; and after they had entered the ball-room the people could not restrain their curiosity, but pressed about Mrs. Madison so closely as to incommode her, those behind pushing forward those in front and peering over their shoulders to have a look at her and her beautiful clothes.

To define the charm of a charming woman is always difficult. Dolly Madison's features were not regular, nor was her figure perfect. She was not witty, nor was she wise, and she participated little, if at all, in her husband's intellectual life. Nevertheless, she stands out as the greatest of all mistresses of the White House, and her popularity was unbounded. She ruled over her world in Washington with genial good nature and instinctive tact. Her nature was warm, affectionate, and impressionable. She loved life and people, and her world loved her. Her brilliant coloring, animated face, and well-rounded figure went with a cordial manner and a sympathy for those about her amounting to genius, and she was always ready to bubble into laughter. Who could resist such a woman, the wife of a President? She was the center of observation at the Inauguration Ball, but she would have been the center of observation at any ball, even if she had not been the President's wife. She had, in fact, ruled as undisputedly over the little boarding-house in Philadelphia kept by her mother, when she was the Widow Todd, as she did over the White House as Mrs. Madison.

"She looked a queen," says the same lady who described the dress she wore in the afternoon. "She had on a pale buff coloured velvet, made plain, with a very long train, but not the least trimming—a beautiful pearl necklace, earrings & bracelet—her head dress was a turban of the same colour'd velvet & white satin—(from Paris) with two superb plumes of the bird of paradise feathers. It would be *absolutely impossible* for any one to behave with more perfect propriety than she did. Unassuming dignity, sweetness, grace—It seems to me, that such manners would disarm envy itself, & conciliate even enemies."

Whatever she said or did seemed to please the people. Captain Thomas Tingey handed her a dancing-card.

"But what am I to do with it?" she said. "I do not dance."

"Give it to your neighbor," said he.

"Oh, no," she replied; "that would look like partiality."

"Then I will," said the captain, and he gave it to Mrs. Cutts.

It was not Mrs. Madison's fault, but Captain Tingey's, that some of the great ladies at the ball were jealous of the preference shown Mrs. Cutts, and had difficulty in hiding it.

Captain Tingey and the other managers of the ball were friends of Mrs. Madison, and everything was arranged so as to do her special honor. To them, too, belongs the credit that the ball was so successful that it established a precedent which has bound posterity. They were all men of prominence in the city and identified with its society. Captain Tingey, who was the head of the committee, was of English birth and had served in the British navy before the Revolution. In that war he fought gallantly for the American cause, and was now commandant of the navy-yard. A widower, about fifty years of age, he was supposed to be contemplating a change in his condition, and did soon afterward marry Miss Anne Dulany of Virginia.

The other managers were John Law, a city councilman, nephew of Lord Ellenborough, and the son by his first wife of Thomas Law, a strange genius who settled in Washington before the government moved there; John Peter Van Ness, who had come to Washington in 1800 as a representative in Congress from Kinderhook, New York, but became a fixture in the city after his marriage to Marcia Burns, the beautiful heiress of old David Burns, an eccentric Scotchman who had reluctantly accepted the wealth which came to him by his farm being turned into city lots; John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, Virginia, a man of large wealth who entertained lavishly; Daniel Carroll of Duddington, one of the makers of Washington, who lived on an estate lying south of the Capitol building, and owned a large portion of the city's land; John Graham, an intimate friend of the President's, an accomplished diplomatist, and at that time chief clerk of the State Department; William Brent; Franklin Wharton; James Eakin; and Isaac A. Coles. Van Ness had recently completed his handsome house at the foot of Seventeenth street, designed by Latrobe, and Tayloe his remarkable octagon house on New Jersey Avenue, a unique example of the genius of Thornton.

Some of the guests of the ball must be noticed. Among them were Robert Goodloe Harper, a politician and an author, but more noted as a fop, who on this occasion wore monstrous knots of black ribbon on his shoes and was scented "like a milliner," as a contemporary wrote; Philip Barton Key, a representative in Congress from Maryland, a man of fashion, a loyalist, and an officer in the British army during the Revolution, whose nephew, Francis Scott Key, afterward wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner"; John Randolph of Roanoke, tall, lean, and impressive, soured because he had failed to prevent Madison's election, demanding homage from all men, and yielding it to none; Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, a dark-eyed Genevan, who spoke English with a foreign accent, and who had with him his charming American wife, formerly Hannah Nicholas of New York, whom her adoring husband called "a city belle" because she had never lived in the country until he took her to Pennsylvania; and William H. Crawford, a senator from Georgia, a dignified man with an athletic figure. Some people thought Crawford's manners were uncouth, but all agreed that his conversation was genial and amusing. Others were the Vice-President, General George Clinton, a veteran of the Revolution, an old man seventy years of age, with severe countenance, but very popular; the Postmaster-General, Gideon Granger of Connecticut, handsome and loquacious; Samuel Harrison Smith, editor and founder of the "National Intelligencer," and his brilliant, keen-witted wife, formerly Margaret Bayard, who knew everybody in Washington, and who wrote a vivacious account of the ball in a letter which has already been quoted here; and Dr. and Mrs. William Thornton. Dr. Thornton, then superintendent of the Patent Office, was the original designer of the Capitol, and had recently completed the plans of the improvements for the President's beautiful house at Montpelier. He gave many parties himself, and was a man of varied and interesting accomplishments, including "the gentle art of making enemies." Robert Smith of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, but promoted a few days later to be Secretary of State, came with his

wife. He was a heavy, florid man, important chiefly because his family wielded political power; and his wife, a lady of high fashion, was on this occasion obviously ill at ease because Mrs. Cutts was accorded precedence over her at supper. The leading local light at the ball was Robert Brent, the mayor of Washington and paymaster of the army, a distinguished-looking man, one of a large and influential family. With him was his beautiful daughter, Eleanor Brent.

To get to the ball, his Honor had driven up from the house of his father-in-law, Notley Young, near the place where the steamboats now running to Mount Vernon land. He drove over an unpaved street full of holes and deep with mud, and along Pennsylvania Avenue, which was often like that lake in Egypt which appeared to be all sand, but was in reality a dangerous bog, wherefore John Randolph of Roanoke called the capital's principal street "the great Serbonian Bog." The coach plunged and rocked, and to passers-by it looked as if the feathers and plumes in Miss Brent's head-dress were being tossed in an angry sea. All day long the weather had been damp and unpropitious, and the coach might easily have been mired, an accident which happened not infrequently on Pennsylvania Avenue. Some of the guests came from a greater distance and over worse roads than the Brents had to travel, and many of the officials drove the full length of the avenue from their residences in Georgetown.

It was a little after dark when the coaches began to arrive at the hotel. Some were fine vehicles, with proud black coachmen and footmen on the box, wearing liveries adorned with large gilt buttons bearing the crests of the families to whom the servants belonged; but many of the guests reached the balls in sorry hacks hired at great expense, for few of the senators and representatives set up establishments of their own. Daniel Carroll arrived with his wife, Anne Brent, in a coach drawn by four black mules.

There were more men than women at the ball, for Washington was to a great extent a man's city. Being to many only a temporary abode, and offering bad temporary accommodations, men coming from a distance did not bring their families with them; and, besides, travel was in itself such a hardship that women seldom undertook it, except as a matter of necessity; for a stage-coach was an uncomfortable conveyance at best, and especially so when crowded, as it usually was, with ten or more people when it normally held but nine.

Next to Mrs. Madison, the most important person at the ball in the eyes of the guests was Thomas Jefferson. In contrast to the woebegone looks of the President, his ruddy countenance fairly beamed with happiness.

Some one said to him: "You look so happy and satisfied, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Madison looks so serious, not to say sad, that a spectator would imagine that you were the one coming in, and he the one going out of, office."

"There 's good reason for my happy and his serious looks," replied Mr. Jefferson. "I have got the burthen off my shoulders, while he has now got it on his."

He had played the game; he had won the stakes; he was now going home, and the friend of his bosom was succeeding him. "I do believe," says Mrs. Smith's letter, "that father never loved son more than he loved Mr. Madison; and I believe, too, that every demonstration of respect to Mr. Madison gave Mr. Jefferson more pleasure than if paid to himself." But Jefferson himself had all day long been receiving extraordinary evidences of the affection and respect in which he was held. Many of the people who attended Mr. Madison's reception in the afternoon had afterward gone to the White House to bid Mr. Jefferson good-by, and some of them were unable to restrain their tears at the thought of losing him. The women especially had so surrounded him that Mr. Samuel Harrison Smith said:

"You see, sir, the ladies *will* follow you."

"That is right," said he, "since I am too old to follow them. I remember in France, when his friends were taking leave of Dr. Franklin, the ladies smothered him with embraces; and on his introducing me to them as his successor, I told him I wished he would transfer the privilege to me, but he answered, 'You are too young a man.'"

Mr. Jefferson did not remain more than two hours at the ball, and left before supper. The rooms became more and more

crowded and the heat intolerable; and as the sashes of the windows would not come down, panes of glass were broken to let in the air.

Nevertheless, the tired President found spirit to joke. Coming up to Mrs. Smith, he made "some of his old kind and mischievous allusions," but the lady discreetly refrains from telling what they were. He inquired, however, how she was progressing in the digging of a well at her place in the country. "'Truth,'" said he, "'is at the bottom of a well,' is the old saying; and I expect when you get to the bottom of yours you will discover most important truths. I hope you will at least find water." When the managers of the ball approached and asked him to stay to supper, he said he would be happy to do so, and added for Mrs. Smith's ear, "But I would much rather be in bed."

Mrs. Madison was led in to supper by the French minister, and the President took in Mrs. Erskine. The table was crescent-shaped, and they sat in the center opposite each other. Mr. Erskine sat on Mrs. Madison's left, and she showed her tact by being equally gracious to both him and General Turreau.

Immediately after supper the President's party left, and then, the rooms being less crowded, dancing really began, and quadrilles, reels, and other country dances held sway until twelve o'clock, when, as Sunday morning had come, the fiddles stopped, coaches and hacks were called, and the first Inauguration Ball came to an end.

# "OH, ASK ME NOT"

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

LOVE, should I set my heart upon a crown,
Squander my years, and gain it,
What recompense of pleasure could I own
For youth's red drops that stain it?

Much have I thought on what our life may mean,
And what its best endeavor;
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
But, losing, lose forever.

Seeing how zealots, making choice of pain,
From home and country parted,
Have thought it life to leave their fellows slain,
Their women broken-hearted;

How teasing truth a thousand faces claims,
As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And soon or late their sails be lost along
The all-surrounding ocean.

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
And love you, love you, love you!

# SKYROCKET AND THE BLUE STUFF

## BY CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

### I

### THE COLT ARRIVES

THE colt's dam had been a crack cow-pony in her time, and, when turned into a herd of broncos which were to be driven four hundred miles, she seemed to consider herself in duty bound, though unridden, to help keep the bunch compact; she swung round and round it in a rhythmic single-foot, crashing through the light bunches of sage-brush in her path, utterly ignoring her offspring the while. Only during the halts did she display any recognition of her maternity. The colt, imitating his dam's single-foot when the pace was not too fast, and galloping when he must, kept close at her heels, leaping the brush barriers, throughout the long days for two hundred miles of the drive —nearly four hundred miles of actual travel for him; then he weakened, and was left behind in one of the cañons in a spur of the Sierra Madre range.

Inconsiderate as his parent had been, he mourned her, sulking, whinnying incessantly in sorrow and anger at his bereavement, kicking wickedly at his genial elders in the corral where he had been placed, and sniffing disgustedly at the pail of cow's milk with which Dolly Hazeltine fed him when he became hungry enough to accept the service. With his rages and his chafing, and by the nature of his life tragedy, he won the heart of Dolly. She had had a mother, too; she was impatient, oppressed by her environment, and so she loved the little restless waif, and wept over him while he drank churlishly, or ungratefully bit at her with his dripping pink mouth.

Jem Harley liked the colt, too, maintaining that he was going to be a devil. Jem Harley had an admiring fondness for all honest devils.

But the tender petting of Dolly and the rough play of Jem aroused the colt's ire equally; his temper had been soured by overstrain, and all his struggle had availed only to get him to a place he was determined not to like. From force of habit and restlessness he spent much of his time wheeling rapidly about the inclosure he was in; and, as his young heart had hardened, his expanding muscles continued to do the same.

"Certainly a devil," chuckled Jem, one day, as the colt whirled sharply and landed both pointed heels against the already sore ribs of a big plow-horse that had strayed into the beaten path around which the youngster was doing his mile in about 3:04. "I 'll have lots of fun breaking you some day, old boy," he added, addressing the colt.

"I won't let you, Jem Harley," protested Dolly. "You 're too rough with him, and that 's what makes him mean."

Jem laughed. "There are horses and horses, Dolly, and you have no practical knowledge of either kind. This little fellow sucked meanness with his first milk, and he 'll drop some of it only when fully satisfied that it 's not good for him."

"Oh, of course; girls don't know anything. I suppose I make him mean by being good to him, don't I?" she challenged.

Jem laughed again, in good-natured

reproof. "Wait, Dolly; see which of us he likes best and minds quickest when he 's a yearling," he said.

Dolly frowned impatiently: Jem never would submit to being quarreled with, not even a little.

As the pair turned back from the corral, where Jem had found Dolly with the colt, they met Robert Hazeltine coming in from some part of the ranch. His was not so strong a face as Jem Harley's; his smile of greeting—tender and wistful as he looked at Dolly, but fading altogether when her glance met his—was weak. His manner showed that he expected her to speak.

"You should see that colt, papa," she said, but with less animation than she had displayed in fencing with Jem: "he bosses those broncos around as if he were born a prince." She walked on slowly, leaving the men standing together.

"Well, how 's the mine, Jem?" asked Hazeltine, with cheerfulness a little forced.

"I 'm beginning to be afraid 'mine' is n't the name for it at all, and that it 's about done as a prospect. The gold 's less and less, and harder and harder to separate."

"More of the blue stuff?"

"Lots more; worse every foot we go in. If it was n't for that cursed blue stuff that mine would be worth twenty thousand easy; as it is—*quien sabe?* Maybe in another week it won't pay to work at all."

"I 've often wondered what it can be,—the blue stuff,—and if it might be good for something."

"Good for nothing! It 's too common and forward for that. About as good for a mine as Russian thistles are for a ranch, I guess. Heavy as it is, I 'm quite sure it 's not metal; it 's no sort of cyanide, either, and I don't know what it is besides a confounded nuisance. It 's coming so thick now that it takes less than half an hour to clog the riffles, and even when we 're cleaning up it 's still with us: the small grains stick in a gold-pan lots worse than black sand, and we lose a lot of colors scraping them out. I wish it was some good; there 's more than six tons of it in the dump alongside our sluice, and it looks like the ledge was stuffed full of it."

"Well, when you fellows are forced to quit up there, I dare say I 'll soon be giving up ranching in the cañon. It 's a lonely place here, Jem—for a young girl," he ended wistfully, questioningly.

Jem did not perceive that it was half a question, and he had not heard the stories which had been rife in Parkersfield and San Francisco five years before, giving the name of Hazeltine a wider notoriety than the cautious and timid Robert—or the well-balanced Dolly, if he could only have known—could ever have gained for it. Then it was that Hazeltine, left alone with Dolly, had gone to make a home in the hills.

"But Dolly would make any lonely place jolly," Jem cried impulsively.

"A host in herself?" said Hazeltine, smiling sadly. "Perhaps; and perhaps she feels that her talents should be employed for a purpose more august, if quite indefinite. Jem, it is Dolly wants to go—to town."

II

"MUCHA BOTHER"

SEVERAL times the colt, by persistent and sometimes painful effort, had splintered away the top rail of the corral fence, lightly leaping the three-foot barrier which remained, and enjoyed a wider freedom for a while—a freedom, however, which was not without its disadvantages, and he had always returned to the ranch of his own accord, if uncaptured during the first day or so. He was an epicure; the total absence of bran mush in the wild hills shocked him during his first evasion, and its periodical appearance at the corral drew him back there. Later it was green alfalfa and rolled barley that his mind dwelt upon while he wandered over the mountain ridges, springing like a goat from rock to rock, and absence made his heart grow fonder. Yet liberty is sweet, and he compromised between that and the succulent provender of which it deprived him. A time came when he did not need to kick off a section of cottonwood rail, at the risk of bruises when hoofs missed, as a preliminary to his cherished outing: the five-foot fence could be cleared at a bound. But Dolly was not going to have the colt break his neck, she said; he was her chief source of recreation now, the prospectors being gone and the rancher-folk of the mountains quite uninteresting, in her opinion; so another rail was added to the corral fence. Disgustedly the colt examined the whole two hundred feet of it, tried to kick away a portion, but found the height so great that accurate

aim was impossible; with his slim legs damaged in the process of acquiring knowledge, he desisted. Then the Greaser came; he gave a name to the colt, but Dolly would not accept it: "Diablo" was the name.

The Greaser had come out of the mountains, wearing spurs and carrying a bridle the Spanish bit of which was heavily mounted with silver; yet his boots were

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins.

"SNIFFING DISGUSTEDLY AT THE PAIL OF COW'S MILK"

badly worn through walking long and far over the jagged rocks. When asked questions of a personal nature he did not understand English; at other times he understood it tolerably well. Hazeltine did not exactly employ this man, but somehow he insinuated himself into the economy of things at the ranch, and stayed.

Dolly distrusted the Greaser, slinking of body and eye, yet delighted in commanding him imperiously. The neighbors—half a dozen families within eight miles—professed to fear the Greaser, some even opining that he would burn the house over Hazeltine's head if discharged and cut his throat some night if retained. Naturally, when this man dashed wildly down through the cañons one afternoon, his normally swarthy face livid and his eyes glaring, he was shot to death by a rancher, on suspicion, and so he never told his story. The colt had a little to do with it.

Again and again had the colt planted his rear against the fence, gazing at the side opposite, and summoning all his courage for the great feat; then he would dash across the inclosure, gather his slim legs under him for the leap, only to lose heart at the last instant, crashing into the fence and hurting himself, instead of flying over it. One day he made two attempts, retreating after the first with a red trickle down his breast from a nasty gash torn by a long splinter, his little body quivering with rage and pain. Squealing angrily, he whirled about, ran straight at the fence again, and with a mighty leap he cleared the top rail, only his hind hoofs encountering it heavily. Almost on his nose he fell; his fore legs doubled under him, but were not broken; and after a whimpering whinny of distress at his numerous wounds and bruises, he paced away into the hills.

"Ramon!" called Dolly, a few moments later, at the corral gate.

"Yess, mees?" and the Greaser appeared.

"Where 's the colt?" she demanded.

The Greaser stared blankly into the corral.

"I now have find heem?" he queried sullenly.

"Of course you must, and be quick. He 's hurt; I know he 's hurt himself."

As a matter of fact, the hurt colt had before this forgotten his hurts, having discovered certain objects of curiosity which had been overlooked in his previous wan-

derings. It was an abandoned prospect where a ridge of thoroughly rotted quartz had been worked as placer ground and sluiced; beside the sluice lay heaps of crumbled rock filled with a hard bluish dump,—almost close enough to throw; but a jagged bit of quartz hurt his knee, and he looked down with an imprecation, gasped, screamed frantic oaths, and danced about like a madman, his bulging black

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HIS BULGING BLACK EYES SEARCHING OUT THE BLUE STUFF IN THE DUMP"

substance. The colt ignored the blue stuff, giving his attention to the flume: obviously this thing had been constructed by human beings, doubtless with a view to the discomfort of horses; at any rate, it would be well to demolish it, and it looked easy. The light pine boxes flew in splinters from the sharp hoofs, and when the work was finished, the colt held his head high, whinnying a loud challenge to all the world. That whinny brought the Greaser, and he began creeping up behind the ridges so that he might get close enough to throw a rope on the colt. Quite close he came,—the colt was nipping at new bunch-grass which had forced its way out of the old eyes searching out the blue stuff in the dump. The colt paced away unnoticed. Ten minutes later the Greaser ran past the corral, shouted something to Dolly which at first puzzled her and then caused her eyes to flash with anger, and on he ran, down the cañon and the long foot-hill road, to where he was suddenly to die through a misapprehension.

"Impudence!" Dolly half soliloquized, when she saw her father. "And he 's gone now, and he was lots of fun," she ended fretfully.

"What impudence? Who?" asked Hazeltine.

"The Greaser; I sent him after the colt,

—he jumped out again, after all,—and presently he came back, running, and yelled at me over his shoulder, 'Mucha bother!' and then kept on down the road. What 's he for but to be bothered?" she concluded indignantly.

III

ALL 'S FAIR

THOUGH half satisfied that he ought to fall in with Dolly's dearest wishes, or that he must do so eventually, Hazeltine procrastinated; Dolly said little, showing only by her manner and actions how weary she was of the mountain life. But circumstances were presently to make the situation tolerable again for a while.

The next arrival at the ranch gave the colt a name which all acquaintances of the daring little animal adopted for him. This man was a government surveyor, by virtue of a little technical knowledge, some wealthy and influential relatives, and a charming manner; tired of camping, he concluded that his imaginary surveys could

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HUNG ON TOGETHER WHILE HE SNAKED IT OVER RIDGES AND CAÑONS"

be platted and his salary earned far more pleasantly in some comfortable mountain ranch-house. In Hazeltine he found an old acquaintance of San Francisco days, and remembered Dolly as a ten-year-old girl; she remembered Percy Laurel, too, and was delighted.

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'SKYROCKET! SKYROCKET! SKYROCKET!' HE CRIED"

When Laurel, having heard of the colt's exploits, was taken to the corral to see the creature, he cried:

"Hello, Skyrocket!"

Dolly laughed. Dolly knew how to laugh, and when, intuitively; she was born to charm and entertain, and her father was really inconsiderate in clinging to the mountain ranch.

Then Jem came back, after a five months' absence, and Dolly's days were filled with interest and joy. Jem had come ostensibly for a very brief visit, yet stayed and stayed, apparently because the surveyor did the same, though Jem did not seem over-fond of the surveyor. Jem was dignified and frank; Laurel was very polite and most thoughtful of Jem's convenience, but there was something hidden in all this which the prospector did not like. The undeclared rivalry was not openly encouraged or even recognized by Dolly, but she found means to punish either for any hint of malice toward the other.

The young men talked much to each other in the evenings—exhibition dialogues

—of things they knew and did not know, had done or had not done, and many of their half-lies were amusing. Hazeltine listened critically to these performances, Dolly with delight.

Then the rivals went on bear-hunts together, seeking opportunities to save each other's life, and they undertook to break Skyrocket. He acted more like a fancy reverse pinwheel than a skyrocket when they tried to ride him, and Jem kept his seat only a very little longer than Laurel did. On each occasion Skyrocket continued his whip-lash contortions till, strand after strand parting, the cinch broke and the saddle was whirled high in the air. Dolly forbade further efforts in this direction, truly saying that the horse would kill himself, at least, in another turn or two; so they hitched him to a stout buckboard, without preparing his mind for it, and hung on together while he snaked it over ridges and cañons, trailing it in the air behind him as he leaped the gulches. Skyrocket returned to the ranch alone, some harness and two bits of shaft hanging to him, and Dolly, very pale, rode well ahead of a relief expedition which followed the trail. They met Jem trying to carry Laurel to the ranch; he had done half a mile of it.

For many days Jem limped around the ranch, avoiding all moving objects which might come in contact with spots where the doctor from Alpine had done some needlework on him, cursing Skyrocket from a distance for his own injuries, but yet more for Percy Laurel's broken leg. Dolly devoted most of her time and talent to the entertainment of the helpless one. Finally Jem, somewhat recovered and craving excitement, harnessed Skyrocket and drove him from the back of Dolly's saddle-horse; the latter galloped, Skyrocket paced. Next the strenuous youngster was hitched double to a heavy farm-wagon, and did not succeed in leaving the road for the brush; he wore himself out dragging the wagon and the other horse, with the strength of Jem's arms on the lines, and thereafter Jem was his master.

While Jem was improving the time which had become a burden to him, certain developments were in progress in the invalid's room. For one thing, the broken bone had knit, and the patient would soon be able to stand and to walk with care; for another, he must then be leaving the ranch, to make his reports; also, Dolly showed indications of restlessness, and so far from insisting that the sufferer must not be disturbed when Jem came in to chaff the companion of his adventure, she now welcomed the prospector: so Laurel had concluded that the most auspicious moment for what he intended was at least not in the future, and even feared he had waited over-long.

Dolly had come in from a short but exciting ride with Jem behind Skyrocket; the broken but not tamed horse had given the driver little time to talk to his companion, but Dolly had seen a look in his eyes in an instant of apparent danger, as he half turned toward her, which caused her heart to flutter more than Skyrocket's plunges could, and then she had insisted on going back to the ranch-house. With her nerves still vibrant, before reaction began, she came upon Laurel and his crutches in the deepest shadow on the ranch-house porch.

"Stay, Dolly, and entertain me, please," he cried lightly, as she started back and would have retreated. "Please, Dolly," he begged as she hesitated. "Now that I 'm no longer really an invalid, I can't expect to have you playing nurse for me, of course; but I 'm still too nearly helpless to be the companion of your wild adventures, so please sit here and talk to me a little while."

Dolly dropped weakly into the chair he drew up close to his, leaning back into the shadows to hide the flush which overspread her face.

"Wild adventures?" she echoed.

"I heard you drive out, and recognized the hoof-beats of that little gray fiend. Oh, Dolly, why do you take such reckless chances?" Yet it was not of the "little gray fiend" that he was thinking. "If anything should happen to you, Dolly—" Her manner warned him and he broke off. Discomfited he was, but not unhopeful, for he saw that she was only flustered and uncertain in her mind. Laurel's heart still beat thickly, but his mind was cool.

The pause was only momentary, but it was Dolly that ended it.

"Oh, Skyrocket is quite well broken, and does n't try many of his tricks in harness now."

"Jem is certainly a wonder," commented Laurel.

Dolly felt uneasy, and thought to change the subject as Laurel paused, yet she did not speak. Presently Laurel went on:

"I can easily understand the attraction prospecting has for him: it holds all the fascination of gambling for great stakes and all the charm of adventure. Hardship and disappointment cannot awe a man of such strength and courage as our friend Jem."

Dolly was filled with conflicting emotions—of delight at Laurel's recognition of Jem's qualities in this encomium, and an uneasy feeling that it was an encomium in appearance only. She had not learned that no thing or person is either wholly bad or wholly good, but may be the one or the other according to circumstances or the point of view. She believed, vaguely, that every trait and action may be judged by fixed standards of morality and wisdom; she had only dreamed of life, she did not know. The modulated voice of Laurel broke in upon her reverie:

"I 've told him of a place I ran across a few weeks ago, where it seems to me the croppings look promising,—though I know little of minerals myself,—and he 's going after it presently. I suppose the delight of great hopes repays him for all he has to endure, for the never-ending see-saw of fortune."

"Oh, but some day—" began Dolly, and paused.

"'Some day,'" said Laurel, "is the prospector's motto and coat of arms: some day he 'll win millions, and then? *Quien sabe?* Perhaps a hundred deep holes and tunnels in the mountains, dreams of other millions to be won, and then a pack and burro and the trail again. The life does not breed contentment, Dolly." He left the abstract now. "I hope it will not be so with Jem; I hope his 'some day' extends beyond the bonanza which may be his, not only because of what he has done for me and my regard for him, but because he deserves it. Yet there are some things I do not wish him, Dolly." Dolly flushed crimson, and though her face was in the shadow, Laurel again stopped abruptly, but took up the thread of his discourse at once.

"But what are the probabilities? He and his partner took two thousand apiece from the place up here before that strange blue stuff drove them out, and Jem sank his share in five months on wildcat prospects. That 's the way it goes, Dolly."

Dolly's hands were tightly clasped in her lap; her face was pale now.

"Why do you tell me this?" she demanded moodily.

Laurel laughed lightly. "Why, I 'm sure I don't know, now that you call my attention to it. It is a rather melancholy subject we got started on, at least from our point of view; I imagine Jem would laugh at us if he had heard it."

Dolly felt chilled; she stood up and walked slowly down the porch. Laurel did not seek to detain her then.

## IV

### BASE METAL?

HAZELTINE had yielded to Dolly's will at last: two months after Percy Laurel had returned to San Francisco and Jem Harley to his prospecting, he sold the ranch and stock and went to Parkersfield to live. And it was five months after this that Jem, having opened five prospects,—one of which paid the expenses of the four unsuccessful ones, leaving him two hundred dollars for his five months' work,—arrived at the ranch. He found Skyrocket in disgrace and in danger of a sentence of death for having exuberantly gone mountain-climbing with a buggy, to the terror and distress of his new owner, who had clung to the conveyance as long as it lasted. Jem bought the horse, led him down the cañon till he found a buckboard for sale, and then drove off for Parkersfield.

Skyrocket, after a few tentative plunges for which he was well punished with whip and rein, paced quietly along the rough foot-hill road, allowing Jem's thoughts to stray again to some glittering croppings he had stumbled upon during his late wanderings. He had not sunk a prospect shaft there, being content for the moment with locating the claim; he was not sure his find would prove to be of value, for he kept telling himself he did not know what it was. That it was metal of some sort he had sufficient knowledge to know; that it was not gold was manifest, for he did have a very good working knowledge of gold; and if it did not prove to be silver, there was bitter disappointment in store for Jem Harley. Another thought possessed his mind, coupled with that of the hypotheti-

cal silver lead: he would tell Dolly of his hopes, and then of that greater hope he had held so long. And would she—if the rock carried silver? He hoped to hear her say that silver-mines were nothing to her, —though well aware that this would be untrue,—and that Jem was all her world. Yet, with this last intoxicating thought in his mind, he drew out his specimens from the pocket of his canvas coat, and examined them for the thousandth time. The metal in the ore shone and sparkled as he turned the rock in his hand till all its surfaces had caught the light of the sun.

Jem received his letters at Alpine post-office, the accumulation of seven months, and drove on. Skyrocket was inclined to be frisky, and Jem presently stopped and tied him to a juniper; then he opened his mail.

Dolly's letters vaguely troubled him: she seemed too happy; what he would have wished her he did not ask himself. It caused him a jealous pang. He re-read the six letters, searching for some hint of incompleteness in the life of the writer, but could find none. Two letters remained to be read; he opened the one from Hazeltine, and glanced over it. Laurel! Laurel there! In Hazeltine's letter there was a suggestion of uneasiness, a strange urgency in the invitation to Jem to visit them. But why? Hazeltine had seemed to like and admire Laurel more than Jem in the days on the cañon ranch. Jem glanced at the date, and was relieved to find that it was only two weeks old: more may sometimes happen in two weeks than in two years, but Jem was seeking comfort. What little he found was short-lived: Dolly's last letter, more joyous than the rest, bore a later date by two days; Laurel had been there then, and Dolly had not told him.

There was one more letter, addressed in a hand he recognized but could not place; that could have no bearing on the existing situation, he thought, and opened it listlessly. However, it held its momentary sensation for him, for it was from Percy Laurel, flippantly urging Jem to join the "festive party" in Parkersfield at his earliest convenience. It was a sarcastic fling, yet a reckless act of honor. Jem felt neither despondent nor apathetic after that; his blood leaped hotly in his veins, and his eyes shone brightly. In a moment more Skyrocket was being allowed to gather the impression that he was running away, though held closely to the rocky stage road through the long pass.

## V

### WHAT THE GREASER SAID

"HELLO!" cried Laurel, who was walking alone along the main street of Parkersfield. "Just in time, old man."

"For what?" demanded Jem, savagely.

"Why, everything that 's going; but I meant supper. Hello, Skyrocket! He 's been abusing you, has n't he? What was the matter, Jem? Been hurrying, I should say."

Jem flushed under the banter. "Skyrocket does n't care about slow travel," he mumbled, "and I let him come through."

"Well, Dolly's saddle-horse and mine fill the bit of stable at the place, but if you 'll give me a lift down there I 'll take Transit to a boarding-stable and make room for Skyrocket. Oh, that 's all right; I 've had the stall three weeks, and it 's proper I vacate for you. Don't worry, Jem; I 'll have my share."

Jem scowled darkly, and made little reply to the running fire of comment upon things in general which Laurel kept up.

"Dolly 's the forefront of everything in this place," he was saying. "There was never any social life in the wretched little town as I remember it; but, say!—well, 'Frisco 'd be a lot too small for her, I say." He broke off to direct the morose Jem, and the buckboard swung through Hazeltine's gate.

"I 'm glad, very glad to see you, Jem, my boy," said Hazeltine, gravely. "Any good news?"

"I don't know," answered Jem, thinking of the bright metal and trying to feel sure it was silver. "Prospects," he added, "but I have n't gone down on them much yet."

"Well, I 'm glad you 've come. I don't know what to do about your horse; our—"

"Transit yields to Skyrocket," interrupted the surveyor, and went to saddle his horse.

"Skyrocket? So it is!" cried Hazeltine.

"I bought him at the ranch. I did n't know you 'd gone till I got there," explained Jem. "How 's Dolly?"

"Quite well, and seems very happy, but I fear not altogether content," he said, with an unconscious sigh.

"How 'll you swap plugs, Jem?" asked Laurel, riding up. "Mine 's a good saddle-horse, and fast; a good stayer, too."

"I 'm going to keep Skyrocket," said Jem.

"Then I keep Transit; you 've got the only horse I 'd trade him for."

Dolly did not come out to meet Jem; her greeting, when he went in, was not effusive, as it had been on other occasions. She seemed to study him reflectively, while he talked with her father or Laurel.

Dolly appeared to be a little tired. Through the supper-hour she remained soberly contemplative, rousing only once to frown impatiently at Jem's attempt to emulate Laurel in his brilliant banter. Later in the evening they went out, and with Dolly as his rather passive sponsor and Laurel exerting himself to win general attention to the wanderer, Jem became a lion in the petty social circle which had formed about Dolly Hazeltine. He enjoyed it, too, though always with an uneasy feeling that Laurel was doing it all. Dolly seemed surprised at Jem's complacency, and scarcely pleased.

The interest in the new life, such as he found it in its freshness, and the presence of Dolly made Jem forget or ignore the problem which had perplexed him when he came, but finally he sent his specimens to be assayed. Having done this, he began to fear that the report would leave him without even the doubtful prospect of fortune to offer Dolly, and he hastened to tell her of his hopes; then he would tell of the hope he cherished.

"Silver!" cried Dolly, excitedly, but Jem checked her, explaining that it might not be.

"Then you 'll be prospecting over the mountains again, months and years," she said. "What is the use, Jem? Look at those old men that used to come to the ranch, twisted with rheumatism so that it made my bones ache to see them, prospecting all their lives and dying in the mountains. I don't want ever to live in the mountains any more. Do you like them? Why don't you stop it, Jem?"

Then a soft flush overspread her face and throat, deepening as he began:

"I would Dolly, if—"

"If everything was just as you wanted it," she interrupted hastily, "which it can't ever be, for you don't know what you want."

"Oh, Dolly! I do know, and—"

Dolly laughed nervously. "You 're too unreasonable and absurd to talk to to-day, Jem," she protested, and would have retreated but that he caught her hand and held it.

"If it is silver, Dolly," he said; "if I can leave the mountains forever and take you wherever you care to go—Dolly, will you marry me then?"

Dolly whimpered, hanging weakly back from him. "Don't, Jem!" she pleaded; "don't ask me that." Then her trepidation passed and she laughed. "I don't want to marry a silver-mine, Jem," she said.

In his surprise he released her, but as she backed away from him he cried:

"Marry me, then! Oh, Dolly, I love you so!"

"No, Jem," she answered gravely; "I won't be a prospector either." Again she tried to laugh, but failed. He let her go.

The following day the assayer's report came. It showed the rock to go twenty cents per ton in silver, fifty cents in gold, and about eleven dollars in lead: a very valuable prospect if the ore could be milled at the mine; but it could not.

Laurel, in his sympathy, was a little less flippant than usual; Hazeltine was manifestly grieved; Dolly had nothing to say. Jem then declined Laurel's suggestion that they pay some calls and get cheered up, Dolly likewise refusing, and Jem retired into a corner of the parlor with a work on metallurgy, the leaves of which he began moodily turning. He knew it could not tell him how to run a mill without water, and that twelve dollars a ton would not pay for hauling and shipping the ore, yet he began reading passages in the chapters on lead. The metal was bright and shiny in the ore, he saw it stated. All he read was almost new to him, for, like many another prospector with some knowledge of gold-bearing rocks, he knew almost nothing of other ores.

"Well, then, what does silver look like?" the question formed itself in his mind.

Angrily, as if he had a grievance against nature for deceiving him by appearances, he turned to the chapters on silver ores, reading several pages absently, the words making no impression on his mind; but suddenly something impelled him to fix his attention on the book—something he had just read, with his mind

far away, vaguely suggested some elusive memory. What was it? He ran his eye up along the page.

"—of a dull blue color," that was it; but what—why, it was silver he was reading about!

"Blue in the ore!" he gasped; and then, throwing down the book, he leaped across the room and seized Dolly's wrist.

"What was it he said?" he demanded wildly.

The girl shrank back from him, terrified.

"The Greaser," ejaculated Jem. "He was from the mines of Mexico, I 'm sure of it, and he knew. Tell me what it was he said. Listen! Think! You said it was 'mucha bother'; remember? Was n't it '*mucha plata*'? Dolly, tell me!"

"Why, that was it!" she answered, amazed. "But what is it? What did he mean? Jem, what is it?"

"Silver! Virgin silver by the ton!"

"Well,"—in an imperturbable drawl Laurel spoke,—"I 'll race you for that silver, Jem."

"You have no right!" cried Dolly. "It 's Jem's; he mined it for months."

"Location expired some six months ago, I believe," demurred Laurel, easily; "but if you say so, Dolly, Jem shall go for the silver alone."

Dolly turned white, leaning back against the wall. Laurel laughed lightly, but there was a hard gleam in his eyes.

"I guess we race, Jem. Boots and saddles, old man, or—er—possibly you prefer to drive?"

## VI

### THE RACE FOR THE BLUE STUFF

"SHALL I help you hitch up, Jem? No? Well, you 're wise: I 'd cut the tugs for you. This is war, Jem. By the way, shall you pack a gun?"

"Gun! No!" snorted Jem, contemptuously.

"Well, so long as it 's even, I won't. *Au revoir.* You 'll get a little lead before Transit takes the trail, but we 'll pass you this side of Round Top in spite of Skyrocket's wiry legs." The last words came faintly to Jem through the darkness, and Laurel was gone.

Jem harnessed Skyrocket quickly, but with great care. Hazeltine had lighted a lantern and come out as Laurel started off, and lighted Jem at his work.

"Good-by," he said as his guest drove slowly out, "and good luck to you."

Jem held in his pawing horse at the gate, though it was open; he could see nothing and knew nothing, yet his heart beat as heavily as it might in a close finish to the race which was to be run that night.

"Dolly!" he called softly.

She stepped out from the shadow of a pepper-tree and stood beside the buckboard.

"I did n't want to keep you, Jem," she panted. "Go!"

He leaned down and kissed her, and her arms clung about his neck for a moment; then Skyrocket was off.

Dark clouds smothered the stars and moon; the reins Jem held were damp with moisture from the heavy air. Mud in the long pass, of which there seemed to be every promise now, would clog even the light wheels of a buckboard far more than it would hamper a saddle-horse, yet Jem was laughing silently as Skyrocket fell into his stride along the valley road. He tightened the reins a little.

Once the cloud-banks lifted in the east; Round Top loomed shadowy against the dark mass of the towering Sierra, and beyond, above, the sky was for a moment filled with a soft opalescent light from the hidden moon; then they thickened again and a driving mist swept across the valley.

"Rain behind that," thought Jem. "My race is with the storm, and if I beat it I 'll tire his Transit in the last ten miles. Skyrocket knows the road."

Round Top, a dark blur in the mist, came in sight again, close ahead on the right, as the buckboard swung around the curve and whirled away straight for the mouth of the long pass; but out of the wet night behind came a loping horse, drawing slowly up to the pacer, and, with the isolated mountain still fifty yards in front, passed him. A cynical chuckle, an unspoken "I told you," came back from the rider; it was answered by a peal of laughter so triumphant that the chuckle died in Laurel's throat. Yet he called out to the driver:

"Rain with yours, Jem; I 'll beat it to the summit and leave you and it in the pass behind: prophecy number two. With my location made in the morning, and you left with your precious lead-mine, I 'll have another prophecy for you." The mist swal-

lowed him. Jem drew the lines still tighter as Skyrocket tried to bolt after the saddle-horse.

Round Top faded into the thick night behind, and close before the buckboard a huge black post suddenly appeared—an old dead oak the fallen branches of which had been replaced by two rough pine boards, one pointing back the way they had come, the other to the right.

"Ten miles," said Jem.

Straight away they went. Jem slackened the lines a little, and trees, rocks, fences, and ranch-houses rushed at them out of the murky nearer distance and skurried away behind.

The blanketed landscape changed, and they passed through a brush-grown country, where the road now rose before them like a white sign-board in the distorting gray mist, or fell away like a chalk-marked precipice; but only to the eyes of the man was the way so strange. And now appeared a vast wall before them through the thinning mist, rising far above them and shading away into the somber sky, darkening with every mile covered by the beating hoofs, seeming to bend over them at last. Against the black wall Jem saw a blacker line, and soon it sank away before them, deep into the great mountain-range, and the buckboard swayed and rattled over the loose stones of the long pass.

A yellow bar of light lay over the road at the second turn, and here Jem brought Skyrocket to a standstill.

"Hello!" he called, while Skyrocket drank at the trough before the mountain saloon.

"Hello!" came the response. "A drink? Feller hoss-back ahead said to say there 'd be no arsenic in it, if you wanted some; nor there would n't be, nohow, for I ain't that kind. What 's the row?"

"I 've no time to tell you now. No; I won't drink, thanks. How long gone?"

"Half an hour, 'bout— Whew! that 's a hoss an' a half!"

Skyrocket was off through the pass.

*Click-click, click-click, click-click.* Forhours of the long climb the rhythmic beat of the steel-shod hoofs never flagged, and at last, on the final curve of the upward way, Skyrocket paced out of the heavy mist, out and above the lowering clouds, and stood still on the summit, under the twinkling stars.

Jem looked back and listened; the gray smother filled all the cañons below him,—a fantastic, flimsy sea in the blue-white light of the moon,—while out of it rose the taller peaks of the range like islands; but up from its depths came a swishing, screeching sound, for the storm had followed close, and was roaring up the narrow pass behind. And Jem laughed loudly, there on the crest of the range, looking down in the soft moonlight at the rain-whipped mountains below.

"*Second prophecy wrong!*" he cried.

Down the mountain, tugs loose, paced Skyrocket, breathing hard, but with no nerveless jerking of the knees. Alpine, all dark, was left behind, and the flying hoofs rang loudly on the foot-hill road.

Fifty miles away, now, was the drenched city of Parkersfield, where Dolly shivered at the sound of wind and rain; and here, in the light of stars and the setting moon, Skyrocket entered the last long stretch of the race.

Mile after mile he paced steadily, his sharp ears held stiffly back, while Jem watched fearfully for the sinking and rising of the flanks, the spasmodic heave of the ribs, which should tell him the pace was too fast and the race lost; but the dreaded signs had not appeared when Rattlesnake Rocks were passed. Nine miles more to the blue stuff. Where was Laurel?

Jem no longer watched the flanks of his horse, but fixed his eyes on the outstretched head, for the regular beat of the hoofs told him that now Skyrocket would last to the end; but the sharp ring of the steel shoes could not prevent his heart from sinking as the miles spun away behind, for he had not seen what he watched for so eagerly.

Tight on the slopes and loose on the levels were the reins over Skyrocket's back, and Jem urged him forward every moment with his voice; pebbles rattled in the spokes of the wheels as the buckboard slid and jumped over the stones: Jem's eyes were on Skyrocket's head, but the sign he hoped for had not come.

The only ranch-house close beside the foot-hill road—here the Greaser had died two years before—flashed into sight and was gone, and a mile beyond that the buckboard slid sidewise for a yard as Skyrocket wheeled sharply into the by-road to the old Hazeltine ranch. Three miles more to the silver lead! Jem's eyes were glassy, and

he no longer shouted to the horse; but still he watched his head.

And suddenly Skyrocket's ears shot forward; Jem stood up in the plunging, staggering buckboard and yelled. The buckboard leaped forward drunkenly, pounding the ground like a trip-hammer, and Jem was sprayed by a shower of foam from the horse's mouth: Skyrocket was galloping.

One more mile and Laurel was in sight, swinging his long quirt till the writhing lash circled Transit's body and bit through the rider's clothes, drawing blood from horse and man: Laurel's sang-froid had deserted him.

Skyrocket leaped over the ground, flinging the buckboard in the air over the hollows, pounding it against the ridges. Jem was silent now, watching Laurel.

It was a savage finish.

The white dawn had come, unnoticed by the racers. In the growing light the rancher who had bought from Hazeltine stood beside the old corral where Skyrocket had spent the fretful months of his babyhood: he saw them flash past, saw Transit stagger ten feet to one side of the trail and fall like a stone, and Skyrocket go tearing away into the hills with a shattered buckboard behind him.

An hour later Jem came down, thin and haggard. Laurel was at breakfast.

"Hello!" he cried. The tone was cheery, but it was a forced note. "Where 's Skyrocket?"

"Dead!" groaned Jem, and dropped heavily into a chair.

"Whew!" whistled Laurel. "Transit, too. What brutes we are, and what fools! Why did n't you stop when you saw Transit down?"

"I did n't think about how things were going," answered Jem, slowly, his eyes looking far away at nothing, his awed mind dwelling on the madness that had passed. "I 'd have killed you up there, Percy, if Transit had stuck it out," he ended wonderingly.

Laurel laughed nervously. "And you 're surprised at getting that way?" he asked. "I was wishing for a gun when you passed me. Did n't I say we 're fools?"

Jem was weakly angry at everything, especially at Laurel for seeming to understand things.

"Well, here I am," he blurted: "now your third prophecy!"

"What wretched bad taste you have, Jem!" complained Laurel, rising. "Well, here: I named the horse that won the race for you; I 'll name your mine; I 'll describe the nature of the greatest felicity you now hope for in life—all!" Laurel's lips were white; he no longer sneered with placid politeness, but with the rage of a netted wasp: "*Skyrocket! Skyrocket! Skyrocket!*" he cried.

"I understand," said Jem; "but that prophecy is wrong, too," he added, with conviction.

Laurel laughed jeeringly, slammed the door shut as he passed out, and walked unsteadily down the trail.

Jem looked after him for a moment, and many thoughts of the past, of the present, and of the future rose in his mind, and there was a tightness in his throat. Something seemed to be going out of his life; much had come into it, but the sense of loss was none the less keen for that.

"Percy!" he called. Jem could not know all his tone might tell.

Laurel stopped short and stood still for an instant without turning; then he laughed and looked back at Jem.

"*Adios!*" he cried, waving his hand.

# MARCH THE EIGHTEENTH

[illegible]

BY J. F.

THE silent Father sat by Time's wide sea.
The troubles of his people pondering:
Heeding not scorn, nor hate, nor calumny,
If he might only do the *honest thing*.

Now, as he journeys home his downward way
They speak the words who once spoke naught but blame:
His people pray the knight-king of his day
And cry the morrow to revere his name.

# EPITAPH FOR A POET

(JOHN HENRY BONER)

BY R. W. G.

IN life's hard fight this poet did his part:
He was a hero of the mind and heart.
Now rests his body 'neath his own loved skies
And from his grave "Courage" — his spirit cries.

# AT SALUTE

BY SUSIE M. BEST

THE king stands by and bares his head—
*Why is it so?*
I was a clod (he would have said)
An hour ago.
An hour ago, ere I was dead,
I would have bared
And he, the king, with heedless head
Onward had fared.
And now, this change—what made it, say—
What stopped him on his onward way?
Is it because has come to me
Death's strange and sudden dignity?
Is this the reason he is mute
And stands before me at salute?

# SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK

THE CAÑON WILLIAM STREET

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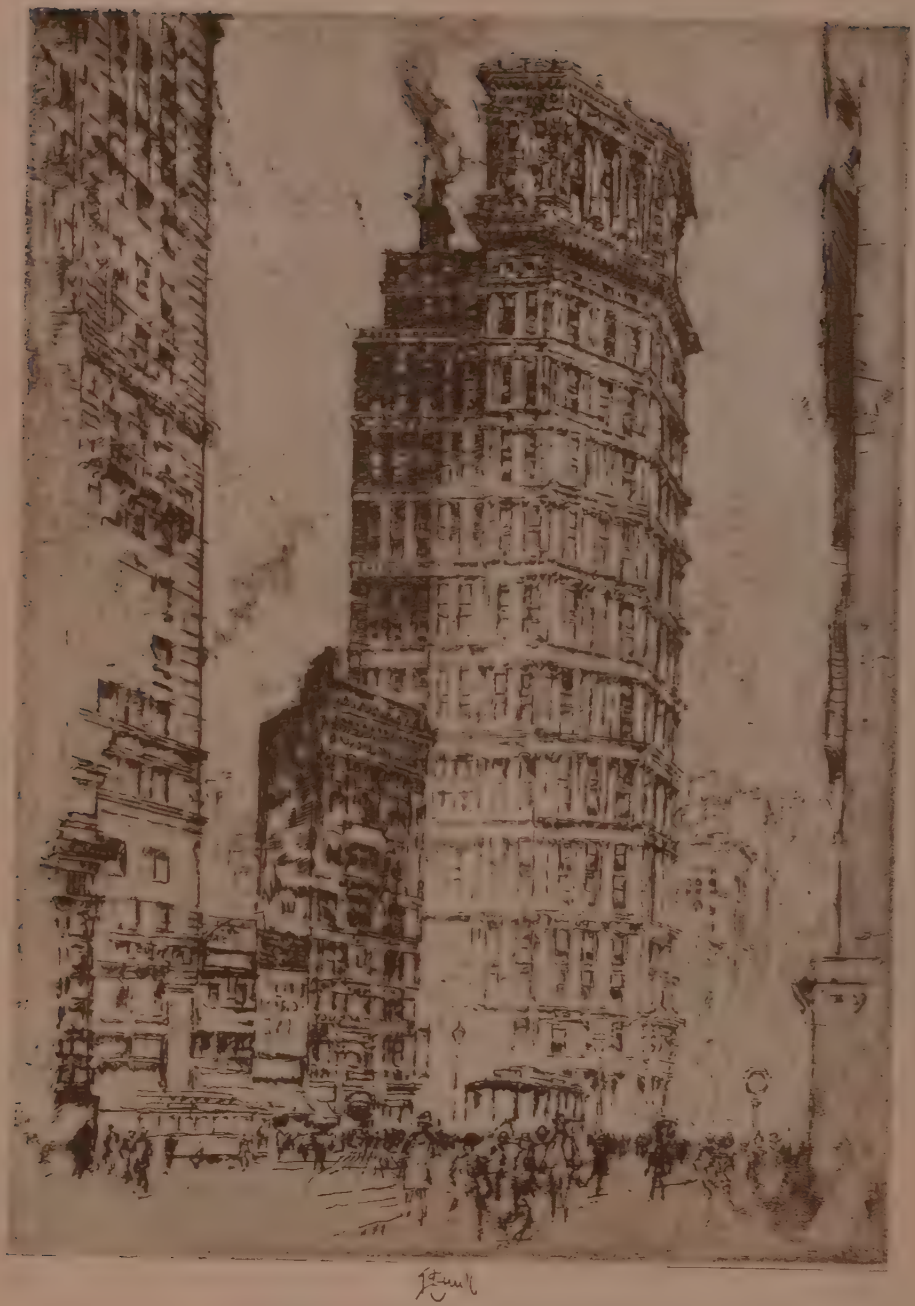
THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—TRINITY BUILDING



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# THE OUTLOOK FOR REFORM IN RUSSIA

## INCLUDING INTERVIEWS UNDERTAKEN FOR THE CENTURY WITH TOLSTOY, WITTE, SHIPOV, THE EDITORS OF THE "NOVOË VREMYA" AND THE "GRAZHDANIN," AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVE RUSSIANS

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WHEN I returned to St. Petersburg after nearly a year's absence, though there were no bulletins to announce Russian or even Japanese victories, and no flags or illuminations to proclaim the birthday of the Emperor or some other imperial fête, every other man was humming, "There 's a holiday in our street."

"Can't you *feel* the difference?" asked a man who had spent two of the last twelve months in prison.

I pleaded my too recent arrival.

"Well, I do. I feel it asleep and awake. I know that the police will not come to-night and arrest me or search my house. I do not know how long it will last, but I am enjoying the new sense of security."

I had come at a favorable moment. On the day before one hundred and four men, representing the provincial zemstvos, institutions of self-government operating in thirty-four of the provinces of European Russia, had met to formulate a program for the political regeneration of the country. Their meetings, held each time in a different private house, partly to prevent possible outbursts of popular rejoicing, partly perhaps to forestall other interruptions, were continued four days, and, though businesslike to an exemplary degree, were characterized by feelings of optimism and enthusiasm rarely observed in this land of chronic pessimism. After wandering forty years in the wilderness, the constitutionalists believe that they have at last sighted the promised land. Scarcely had the Emperor Alexander II established the district and provincial zemstvos when voices were raised demanding the completion of the truncated pyramid by the summons of delegates from the provinces to St. Petersburg to participate in legislation, and the broadening of its foundations by the creation of a smaller zemstvo unit corresponding to the American township or the English parish. Mr. Witte has furnished classic testimony to the sincerity and logical necessity of these expectations. How they have been blighted up to the present is sufficiently well known.

However, the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and the bitterest cold often heralds the approach of spring. The reaction did its best, or its worst, under Plehve. Two of his assistants were engaged in a hectoring inspection of the zemstvos—in other words, were preparing for their further mutilation or their complete suppression—when a well-known event put a period to their activity.

The indescribable crescendo of popular hopefulness characteristic of the last few weeks in Russia must be credited in large part to Mr. Plehve's successor, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, as is only natural in a country where so much depends on persons, so little on law. Prince Mirsky told a friend the circumstances of his appointment. He was at his post as governor-general of Vilna, several weeks after Plehve's death, when a telegram summoned him to an audience of the Emperor. His Majesty talked to him a long time about all possible

subjects except the vacant portfolio. He returned to Vilna and exchanged congratulations with his wife. Again several weeks passed, and he was commanded to a second audience. Again the Emperor chatted with him on various topics, but said not a word about the appointment until Prince Mirsky was about to take his leave.

"Prince," his Majesty then said, "I can scarcely get what I have to say to you over my tongue. I hardly dare ask it because I know it is against your own wishes, but you would do me a great favor if you would be minister of the interior."

"Your Majesty's intuition is correct," answered Prince Mirsky; "I do not seek this honor, but I am a soldier in your Majesty's service. It is for you to command, for me to obey."

He began to ask what policy he would be expected to pursue, but the Emperor interrupted him.

"Please go at once to my mother and tell her you have accepted. She is so impatient to know your decision."

Prince Mirsky was not a wholly unknown figure. A great landed magnate, a relative of Count Sheremetiev and of the latter's protégé, Sipiaghin, he had held the position of chief of the political police under Plehve. As such, he had served as the chairman of the commission that deported many restless spirits, including about three hundred literary men of St. Petersburg and several hundred students. Nevertheless, he was not a man after Plehve's heart, and he accepted a transfer to Vilna, where he won the sympathies of all classes of the population—Russians, Jews, Lithuanians, and Poles. Since his appointment as minister he has told friends that he had long felt himself in a false position and was about to resign when Sipiaghin's murder made it impossible to do so. It was recalled that he had always been suave and genteel even in his intercourse with political suspects; and, then, press-blind Russia has a wonderfully fine sixth sense. It was in the air that Mirsky would introduce a new era. The minister did not announce a program. All that he did—but that sufficed to electrify the country—was to allow himself to be quoted in favor of greater freedom of the press, of relaxing the rigors of the prevailing police system of government, and as recognizing the necessity of mutual confidence between the government and the zemstvos. These few and vague utterances loosed the tongue of Russia.

The press lost no time, and with growing candor and daring exposed the existing evils and discussed the reforms that were coming. Some old scores were squared with remarkable promptitude. Father Petrov, a priest of unusual cultivation, made a furious onslaught, over his own signature, upon K. P. Pobiedonostsev, the procurator of the Holy Synod, under the transparent disguise of a "modern Spanish grand inquisitor." Father Petrov had been one of the most popular lecturers of the Russian counterpart of the Young Men's Christian Association, established and partly maintained by an American. His talks rather tended to overlook the church and to make a direct appeal to the individual conscience. Some time ago he was ordered to submit his addresses in future to the censorship of his spiritual superiors. He took this as a hint to stop talking altogether. So at this new opportunity he got back at the "grand inquisitor" as follows:

This man, more than seventy years old gaunt, dry as parchment, with no marrow in his bones and little blood in his heart, is one of the most assiduous workers. His study is piled with books, newspapers, and reviews in various languages. He has published a series of works on jurisprudence, theology, social science, and other subjects. He is erudite and is gifted with powers of rapid and deep analysis. However, all that he does or says is permeated with the air of the tomb. Thanks to his rare understanding, his exceptional education, and his invariable, emphatic loyalty to the church, he has enjoyed a strong support and exercised a powerful, but fatally pernicious, influence upon church and state. He has allowed nothing and nobody to advance, has held the people and the clergy in ignorance, sown discord in the country, and provoked general irritation. Educated people have largely risen against the church, lost faith, become godless and inimical to everything that even reminds them of religion, while true believers have languished spiritually and despaired. His subordinates have been people of God knows what sort of character and disposition. Everything that was honorable in the country has fallen away from him, and he has been forced to accept as assistants anybody that he could find. Among them there is not a single intelligent man with his heart in his work. Nearly all are thieves and bribe-takers, at best coarse, self-seeking politicians. They

hate their employment and despise one another and themselves. They flatter their chief shamelessly, and, though he sees through their sycophancy, he is seduced and poisoned by it—indeed, cannot live without it, cannot bear the slightest disagreement, and screams, waves his arms, and stamps his feet at even the most venerable spiritual dignitaries. He has terrible eyes; God forbid that any man should have such eyes, wicked, evil, contemning everything and everybody, and full of the deepest mental torment. He is the greatest nihilist that could possibly exist, for he not only repudiates institutions, but he renounces man altogether. I am not sure that he does not personally deny the existence of God. In any case, he is the greatest of sinners. In the name of God he slays God's image in man, and under the banner of the love of Christ is up to the elbows in blood. He and all he does is one great mortal sin—sin against the Holy Ghost, for he does not recognize, and therefore strangles, the human soul. He is, in the literal sense of the word, the real destroyer of souls.

Copies of the newspaper that printed this, and of those which had the courage to reproduce it, sold for enormous prices. The same honor was paid the articles of Prince Eugene Troubetskoi, professor in the University of Kieff, in which the government officials were called to an accounting for all the unpreparedness and surprises of the war. The Japanese had found, and continue to find, Russia asleep. This is not the fault of the people, for the officials have been diligently engaged for twenty years in preventing the people from waking up. If any uneasy sleeper stirred, he was rudely bidden to shut up and lie still. When the zemstvos ventured to speak, they were emphatically told that the general affairs of the country were not their concern. The officials who claimed to be the only authorized guardians of the country kept their eyes open only for domestic enemies. Those who were being defeated in the East were not the gallant soldiers and sailors, but the government officials.

The zemstvos greeted the new era by sending Prince Mirsky messages of congratulation and thanks, and hastened preparations for an inter-zemstvo conference. Mr. Plehve had offered the hope that the provincial zemstvo presidents would be allowed to meet to discuss certain local questions. After his death the plan was widened. Not only the presidents but unofficial delegates from the various provinces were to be invited. Prince Mirsky gave his consent, and offered to place his offices at the disposal of the conference. Whether he was ill informed of the plans of the zemstvoists or met with opposition in conservative quarters need not be considered, but he summoned some of the zemstvo leaders and asked if they intended to broach the question of a constitution. They said they did. He answered that he would have to report this to the Emperor, and afterward informed them that his Majesty refused to consent to the conference being held. The zemstvoists declared their intention of meeting as private persons. Thereupon Prince Mirsky said that, having communicated the will of the Emperor, he desired to drop the rôle of minister for a moment and to speak as a friend. Would they not be satisfied to meet in Nijni-Novgorod or to wait until a more convenient season? They refused to accept either suggestion; nevertheless he gave them to understand that he would not disperse the meeting by force.

Many of the members of the conference were previously unacquainted with one another, and they represented the most conservative as well as the most radical tendencies among the zemstvos. All seemed, however, to strive to throw aside personal whims and private views and to arrive at an understanding. A substantial unanimity was actually reached, and the final draft of the resolutions was signed by all except one member. This gives them far greater importance than they would otherwise have, as they would appear to represent the average opinion of the overwhelming majority of all the reading and thinking people of the country. The formality of signing the resolutions was made as impressive as possible, the provinces being called in alphabetical order. The first to sign was Baron Stewart of Bessarabia, a gentleman of British descent and a typical Tory.[1]

[1] The resolutions, it will be remembered, are in the form of eleven theses, and present a definite program of constitutional reform, beginning with the summons of an elective assembly to discuss the situation authoritatively. They are the crystallized opinion of the constitutionalists. Their great significance is that they have been presented to the Emperor as the political creed of the persons who have the best claim to represent the country.

A deputation of five members was appointed to present the resolutions to Prince Mirsky for transmittal to the Emperor. The minister declined to receive the deputation, as he did not wish to recognize the official character of the conference. He was, however, at home to Dmitry N. Shipov, for many years president of the Moscow provincial zemstvo; and he told Mr. Shipov that he was sympathetically disposed toward the resolutions, speaking generally, but that the decision did not rest with him. He would report the matter to the Emperor.

What will be the result? Before examining this question, let us consider the conference as an accomplished fact. After countless rebuffs of their efforts to take even the most petty measures in concert, the zemstvos have, in circumstances created in part by Oyama and Togo, succeeded in holding a sort of congress in the imperial capital, and in securing the presentation of their views to the Emperor. The constitutionalists are, for the most part, not naïve enough to expect the immediate concession of their demands. Nevertheless they regard November 19, the day the conference assembled, as a milestone in Russian history. The precedent thus set will never be forgotten, and the program they formulated will shape political thought in Russia for an indefinite period. The conference has put the Russian public in a buoyant frame of mind unparalleled since the beginning of the reign of Alexander II. It has also disclosed the fact, beyond cavil or doubt, that the reading and thinking public, excepting a small percentage which some estimate as low as five, is behind the demand for personal liberty, for the sway of law instead of official caprice, and for some form of popular representation.

It is understood that the Emperor has consulted his relatives, who now largely monopolize the influence they shared with the great noblesse during the two preceding reigns, and that, while the grand dukes strenuously opposed any concessions, the

Taking as their starting-point Prince Mirsky's generous words regarding the necessity of mutual confidence between the government and the people, represented by the zemstvos, the resolutions deplore the prevailing mutual distrust as an abnormality. The relations between the government and the people have been based upon fear of any signs of independent thought and action on the part of the public, which has led to the centralization of all real power in St. Petersburg and to the minutest supervision over every detail of the life of the people. The bureaucratic system, thrusting itself between the people and the Emperor, opens the door to official caprice, personal discretion, and acts of arbitrary power, undermining confidence in the government and depriving the people of a requisite sense of security.

The only way to prevent arbitrary acts on the part of the administration is to establish the principle of the inviolability of the person and of private dwellings. Nobody ought to be punished or curtailed in his rights without judgment by a court that is independent of the administration. This can be guaranteed only if all officials are made answerable to the civil and criminal courts for infractions of the laws.

The sixth paragraph demands freedom of conscience and of belief, freedom of speech and the press, and liberty to meet and to form associations. The seventh is: "The personal, civil, and political rights of all citizens must be equal."

The eighth demands "the repeal of all laws that involve the legal and political incompetency of the peasantry and hold it fast in its present degraded condition." To this end the supervision of the administration over the commune must be abolished, and properly constituted courts must be established for the protection of the rural population. In no other way can the self-reliance and initiative of the peasantry be developed.

The ninth demands that the zemstvos and the municipalities shall be reformed. Representation should no longer be based on class distinctions, but all classes of the people should be induced, as far as possible, to interest themselves in these organs of local self-government. Furthermore, the zemstvo should be brought nearer to the masses by the creation of a petty unit of self-government on lines guaranteeing its actual independence, and the spheres of action of the town and zemstvo institutions should be extended so as to embrace all sorts of local affairs. Finally, zemstvo and autonomous municipal government should be established throughout the empire.

The last two paragraphs demand the convocation of an elective assembly "in order that our country may be guided into a new pathway of national development upon principles of justice and of the coöperation of the government and the people," and the establishment of some form of parliamentary representation. The majority, comprising seventy-one members of the conference, demanded that "elective representatives of the people shall participate regularly in the exercise of the legislative authority, in the fixing of the estimates of public receipts and expenditures, and in the supervision over the legality of the acts of the administration," while twenty-seven members desired the restriction of the powers of the Parliament, for the present at least, to "participation in legislation."

A separate resolution demanded the repeal of the dictatorship law of August, 1881, which confers unlimited police powers upon the administration, and suggested the propriety of an amnesty of all political offenders as likely above all else to remove the prevailing disaffection.

grand duchesses and the two Empresses urged a conciliatory attitude. Prince G. E. Lvov, who recently returned from Manchuria, where he represented the zemstvos in Red Cross work, was received by the Empress Marie at the close of the conference. She asked him about the conference, and when he took leave said, "Of one thing I can assure you: Plehve will not rise again."

The most trustworthy opinion regarding the Emperor's attitude is that he is more and more inclined to mystical views, and that he looks upon the birth of his son as a sign from heaven that it is his mission to preserve the autocracy undiminished as the heritage of the Romanov dynasty.

The constitutionalists and their more radical allies do not count upon that natural predisposition toward free institutions attributed to the Emperor, perhaps gratuitously, by the foreign press and repudiated by him as long ago as his accession to the throne. If his Majesty is opposed to the zemstvo demands, they will try to convert him to their way of thinking. They hope to convince him that a constitutional monarch has more real power than an autocrat.

It is with reluctance that I pursue this theme, but it is no secret in Russia that the attitude of a numerous section of educated people in that country toward their sovereign has latterly undergone a rapid change. It was previously accepted, partly sincerely, in part as a matter of policy borrowed from constitutional governments, that the Emperor was favorably disposed toward constitutionalism, but that his ministers and others hindered him in the adoption of his beneficent plans. The existence of a liberal minister in the only ministry which now exercises any influence in such matters necessarily suggests a different view, and patriotic Russians of all classes hope that the Emperor will realize that he has begun to stand before his subjects in a new light.

Upon Prince Mirsky's initiative nobody is counting over-confidently. As long as he is minister, the administration will be more lenient than under his predecessors; but he is a man of feeble health, and is too loyal an officer to attempt to cross the will of the Emperor. For the moment it appears to suit all parties for him to remain minister. It gives the Emperor time for reflection, and the people an opportunity for the legal expression of their requirements. The zemstvos, in regular session in December and January, were expected to continue the agitation on the basis of the conference program; the marshals of nobility have declared their adhesion to the principal demands of the theses; and preparations are being made for a conference of the mayors of the cities and towns. This agitation is being reinforced by more or less turbulent occasional meetings, and in some places by street demonstrations.

Almost coincident with the zemstvo conference was a meeting—held, of course, in the utmost secrecy—of delegates from eight of the eighteen principal socialist, revolutionary, and nationalist party organizations which exist at the present time. The initiative was taken by a few Finnish radicals in connection with the newly organized constitutional party, the "Emancipation Alliance." Three of the parties invited refused to send delegates, and seven neglected to do so without explaining. This effort to bring about the coöperation of organizations representing the majority of the racial elements of educated Russia is without a parallel in the history of the country, and, though only partly successful in its inception, is a fact of great moment.[1]

The Emancipation Alliance, recently organized, is without definite social tenets, and is designed to furnish a nucleus for the federation of all opposition parties in so far as they pursue political aims. The opposition party conference adopted resolutions recognizing the struggle for national rights and against Russification as of equal

[1] Russia, it is often said, has as many questions as she has nationalities and classes, and the mere list of these party groups is instructive: the Russian Social-Democratic Workingmen's Party, the Party of Revolutionary Socialists, the Polish Socialist Party, the Polish Social and Political Party or "Proletariate," the Polish National League, the Social Democracy of Poland and Lithuania, the Lithuanian Social-Democratic Party, the Lettish Social-Democratic Workingmen's Party, the Lettish Social-Democratic Alliance, the General Hebrew Workingmen's Alliance, the Social-Democratic Party of the Ukraine (Little Russia), the Revolutionary Party of the Ukraine, the White Russian Socialist Group, the Armenian Social-Democratic Workingmen's Organization, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the Grusinian Social-Federal-Revolutionary Party, the Finnish Party of Active Resistance, and the Emancipation Alliance.

importance with that for constitutional government. The program includes the replacing of the autocracy by a régime founded on universal suffrage, the repeal of all measures aimed at the constitutional rights of Finland, and the right of all nationalities in Russia to develop on natural lines.

Some of the members of the Emancipation Alliance have drafted a constitutional project along the lines of the two conferences, which has been sold almost openly. It places the constitutional rights of Finland beyond reach of amendment save by the concurrent legislation of the Finnish Diet and the Russian Parliament. The latter body is to have two houses, the upper being composed of representatives of the provincial zemstvos, from one to five each, according to population, and of cities with a population of 125,000 or more, while the members of the lower house are to be elected by direct popular vote.

I do not think that I can do better than to imitate the example of the Russians themselves and to leave the question, "What will be the result?" unanswered. Few venture to predict with confidence beyond a month; many believe the constitution will come, but whether during the next few months or the next few years they leave to the future.

Desiring to present an all-sided and impartial view of the situation, so full of complexities and riddles, I took pains not only to ascertain the facts, but to acquaint myself with the views of representatives of various leading tendencies. I was present at a reception of the zemstvoists given by their literary collaborators in St. Petersburg, and heard scores of speeches greeting November 19 as worthy to rank with July 4 and 14. Numerous zemstvoists and authors, some of the highest rank after Tolstoy, gave me permission to quote their speeches and their private expressions, but those acquainted with Russia will approve the sparing use that I make of such permission. Besides, the program left little for the liberals to say. The cooler heads unreservedly agreed that the struggle had only begun.

"We should not jubilate, but prepare for hard work," said Prince Dolgorouky of Soudzha. "I believe that the movement for reform is too strong to be stifled, but it must not be forgotten that the machinery of our government is slow-moving and cumbersome."

The meeting was characterized by a retrospective rather than a prophetic attitude. The orators were disposed to look back at the painful up-hill climb and to dispense credit for what had been accomplished, not forgetting such early champions as Alexander Hertzen, or such later and present-day figures as Shedrin, Michailovsky, and Korolenko, who had created a basis for hope by disclosing the fact that the peasant, though unspeakably patient under almost inhuman trials, was not slavish by nature, but possessed of deep, though dumb, aspirations and capable of high cultivation, as had been proved by such writers as Chekhov, who was of peasant birth.

In Moscow I had an opportunity of talking with Mr. Shipov, without question the leading zemstvoist of Russia, having been actively engaged in the Moscow zemstvo for thirty years. He is a Slavophil and was the leader of the more moderate section of the conference. Those who dare hope for a zemstvo minister think first of all of Mr. Shipov. He laughed heartily at this suggestion, but confessed himself a thorough optimist, believing that before long the Emperor will cordially and graciously meet many of the wishes expressed in the eleven theses. I asked him how many intelligent men there were in Russia, and how many could be counted upon as supporters of liberal aspirations.

"About a million, I suppose," he answered. "Circles previously regarded as ultra-conservative now favor reforms. I think the time has come."

"No government was ever confronted by such a multitude of questions," observed a Moscow university professor whose name would carry weight. "Our position is really unparalleled in history. Besides the war, we have problems of all kinds, social, economic, religious, political, and national. The government has committed many faults, has neglected the most necessary and most obvious reforms. I fear peasant uprisings, as in Poltava and Kharkov, and that would be horrible. The peasant, when roused, turns against all educated and propertied classes and individuals. The war must be continued at all hazards. To conclude peace without the restoration of the prestige of Russia would be an un-

thinkable calamity. We have a long Chinese frontier which, so far, our prestige has alone been sufficient to guard. Without it, we should have to maintain an army of guards as great as our present forces in Manchuria. I can see no outlet except an appeal to the people, since the bureaucracy has gone into bankruptcy in both foreign and domestic affairs. I do not venture to say how soon the Emperor will realize this, but realize it he must sooner or later."

I turn now to quarters which would be expected to hold conservative views. His Excellency S. J. Witte, President of the Committee of Ministers, received me for an hour on the Sunday following the zemstvo conference. He at once warned me that if I sought an interview I might as well lose no time; but when I suggested that the financial side of the war and the connection of the war with the internal situation were eminently fit subjects for discussion by him, he said: "I am entirely willing to discuss the finances of Russia. Many people abroad continue to ask whether we can go on facing the financial situation brought about by the war. I affirm that our position is so strong that if we should have to begin another war, our finances would stand the strain. The war will not end on account of failing financial resources on the part of Russia. When it began I gave my opinion, officially, that if we should succeed, in the end, in defeating the Japanese, it would be by virtue of our superior finances. The Japanese cannot resist our finances. I have nothing to say of the other two factors—the army and navy. Perhaps the Japanese can carry on the war one and a half, two—at the most, two and a half years. Considering the finances alone, we can keep it up for four years. Other factors being left out of account, the Japanese can therefore be brought to sue for peace by their financial ruin.

"I have been criticized for ten years by people that did not understand my aims. I have been criticized for establishing reserves, for imposing high duties, and for allowing too little for public education and other civilizing agencies. I was preparing for war, though I had other combinations in mind. I was thinking of a war in Europe, not with Japan. I cannot disclose all the grounds I had for expecting war, but statistics afford sufficient reason for expecting a war at or near the beginning of this century. We had been at peace for more than twenty-five years, and I ask you how often the history of Europe can show a period of unbroken peace exceeding twenty-five years?

"The minister of finance has not touched a penny of the reserves, and as long as we have them we have credit and could begin a second war with the same reserves. People abroad would do well to abandon all notions that Russia will be forced to abandon the war for want of money.

"I repeat, our financial position is excellent. Sometimes the financial situation is good and the economic situation unsatisfactory, and vice versa. Russia and France may be taken as illustrations of the two cases. Ask me which I prefer, and I shall say the condition of France, of course; but facts are facts."

I ventured to suggest that the explanation in the case of Russia was, in part, the historical habitude of the people to share their income with the government to a relatively larger extent than most other peoples, and his Excellency assented.

"However, do not imagine," he added, "that the economic situation of the country is going to interfere with the prosecution of the war. This would be an error."

Interesting as is all that comes from the lips of Mr. Witte, the foregoing would have no place in the present inquiry except that it is generally supposed that the war, which has largely created the present internal situation, may determine the further course of events at home; that the conclusion of a humiliating peace would shatter the reputation of the government, even if it did not overthrow the dynasty, as one patriotic editor fears, while a decisive Russian victory would greatly weaken the reform parties, even if it did not, as some fear, destroy all constitutional hopes. This explains why so many people freely express the hope that the Japanese arms will continue to be crowned with victory. Of course this is not the attitude of thousands of others who support all or the greater part of the zemstvo demands.

"I am for reforms, but not for *the* reform," said Alexis S. Souvorin, editor of the "Novoë Vremya," who demands the carrying on of the war to the utmost. "We are all agreed about the necessity of personal

liberty, a press law guaranteeing a reasonable measure of freedom of utterance, and, in fact, about nearly everything the zemstvo conference asks for except a parliament on the lines it suggested. We do not need a constitution, however, at this moment. Our revolution must come from above, not from below. A popular uprising or a movement against the will of the Emperor is impossible. The constitution will come sometime in the future; how long it will be, I dare not predict.

"What I should like to see would be an arrangement like that which you have in the United States. There you have States and Territories, the latter possessing franchises and rights in accordance with their development and requirements. You do not give your Indians full citizenship. We have many Indians of our own. I like your Congress. It is not a debating society. It acts; it talks much less than the parliaments of Europe. We want two houses,—the Council of State and the Chamber of Deputies,—and I should like to see more deliberation in committees than formal oratory.

"I am not for equality. The natives of the Caucasus and of Asia and parts of European Russia, and the Jews throughout the country, cannot be allowed equal rights with Russians. My opinion about the Jews is perhaps wholly personal. I think that the Russian mission must be to cause the dispersal of the Jews proportionately over the whole world. How? By keeping them uncomfortable here. They would eat us up if they had equal rights. The Great and Little Russians should be considered the core of the Russian Empire. They should all have equal rights before the law, without distinction of class; though I see no reason why class distinctions should be abolished entirely. They are matters of no great importance when no privileges are involved. I favor the convocation of some sort of assembly to consider the situation—perhaps a general assembly at St. Petersburg, perhaps local assemblies in the provinces.

"Yes; it is true that aristocratic society is largely supporting the demand for reforms, and that there is a very large majority throughout the country for a constitution, but not for the precise form of constitution favored by the zemstvos. We want an advisory parliament only; the Emperor must remain absolute. He must be allowed to pronounce for or against the majority. It is just as I said. We want something like what you have. Your President has the veto power.

"I hope that we shall have reforms. I think the Emperor favors them, but does not know what shape they should take. Prince Mirsky doubtless wants a press law, the reform of the zemstvo, and other changes, but not the zemstvo constitution. He is a soldier and absolutely correct in his conception of his duty toward his sovereign.

"What I fear most is our lack of discipline and party coherence—in other words, our political unripeness. We have no parties, but only groups. Turbulence may spoil everything."

"The future of the reform movement will depend, in my opinion," said Prince Meshchersky, editor of the "Grazhdanin," "upon the attitude of the zemstvos toward the government and, especially, toward Prince Mirsky. If the members of the conference, which bore an entirely private character, carry their program into the provincial zemstvo assemblies in December, and if these assemblies vote addresses to the Emperor asking for reforms of a general political nature, it is evident that such addresses will share the fate of all those that have preceded them, and will find their way into the archives of the ministry of the interior. If, on the contrary, the real interests of the country prevail over the *amour propre* of the zemstvo leaders, it is the government that will initiate the reforms necessary for the welfare of the country, the program of which has been broadly and clearly traced in the Emperor's manifesto of February, 1903. In this case the zemstvos will assuredly not only be called upon to take a large part in the work of elaborating reforms, but will have a vast field of activity in the sphere of self-government which will be delivered from the yoke of bureaucratic centralization. I hold that the latter way is preferable for the best interests of the country, and that, if an entente were established between the zemstvo and the government, based on the same appreciation of the interests of the people, the provincial reform, realized on a solid foundation, would prepare the ground for the reforms to be accomplished in the sphere of the central government,

which, without touching the principle of the autocracy of the sovereign, would be able to afford Russia and the Russians, without the least shock, all the advantages of a parliamentary régime; that is to say, liberty of the press, liberty of conscience and of religious confession, the inviolability of individual liberty, equality and the abolition of arbitrary government, ministerial responsibility to the Emperor subject to the supervision of the Senate, the right of each province to make representations to the Emperor directly about local requirements, and, finally, the right of each province to send a delegate to the Council of State for legislative work." Such are the serious dreams of a Russian citizen who has grown old in the study of his nation and in the cult of its historic and national traditions.

"The dreams of our liberals, who are solicitous above all for the glory and the success of the European doctrines on the subject of the constitutional régime, would be far more difficult to realize; for they would require a long struggle between some tens of thousands of liberals and the government supported by 150,000,000 loyal subjects of the Russian autocrat, at the close of which the government and these 150,000,000 Russians would have to be weaker than the few thousands of liberals."

The "Grazhdanin," in the issue following the zemstvo conference, made a furious attack upon Prince Mirsky. It characterized the zemstvo proposals, and the state of mind into which they had thrown the society of the capital, as symptoms of political bedlam; intimated that a liberal minister was a monstrosity; and, with well-conceived finesse, contrasted with the effect of Prince Mirsky's words the impression made by the Emperor's February manifesto, which also spoke of the necessity of harmonious relations between the government and the people and promised numerous important reforms. The greatest document issued since the emancipation era had passed like a summer sigh, while Mirsky's utterances were raging like a cyclone. Was it possible that Mirsky was able to promise more than the Emperor?

The minister met this attack by confiscating the issue. Orders were even given to demand the return of copies that had already been delivered to subscribers. Measures had already been taken to curb the exuberance of the liberal press. The newspaper "Nasha Zhizn," which had hastened its appearance in order to be coincident with the opening of the conference, and which speedily attained a sale of 35,000 copies a day, was, after the fourth issue, deprived of the right to be distributed except to regular subscribers.

It is a pity that the authority of a name not less than any of those already quoted cannot be given to the following talk. Prince Mirsky would hear from an exceptionally competent source a wholly different estimate of the strength of the reform forces.

"Nearly everything in the zemstvo theses are matters upon which everybody is agreed," said this authority. "I shall not talk of the demand for a parliament," he continued. "No sensible person, however, denies the necessity of personal and religious liberty, freedom of the press and of every opportunity for the development of individual and social initiative and independence of action."

He fully indorsed the view I have cited of the Emperor's way of looking at the demands for a constitution.

"Excuse me, sir," I replied; "but the foreign press has always attributed different sentiments to his Majesty; and in Russia, when he mounted the throne, it was confidently believed that he wanted to introduce many reforms. Were those who refused to accept the rebuke of the Tver zemstvo, for its faltering expression of a hope for a better state of things, as a true index of the Emperor's feelings, in error, and have his Majesty's views and disposition undergone a change in recent years?"

The only answer was a quizzical look and a shrug of the shoulders.

I mentioned that Prince Mirsky seemed to be firm in his seat. He said this was true, but that Mirsky's strength consisted mainly in his entire willingness to abandon his portfolio at any moment. Mirsky was not entirely comfortable in his position. He had made no direct promises, but his well-meant words had encouraged hopes, and he would be unwilling to remain in office if he were to be required to disillusionize these expectations.

I mentioned Mr. Witte's emphatic dictum that the war would not be stopped on account of the financial exhaustion of Russia, and asked if it were not possible

that other causes—perhaps domestic events—might tend to influence the Emperor to conclude peace. "Certainly," he admitted. "The situation is undoubtedly grave; but I beg you to consider Russia as a whole, and not to devote yourself exclusively to the liberal minority. Russia is like the sea. The waves and billows and tides rise and fall and have their periods of storm and calm. The depths underneath remain comparatively still; their broad currents are unaffected by the turbulence on the surface. Take all the educated classes, all the young men of the schools and universities, all the factory hands—in fact, all classes that have been reached in any way by liberal ideas. They represent a population of a few millions at most."

I interrupted to ask for an exact estimate.

"Oh, never mind. Suppose there are five, ten, twenty millions. There remain more than one hundred millions of peasants in any case, and who can speak for them? Not the zemstvos, in which they have very little part. Nobody has the right to speak for the peasant. He has no voice. He remains dumb and calm, and his psychology is a riddle."

"Does not this absolute separation of the classes almost wholly remove the peasant from the problem altogether?" I asked. "He is neither for nor against changes and proposals of which he knows nothing; he will neither help nor oppose the zemstvo, apparently. Can one not say that the numerical smallness of the upper strata gives the doings of the various little groups that compose it all the more apparent importance?"

"I do not say that the upper strata are not of very great importance, or that the present agitation of these strata, and the students' and workingmen's demonstrations, are insignificant. They are tremendously significant; but the deep strata, the masses, remain unmoved. Therefore a revolution—political changes based on physical force—is impossible in Russia."

"Are the reactionists active at present?" I asked.

"Who are the reactionists?" returned my interlocutor. "All thinking people are agreed on the zemstvo propositions, excepting some of the last ones; but some people in the court circles are anxious to preserve their positions. None of these grand dukes are persons of any intellectual force."

The liberals, who have so often had a powerful advocate in Count Leo N. Tolstoy when engaged in purely negative opposition to the government, definitively parted company with him when they stepped forth with a definite constructive program. Considering that the silence of Count Tolstoy is not to be reckoned with, and that his political influence on all classes is, though partial only, undeniable, I sought an opportunity to learn from his own lips what he thought of the reform movement. What he said was of course not all new, but I thought it best to present his ideas as he developed them to me. I had a number of long conversations with him at different times between ten o'clock in the morning and eleven in the evening. He asked me what I knew of the movement, and how it impressed me; and I frankly stated that the zemstvo proposals appeared to me to be moderate and adapted to the country.

"And I think they are nonsense," he said. "All governments are bad. They instigated the inquisition and torture, and were responsible for the death of Christ and the burning of Giordano Bruno, etc. The day will come when we shall ask ourselves how governments, how the régime of force, could be possible in these present times, just as we now ask how the inquisition and torture were possible some centuries ago. Think of your war with Spain!"

I urged that in this case public opinion had overridden the will of the President.

"Public opinion has no armies and guns," he rejoined; "besides, it is not true that your government is unable to resist public opinion, since it tolerates the iniquities of the trusts. Governments are unnecessary. They are in the interest of us who are on top, but of nobody else. Everything useful that governments accomplish can be done equally well by other agencies—for example, stock companies. Many people get along very well without any government. The history of Siberia and of parts of the United States, notably Utah, furnishes numerous instances. The whole of our Chinese frontier has been settled by people who withdrew themselves from the power and the ken of the government. They thrived until the government found them out, and then their prosperity was at an

end. All who went of their own accord and got away from the government prospered, while those that the government fostered starved.

"The best and most prosperous Russians are those who have renounced the state—the Doukhobors and the Molokani.

"What we need is the personal perfection of the individual. Nobody has a commission to set up a government, while each of us has a commission to perfect himself. Perfect the individual and the state will be unnecessary. In any case, the state does more harm than good. Between governments it is difficult to choose, just as it is hard to express a preference for one kind of poison rather than another.

"The one thing needful is personal perfection, and political agitation hinders rather than fosters it.

"Take America. You have virtually no hindrances to individual development, and you lynch negroes, form trusts, and adopt imperialism. Money and politics absorb all your energies and distract attention from the inner life.

"Every country has its own peculiarities, and its government is more or less adapted to them. There is some truth in the Slavophil doctrine. I do not know what will be best for Russia; but when the time for change comes, the form will settle itself. Take the peasants. They have little difficulty in arranging their practical affairs—in finding out the wisest and best man for judge, for instance; while the state makes a man a judge because he has passed a foolish examination, and the churches make a man a teacher because he has been graduated from a seminary. There were two silly fellows here last summer. One had just been graduated from a Presbyterian seminary, and the other was going to be. And gray-haired old men will have to listen to them.

"The moral regeneration of the individual requires no political regeneration as a condition precedent, and it will of itself dissolve governments founded on evil when the time comes.

"You Americans have only yourselves to blame if you remain devoid of spiritual life; for you neglect your great teachers, Emerson, Channing, Thoreau, Ballou, Garrison, Whittier."

I thought I saw an opening. Russia, too, had wise teachers, but many Russians could not read. The zemstvos displayed a laudable zeal for public education. Would this not argue in favor of the strengthening of their influence?

"Yes, thank God, many of the Russians cannot read!" he retorted, "if the best they can do, when they learn how, is to read newspapers and magazines. I know many Doukhobors who on principle refuse to learn to read. They learn by heart what they think they require. I do not say this is commendable, but it proves that moral reformation is not dependent on the power to read. It is dependent on nothing but the individual himself. The state cannot prevent it. It is impossible for a Christian to be a slave, because he obeys only his own conscience.

"I do not favor the zemstvo proposals because the political speechifying, the vanity, greed, and lust of power, which parliamentary institutions foster, choke the soul."

Princess Obolensky, Count Tolstoy's youngest daughter and faithful disciple, and the gracious mistress of the household in the temporary absence of Countess Tolstoy, mentioned another practical consideration which her father had urged the evening before. She said he held that the one great need of the peasantry was more land. She and her husband had sold their land on easy terms to the peasants. These now have good steel plows, have quit drinking vodka, send their children to school, and are eagerly inquiring about improved methods of tillage, how to sow grass, and what brands of cattle to keep. The next village, composed of precisely the same sort of people, have copied none of these improvements, simply because they have so little land that they are hopeless. Perhaps, if the peasants were asked what they wanted, it would be something very different from the zemstvo proposals, which would, if adopted, transfer power from the Emperor to the landlords. Perhaps the peasants would prefer to let power remain in the hands of the Emperor. Moreover, this transfer of power might tend to perpetuate the present unjust distribution of the land, since an autocrat was more likely to compel a redistribution than the landlords were to consent to it. Besides, it was not to be overlooked that the constant, every-day interests of the landlords and of the peasants were contradictory, since the

poorer the peasants the cheaper their labor and the greater the profits of the landlords.

Before leaving, I had another conversation with Tolstoy, which, though a little aside from the main subject of this article, is significant enough to be included here.

He had returned to his study after dinner, but came back about ten o'clock with a manuscript in his hand.

"It is Plato's 'Phædo,' which I have just finished putting into a form intelligible to all. It contains the most beautiful things, but clouded by abstruse reasoning."

I passed a banal compliment on his industry.

"I believe, with Kant, that there is no pure pleasure save rest after labor," he answered, as with concentrated effort he conquered a refractory cup and ball with which he was playing, and leaped upon the back of a young Russian disciple and rode half-way around the dining-room. "I am getting old, but I cannot stop working. There are so many things I want to do, I feel as if I could not work hard or fast enough. I have quit reading the newspapers. What do you think of that at my time of life? It gave me a joy at first like that I felt when I quit smoking. The hours immediately after we rise are the best time of day, the mind is clearer and more retentive then, and we ought to read the best thoughts of the best and wisest men in those early hours, rather than the newspapers."

Note: Since this article went to press the Czar's response to the zemstvo petition has been made public. On the subject of a parliament it is silent, but in every other particular it is distinctly encouraging. Under eight heads the Czar expresses his approval of equal administration of law for all classes, local self-government, unification of judicial procedure, a system of factory laws, modification of administrative process, religious toleration, better passport regulations, and reasonable freedom of the press.—Editor.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## "PEACE WITH LIBERTY"

### PRESIDENT ELIOT ON THE LABOR PROBLEM

EVERY social evil requires a remedy, and every remedy has its dangers. The evil of the spoils system requires the remedy of civil-service reform. A possible danger lurking in civil-service reform is that of creating a class which will endeavor to affect legislation in its own interest, and in so doing become a public menace. The action of some of our civil servants during the last general election was on these lines, and fortunately met with prompt executive reproof. This especial danger is better understood nowhere than in the ranks of the active friends of the merit system; and the sooner all our civil servants understand this danger the better it will be for the cause of permanent tenure and pure politics.

There is no wiser and more promising public movement than that embodied in the work of the National Civic Federation and its branches. Much of the Federation's activity is of a nature requiring confidential secrecy, so that public record cannot be made of a large part of its most effective and useful accomplishment. The public hears much of the strikes and lockouts the Federation has not been able to prevent, and comparatively little of its individual successes in affording a neutral meeting-ground where private conference has brought about better understanding and prevented disastrous economical disturbance.

If the Civic Federation did nothing more useful than to promote such public conferences as that held this winter in New York, it would be worth a great deal to the community. Here, about the same board, were gathered together some of our strongest leaders in the world of industry, employers and employed, with an important representation of the independent leaders of the nation's thought. At this banquet the advantages of conference, of

mutual understanding and agreement, and of the peculiar and vastly valuable work of the Civic Federation, were admirably and convincingly brought out by various expert speakers.

President Eliot of Harvard, in a mood which despises evasion and cuts to the quick, taking literally his standing in the Civic Federation in the list of those specifically representing the public at large, called attention to the fact that "the public" is a body several times as large as all the union men and their families added to all the employers and their families. Referring to the remark of a previous speaker in favor of "peace with honor," he went on as follows:

I say that we want something more than industrial peace as the result of the conflicts between these two minorities of the American people, and we want something more than peace with honor—the honor of the combatant; we want peace with liberty. Now, the closed shop and the boycott and the union label will never give us peace with liberty. Never! Those are the means of building up the monopolies—the monopoly of the labor union, perfect when the union has succeeded; the monopoly of a trust, perfect when it has succeeded. We have conspicuous examples of the perfect success of both these monopolies in this country. I say, therefore, speaking for the American public, three quarters of the American people, that we want to get out of this Civic Federation peace with liberty as well as peace with honor. Liberty gave you combatants your chance to fight; let liberty regulate freedom; let liberty regulate monopoly. There are a great many natural and inevitable monopolies, and there are a number of gentlemen in this room who are creating with all their might artificial monopoly. Now let liberty—which we all, I trust, love—deal with those monopolies.

Mr. Gompers, who presided, took the occasion to reply, in a perfectly courteous spirit, to President Eliot's remarks, declaring that organized labor had brought liberty to the slaves of labor by bringing them bread.

We refer to this significant episode of a highly interesting occasion because it points out a possible danger in movements for conciliation—the danger that both sides, in the pursuit of a prosperous and honorable peace between themselves as contending parties, may be somewhat oblivious to the deep principles of free government as they concern that wide public which includes not only those outside of the immediate industrial conflict, but those inside also—in fact, all the people of a nation born in liberty, and that only in liberty can continue.

The organizers of the Civic Federation wisely guarded against this danger by instituting at the beginning three divisions of membership, representing the public as well as employers and wage-earners. As long as such men as President Eliot keep in touch with the Federation, the representation of the public will not be merely perfunctory. He has given a new watchword to the cause of social betterment.

## A POET'S PLAY

### MR. ALDRICH'S "JUDITH OF BETHULIA"

ONE of the notable literary events of the winter was the presentation of a poetic play by one of our chief poets, acted in its principal characters with skill and competency—"Judith of Bethulia: a Tragedy, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich," with the new American "star," Nance O'Neil, in the title rôle.

Mr. Aldrich's new "Judith" was based upon his own narrative poem "Judith and Holofernes." It was gratifying to note that the critics of the daily press wasted little time in lecturing the author—as is so often a necessity—upon the principles and practice of stagecraft. With some exceptions, he was commended for his ability in these matters; and the play flowed on without the usual roughnesses and awkwardnesses of the unpractised. In this case, while the author was not altogether without practice,—as witness his "Mercedes,"—his success in details was owing rather to a general familiarity with the stage, and long association with some of the masters of the profession of acting in our day. The "dramatization" was successful dramatically; and in some respects the new poem naturally surpassed the old in what we may call a certain stately intensity. In the poem the song that lulls the betrayed captain to his doom is introduced by this passage:

And in a dream he saw her take the lute
And hold it to her bosom while she sang;
And in a dream he listened to the song—
A folklore legend of an ancient king,

The first on earth that ever tasted wine,
Who drank, and from him cast a lifelong grief
As 't were a faded mantle. Like a mist
The music drifted from the silvery strings.

And here is the dramatic version:

My lord, I know a pleasant-thoughted verse,
An old-time legend of an ancient king,
The first on earth that ever tasted wine,
Who drank, and from him cast the grief
called life.

Again, the narrative poem closes with the following lines:

And the years
Came to her lightly, dwelling in her house
In her own city; lightly came the years,
Touching the raven tresses with their snow.
Many desired her, but she put them by
With sweet denial: where Manasseh slept
In his straight sepulchre, there slept her heart.
And there beside him, in the barley-field
Nigh unto Dothaim, they buried her.

Thus in the drama, after an ascription to the Deity:

Now farewell to all,
To votive wreath and music's blandishment.—
From this day forth I dwell apart, alone
In mine own house, where laughter may not
come
Nor any light, vain voices of the world.
Only the sorrowful shall find the door
Unbarred and open.—
In thy memory
Keep me as some beloved wife or child
Or sister that died long and long ago! . . .
Let no one born of woman follow me.

That masterly touch concerning the "sorrowful" gives a more poignant meaning to Judith's dedication of herself to a solitary life. It is to the credit of Miss O'Neil—an actress who has apparently not reached the fullness of her art, but who has grace and native fire—that a deep and moving note like this was not lost in her presentation of the character.

## A LIFE OF SERVICE

### WILLIAM H. BALDWIN'S EXEMPLARY CAREER

IT is a painful social phenomenon that when, in a given community, a bad man passes away, it is usually not long before his successor springs up, or slowly develops,—perhaps abler and busier and more pernicious than the former bad man. When, for instance, one sensational newspaper career is ended, and people are hoping for better things, how often have we seen a still more sensational and demoralizing journalism gather headway! The line of political demagogues, too, is continuous, as is the succession of medical and pseudo-religious quacks. The frauds we have with us always.

The noble career, untimely ended, of President William H. Baldwin of the Long Island Railroad illustrates the encouraging fact that good men, also, we have always with us. At a time when certain men and certain combinations of men in great businesses are under public suspicion for selfish and unsocial practices on a large scale, here was a brilliant business man, at different times high in railroad enterprises in the West, South, and East, and holding responsible place in large affairs of finance, who had the perfect confidence of his financial associates, of workingmen, and of the general public. In addition to this, —though this itself and alone would be sufficient honor,—he was endlessly, wisely, intensely interested in some of the most important enterprises of good citizenship, local and national; above all, in the cause of education in the Southern States. His benevolence had the stamp of statesmanship. He was truly a builder of the nation. Year by year his influence and his good fame were increasing; only a little past forty, it seemed that the future held for him twice the opportunities of his already beneficent and exemplary career. Here were unselfishness, modesty, devotion, and mental and moral strength splendidly combined.

His death, after a short life not marked by dazzling gifts of money, but of human service, was followed by an outburst of praise and of affectionate regret. What a contrast here to the spectacle of men absorbed in the preposterous fight for unearned millions; men whose paths are strewn with the wrecks of others' fortunes; whose examples are evil; who go down to gilded tombs with the cold regard or the bitter execration of their fellows!

# OPEN LETTERS

### Postscript to "Inoculating the Ground"

A GENTLEMAN, after reading my article on "Inoculating the Ground" in the October CENTURY, said to me: "That is a marvelous discovery by Dr. George T. Moore which you describe, but of course the figures you give showing the gain in crops from the use of the nitrogenous germs are misprinted; the figures are too extraordinary to be credible." But, incredible as it may seem, each figure is correctly printed and represents actual facts.

The owner of a farm of many acres tells me that the germs are not worth anything; that she inoculated her oats with them, but obtained no gain in crop. Now it is expressly stated in THE CENTURY article that only beans, alfalfa, clover, and other leguminous plants can be inoculated with the germs, because oats and corn and wheat do not have on their roots those peculiar factories, called nodules, which absorb the nitrogen in the air and convert it into plant food. Grains get their food almost entirely from the soil and not from the air. But while one cannot directly improve a crop of grain by inoculation, indirectly it can be increased by planting grain on land which has just borne inoculated alfalfa, clover, or other legume. Thus, if the owner referred to had vaccinated her field with clover seed previously soaked in a pail of germs, and then, after the crop of clover, had planted her oats, she would have seen some difference in her harvest.

The Department of Agriculture has published a bulletin giving a number of reports from those who have successfully used the cultures throughout the United States. This bulletin can be procured by writing to the Superintendent of Public Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., and inclosing the price, fifteen cents. Stamps and personal checks will not be accepted in any case.

*Gilbert H. Grosvenor.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

### I Did n't Dare to Look

Air: "When the kye come hame."

WHEN first I saw sweet Eily 't was in the greening wood,
An' hid behind the ivy-tree, a simple John I stood;
Wid starting an' departing her purty foot she shook—
Oh, whisht, I took a peek at her; I did n't dare to look!

I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look;
Love's breaking pain widin my breast,
I did n't dare to look!

Widin her eyes was witching, a dimple in her chin,
A dimple in each rosy cheek wid laughter creeping in;
Wid whirling an' wid whisking her purty foot she shook—
Oh, whisht, I took a peek at her; I did n't dare to look!

I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look;
A lover in my love for her,
I did n't dare to look!

Her voice a-softly singing, the birds o' east an' west
All hushed their happy little songs, for hers they loved the best;
Wid turning an' wid tripping she shook her purty foot—
Oh, whisht, I took a peek at her; I did n't dare to look!

I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look;
Though sight o' her could heal
my heart,
I did n't dare to look!

The thousand leaves upon the trees they all
went bending low
To watch the cunning crathure a-dancing
come an' go;
Wid flying an' wid flinging her purty foot
she shook—
Oh, whisht, I wisht I were a leaf, then I would
dared to look!
I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look;
Oh, whisht, I wisht I were a leaf,
Then I would dared to look!

*Jennie E. T. Dowe.*

### Ol' Mis'

DON' pester me, Melindy, chile;
I got er mis'ry in my head.
I des can't think o' nothin' else
Since I done hear Ol' Mis' uz dead.

Um-m, dem days—dem days—dem days
Whenst she done l'arnt me how ter work!
She never hit me one miss-lick,
An' yit she never lef' me shirk.

But ev'ything been done des so—
Not like we does in dese days, sis.
No, lan'! de cleanin' whut it tuk
Ter make things fit ter suit Ol' Mis'!

An' now she gone—an' where she gone,
I boun' y', still her eyes is shawp.
'F dey reach hit out de common rack,
She sholy gwine ter dust her hawp.

Ol' Mis' she allers see de lacks—
Dey don' no dus' stay roun' her feets.
She make dem angels break dey backs
A-rubbin' up de golding streets.

'T uz, "Francie, smoove de cloth all roun',
An' lay de spoons lak dis—an' dis."
You reckon, now, dem angels gwine
Ter fix dey wings ter suit Ol' Mis'?

De Lawd ought sholy sont fer me
To go wid her—I knows her ways:
I 'd he'p de angels cleanin' up,
An' lef' her sing de song o' praise.

*Grace MacGowan Cooke.*

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

FOR IDENTIFICATION

THE CHILD: Mama, how does the Lord know who 's speakin' when I say my prayers?
THE MOTHER: He knows very well, dear.
THE CHILD: Would n't he be certainer if I said "Yours truly, Ethel" at the end?

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

From a color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF LUYNES